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# Tom and Jerry comics



A 52 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE



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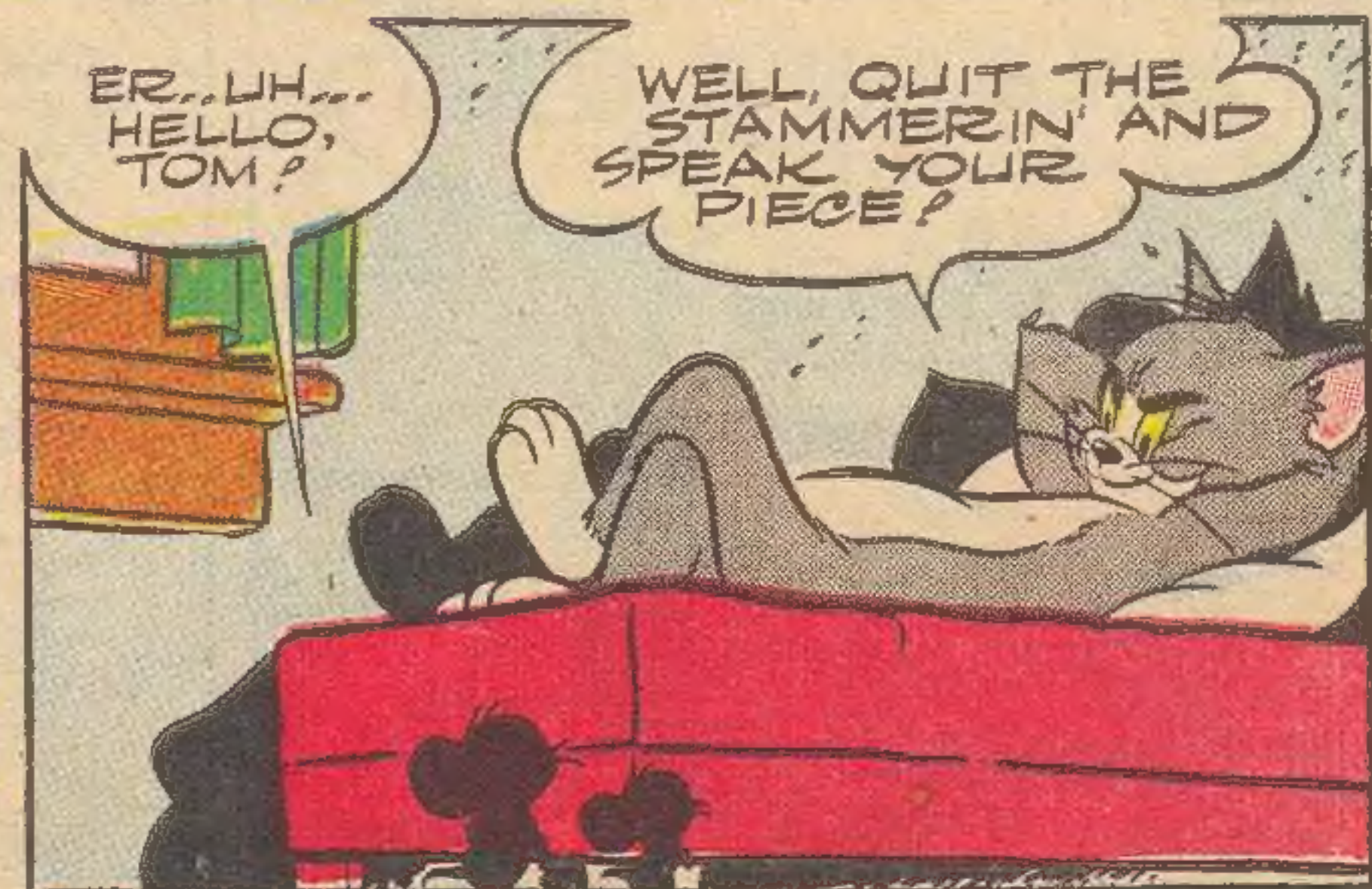
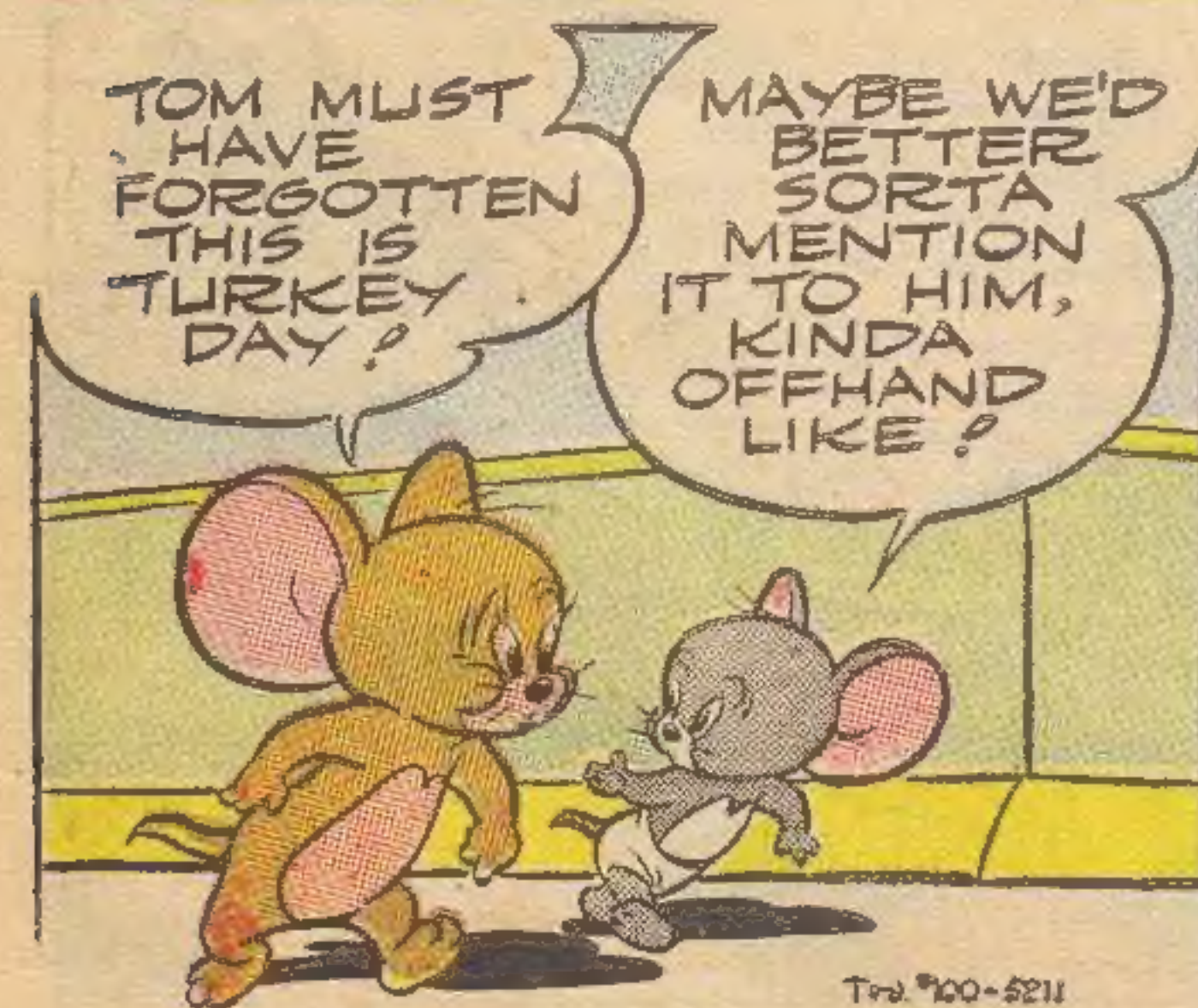
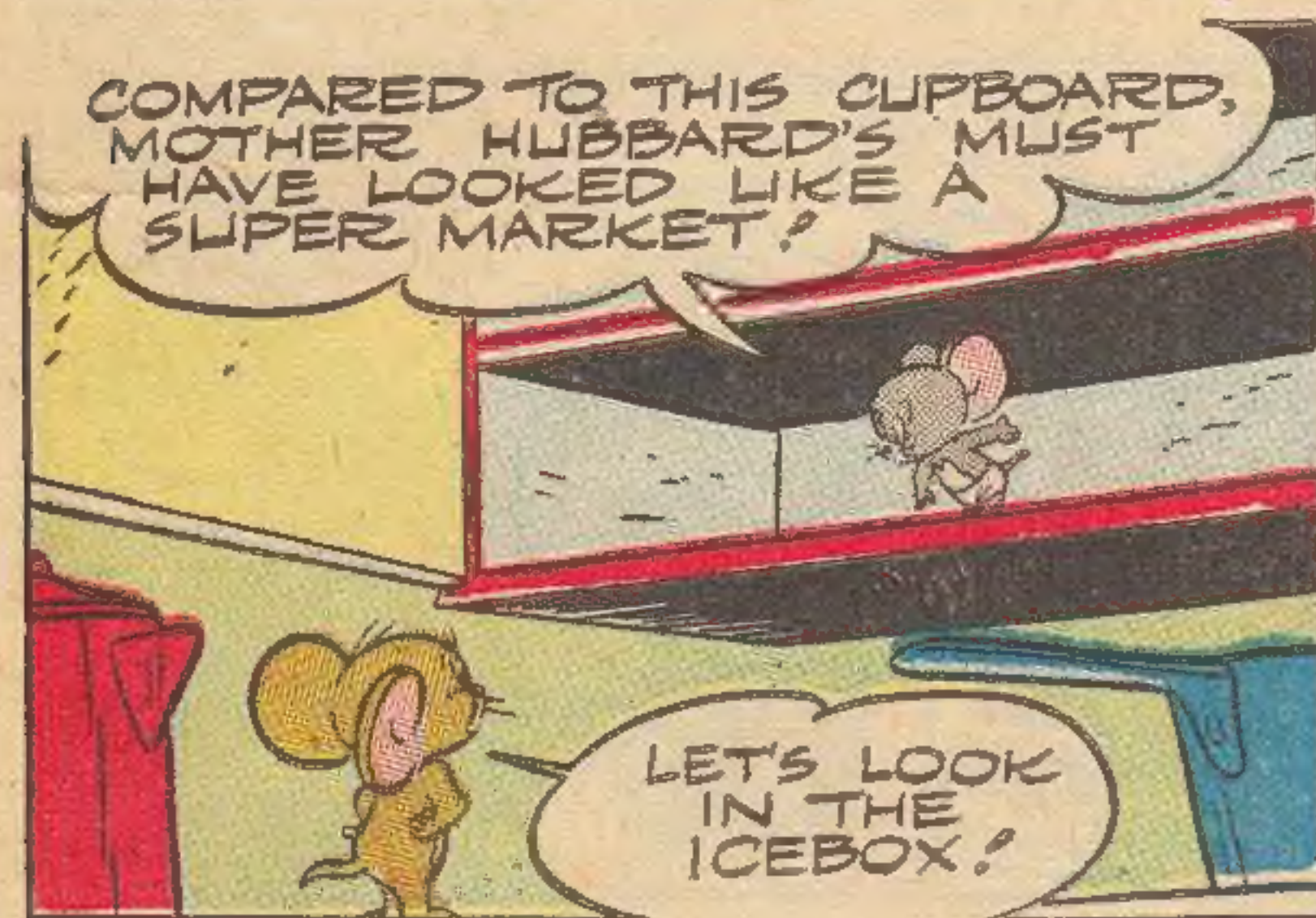
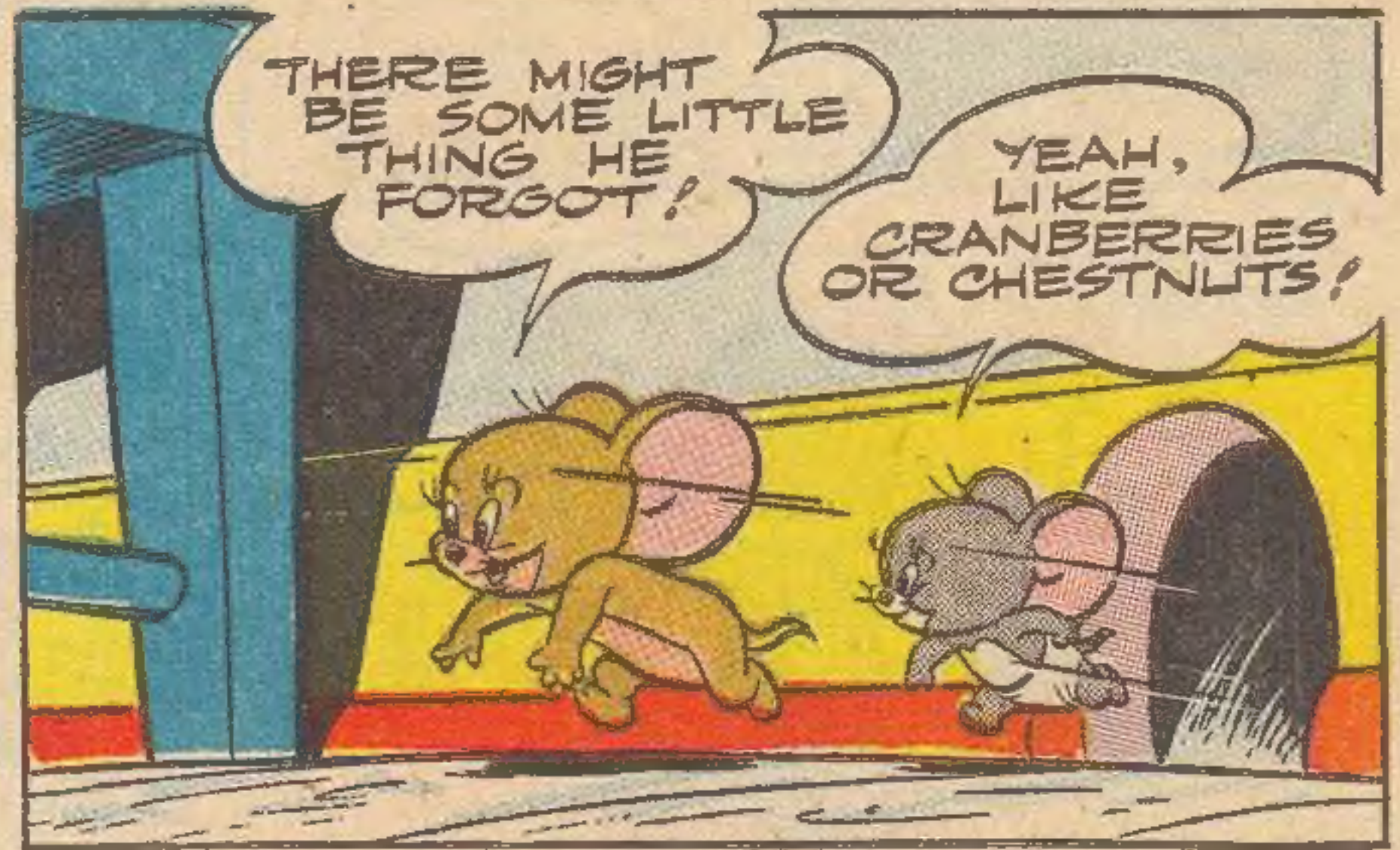
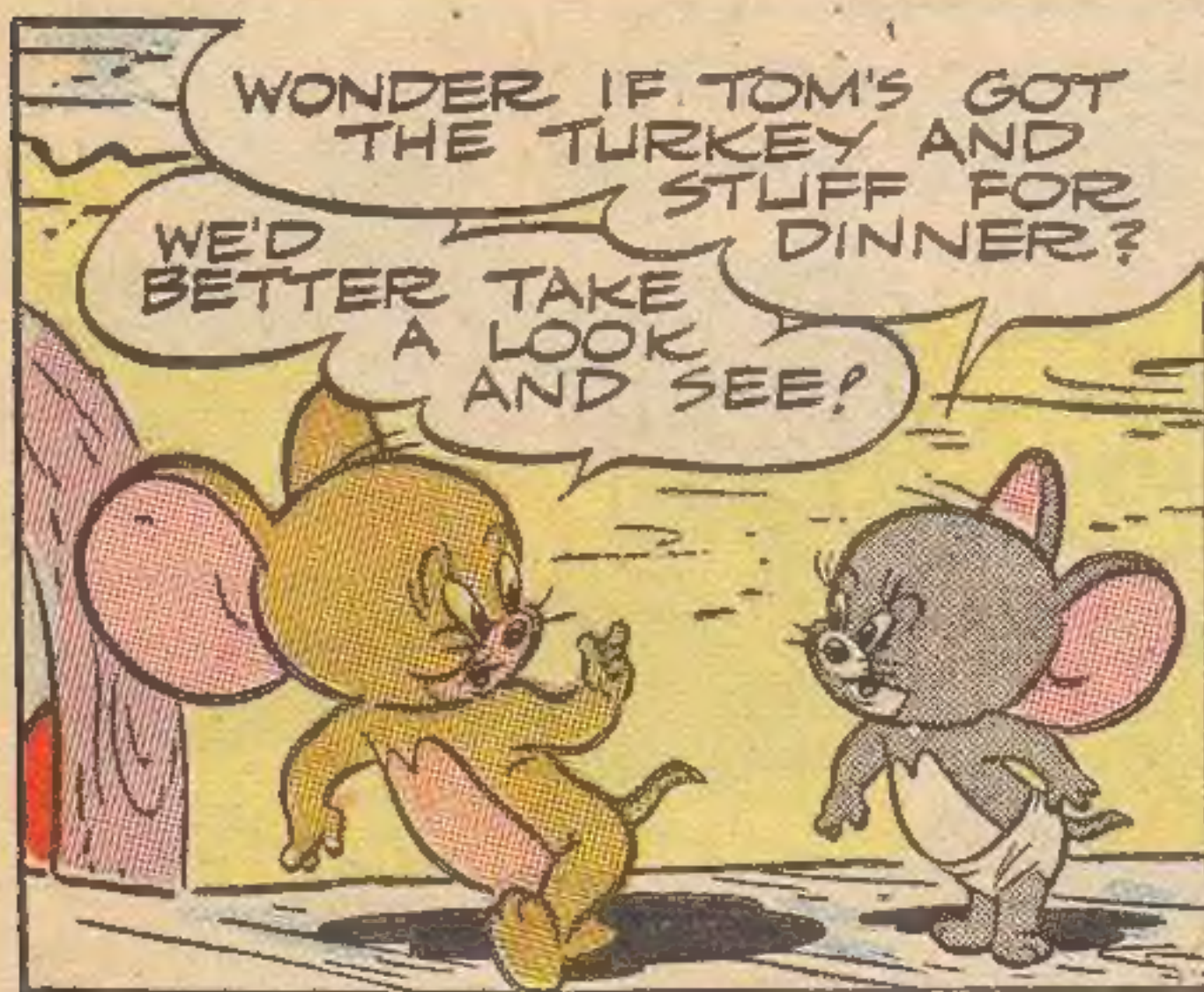
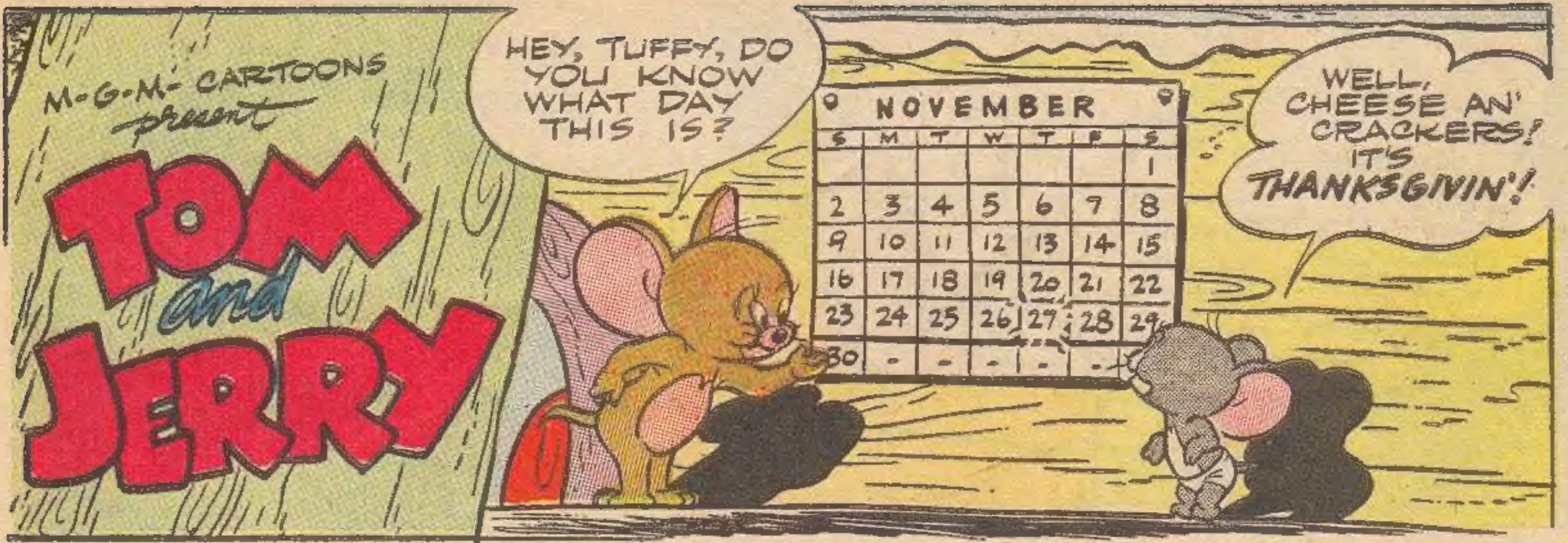
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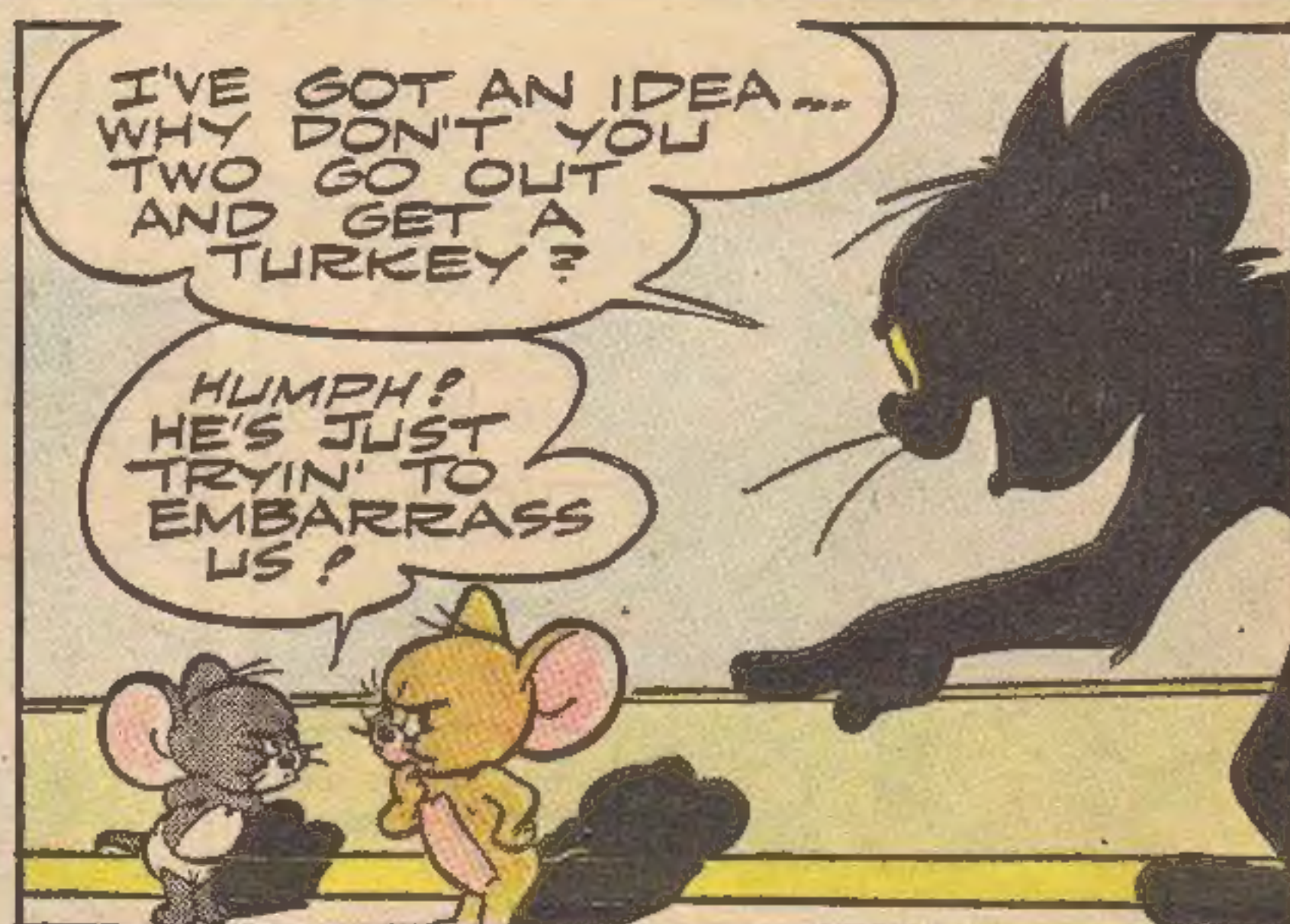
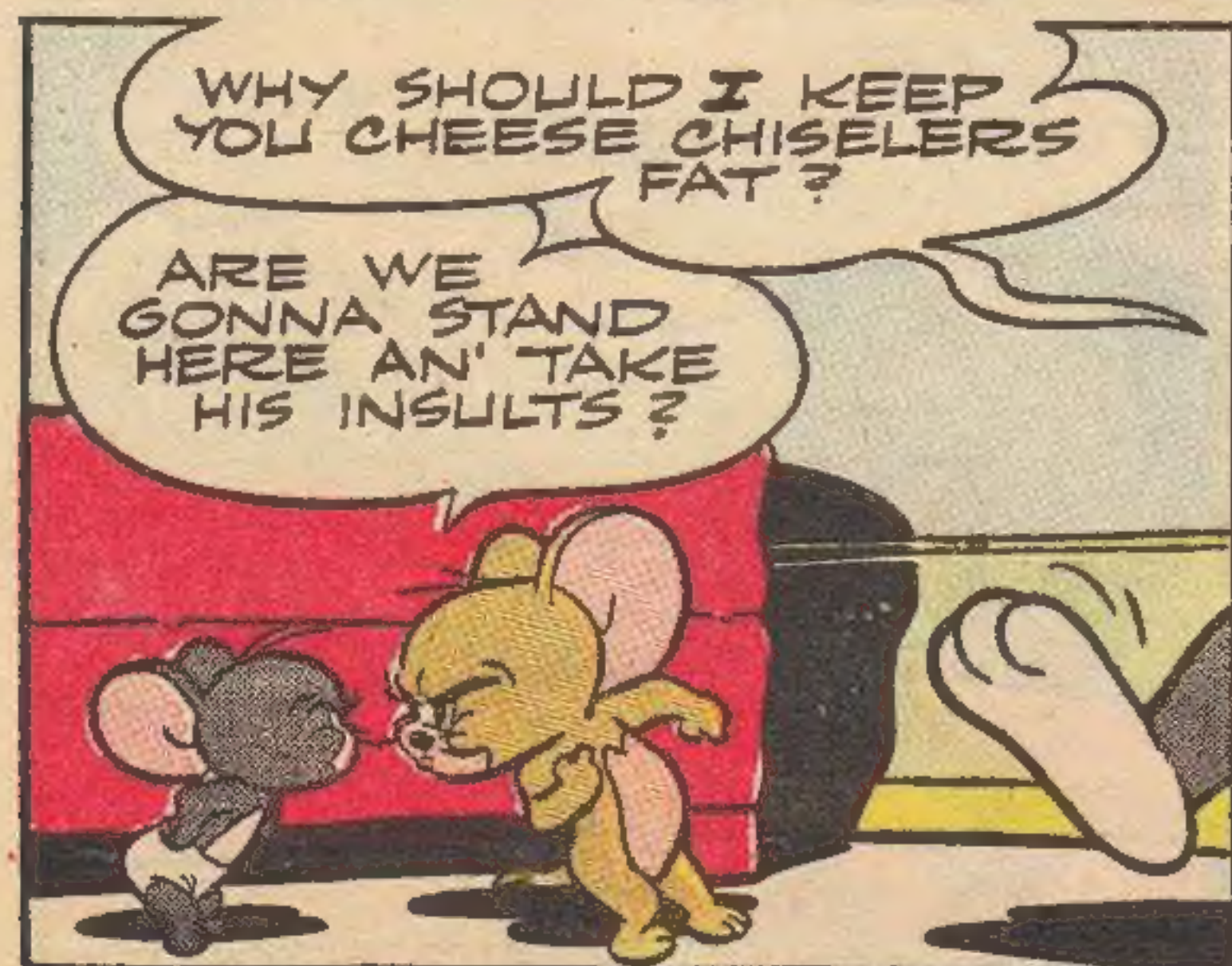
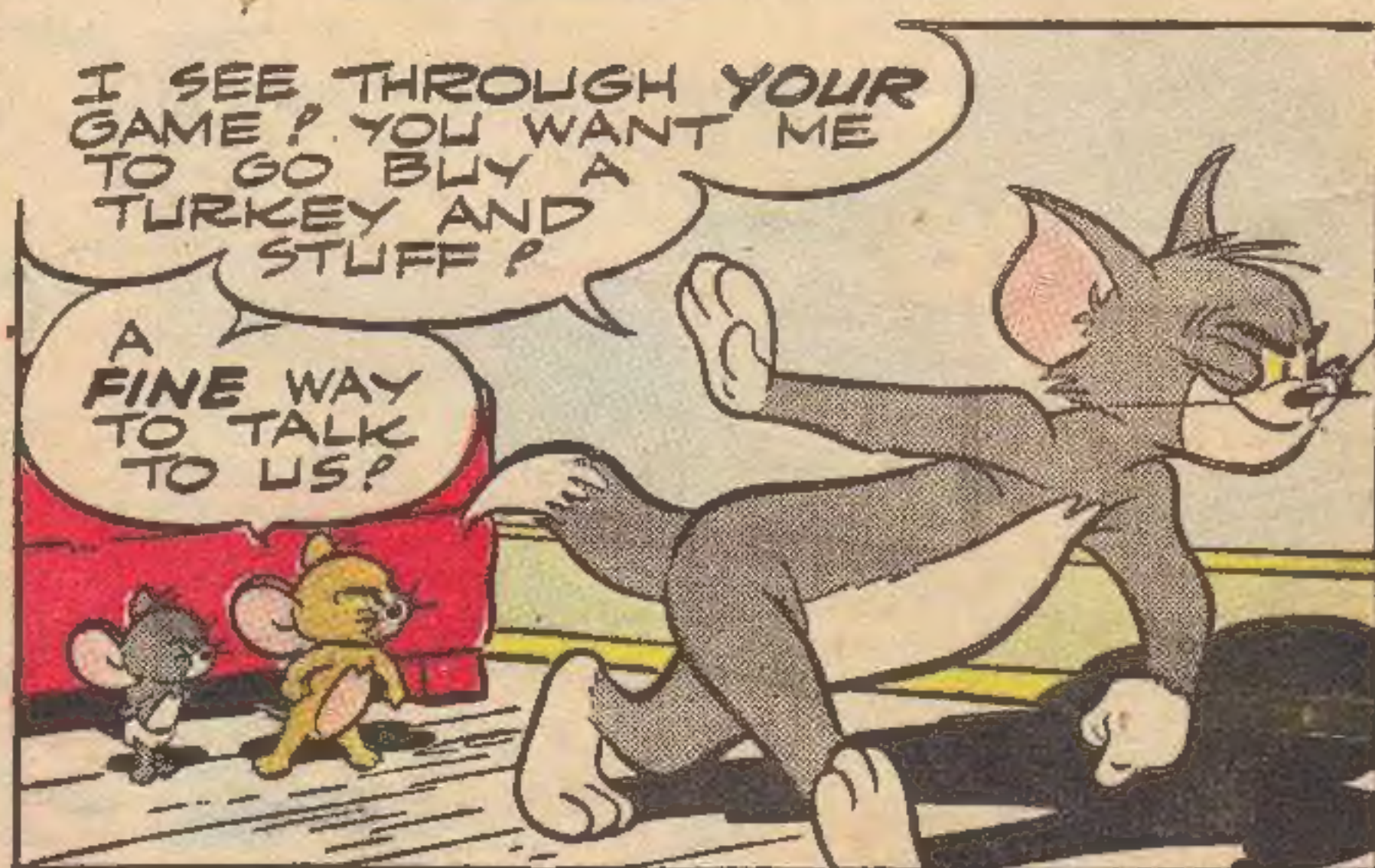
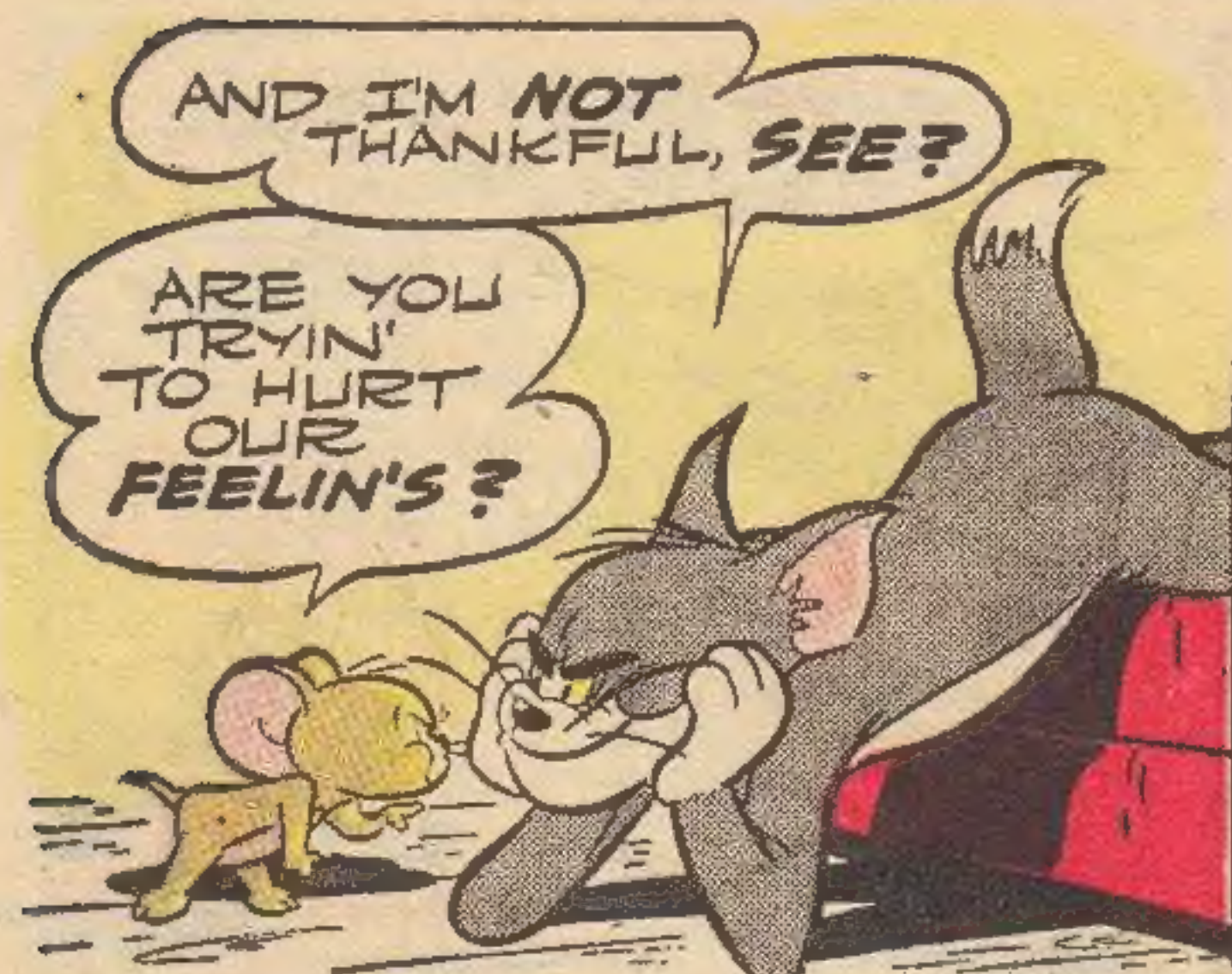
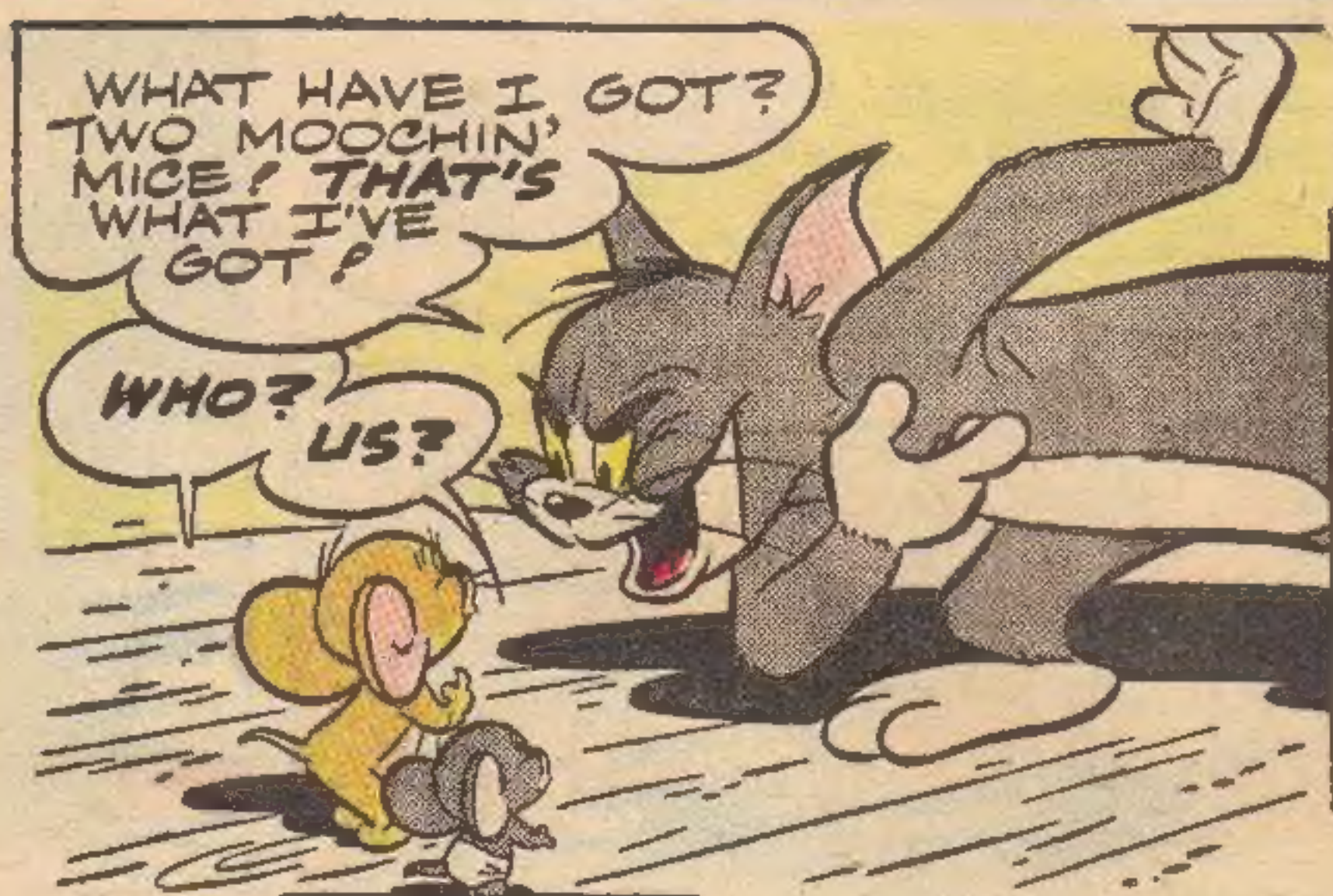
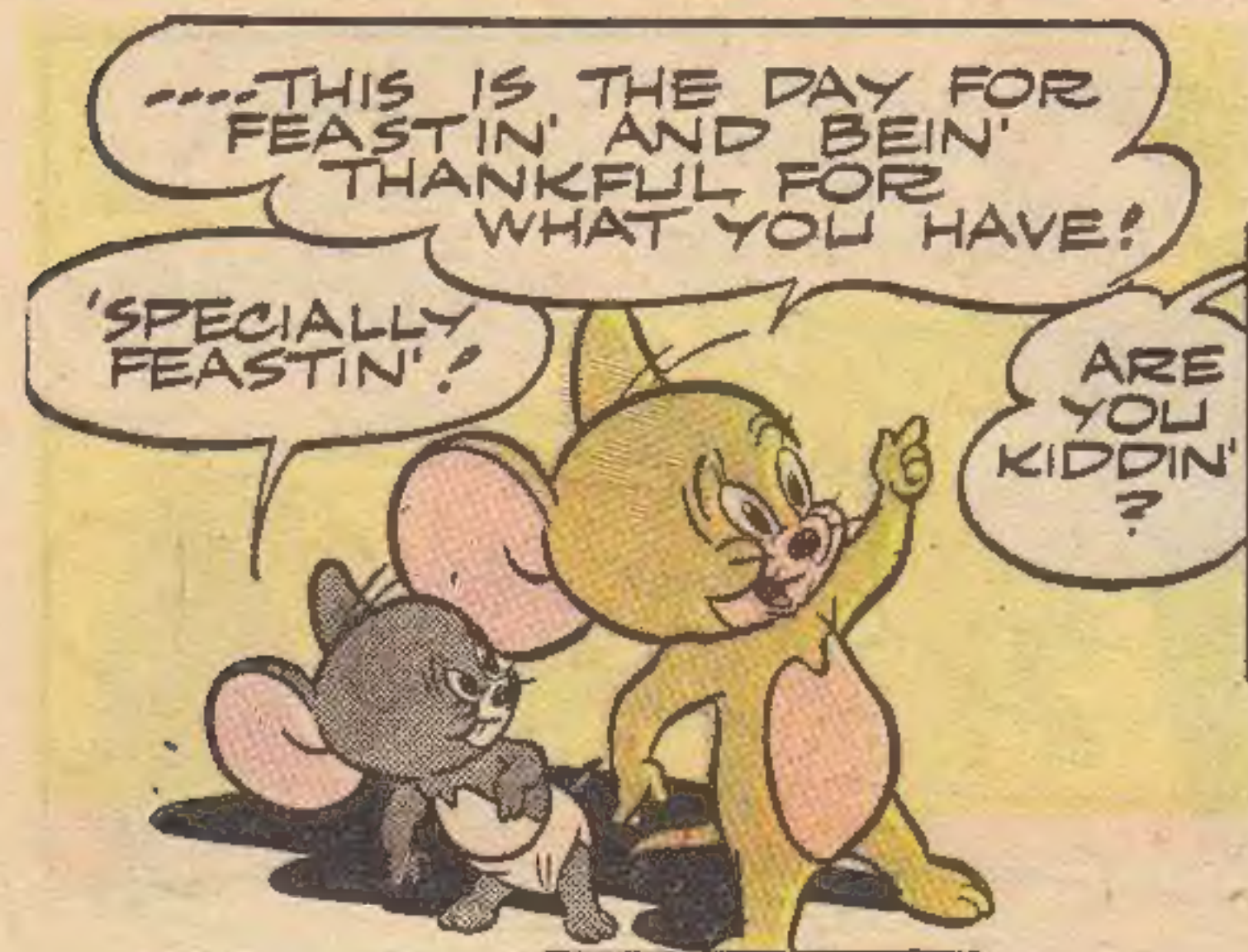
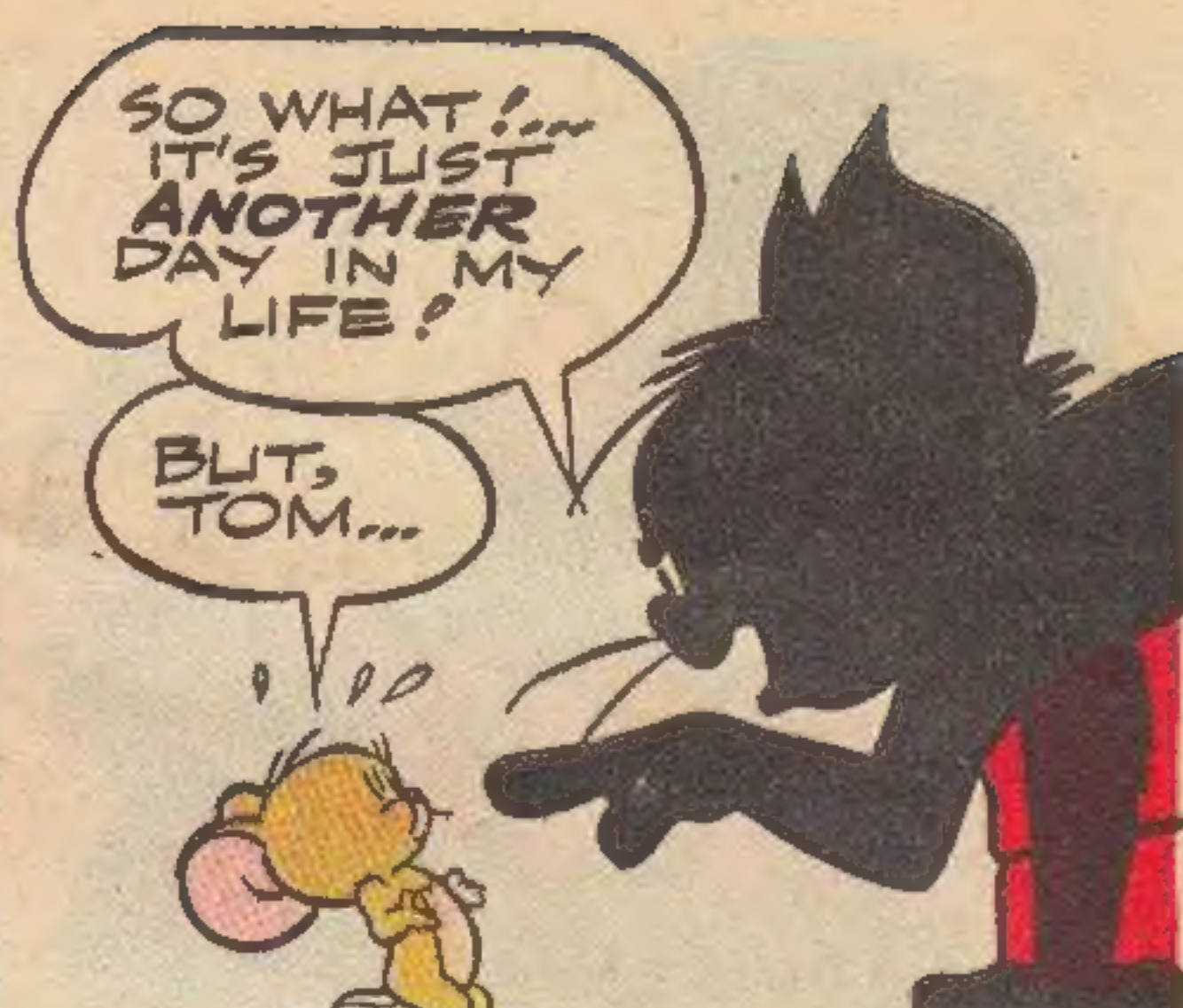
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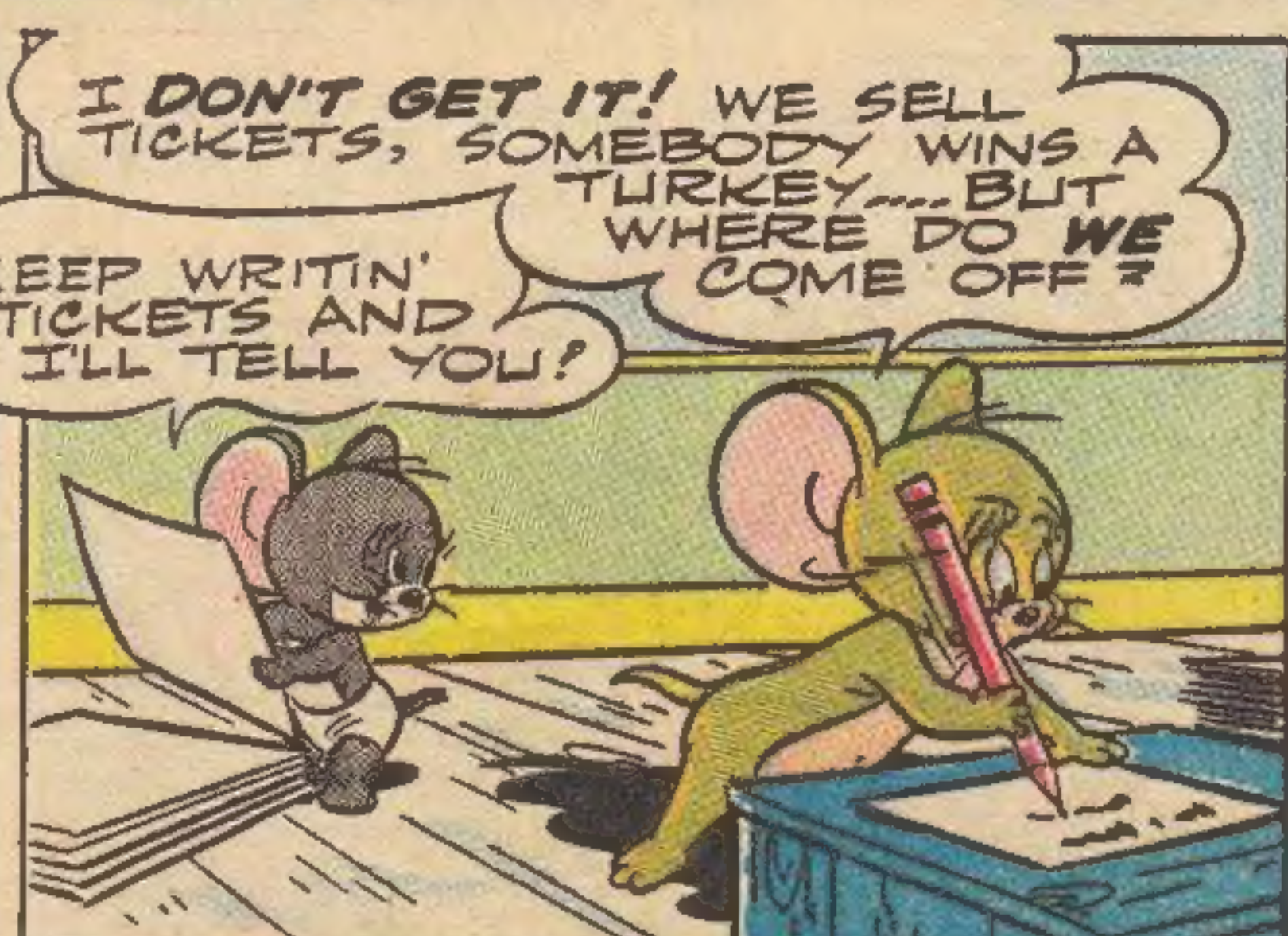
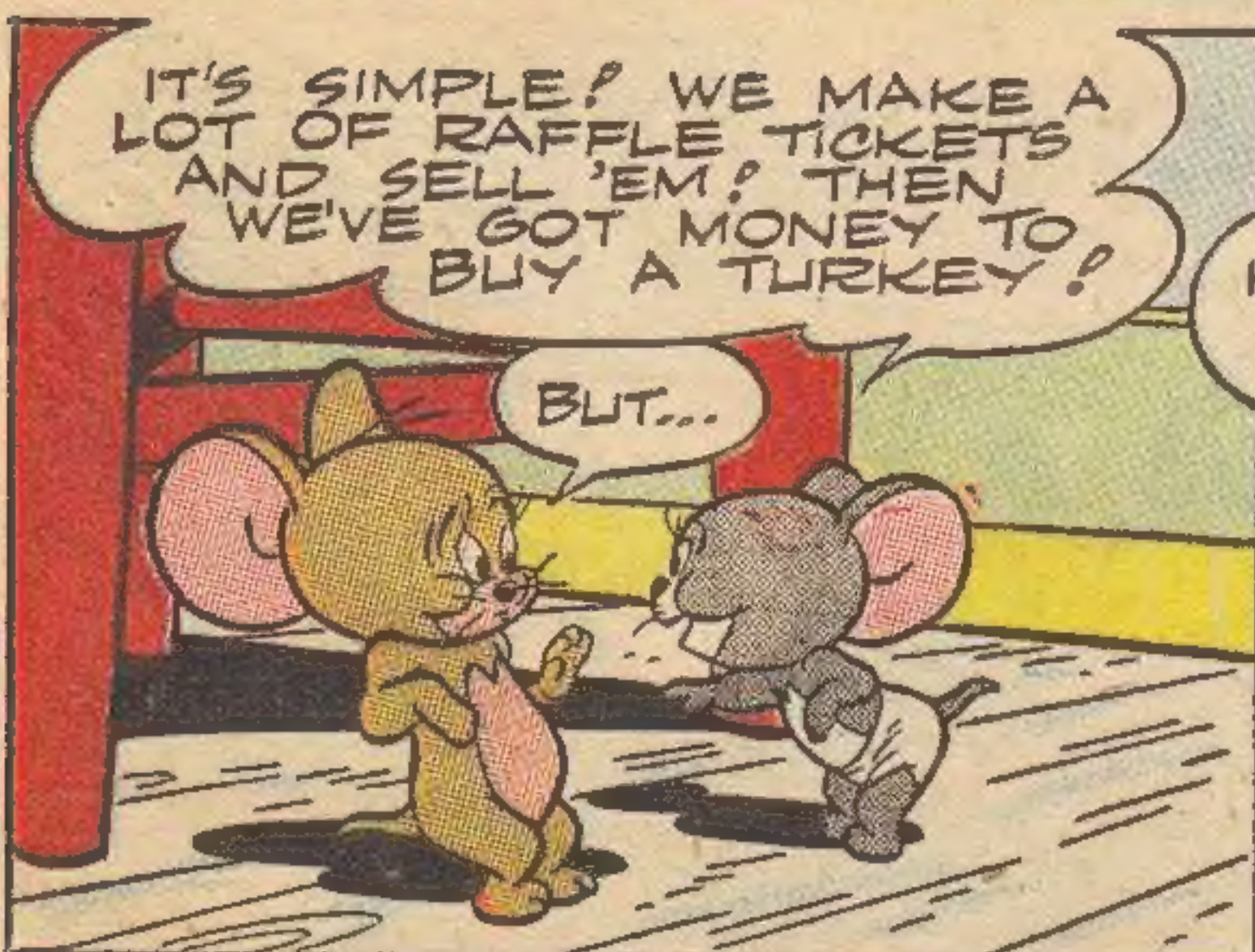
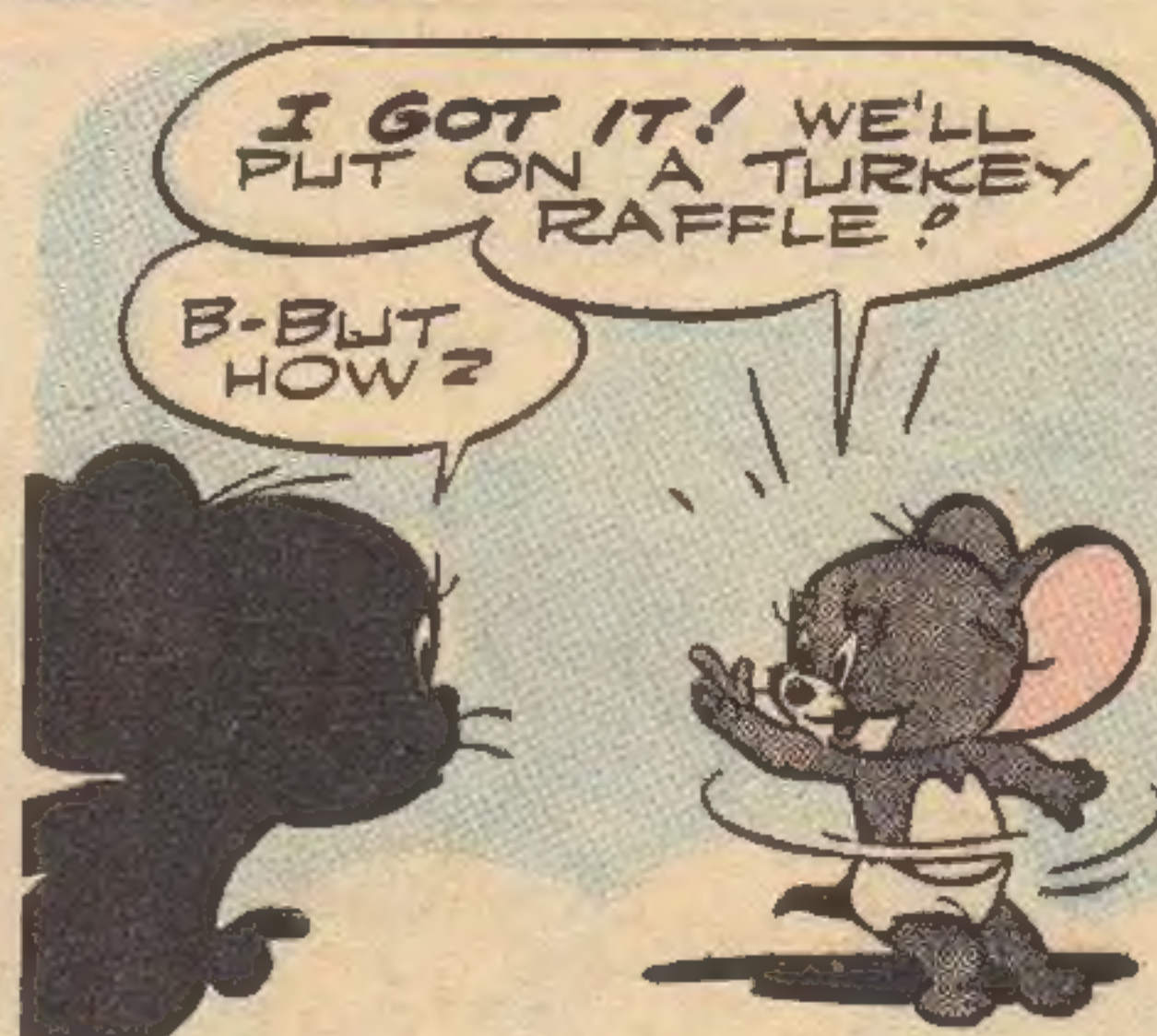
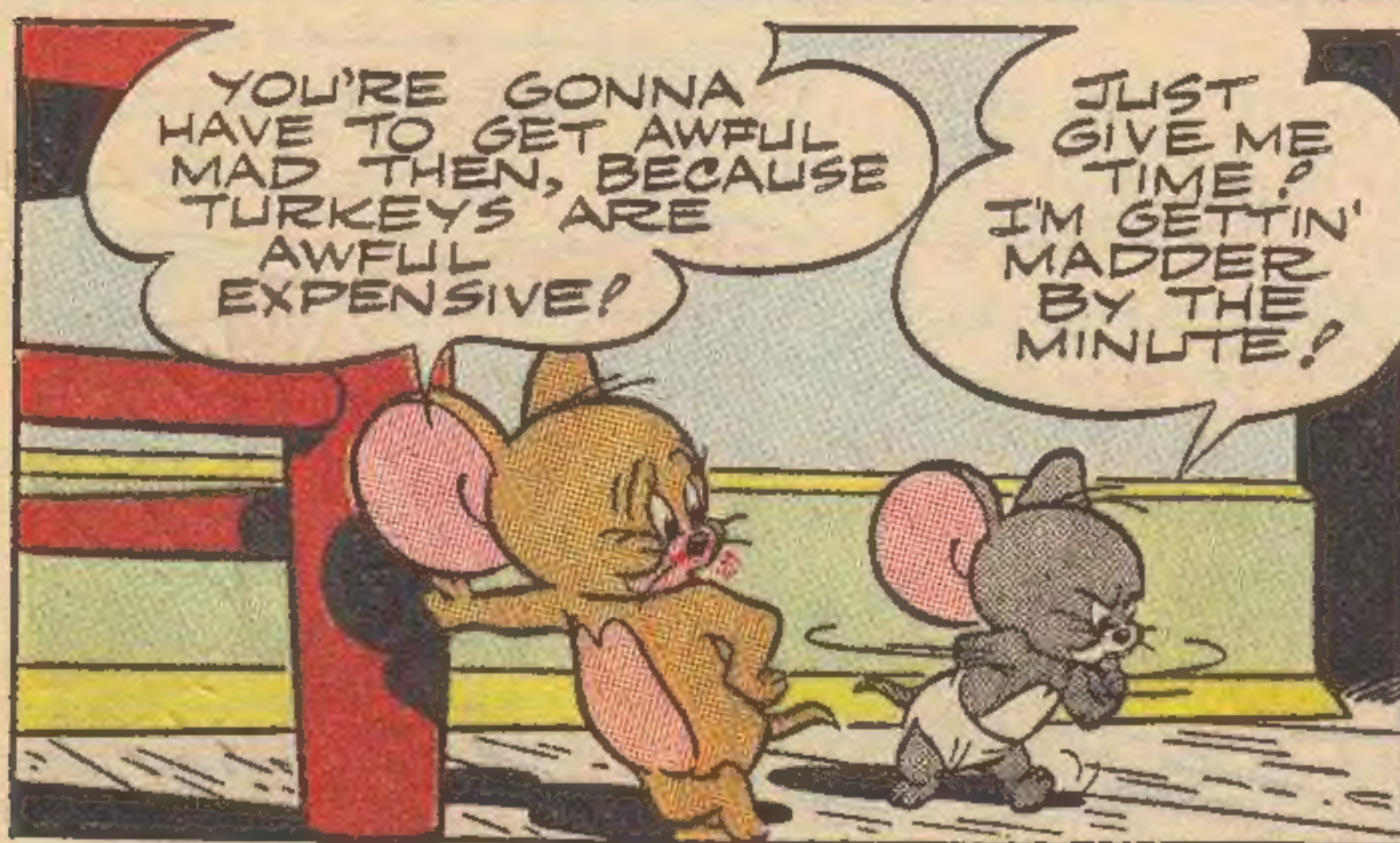
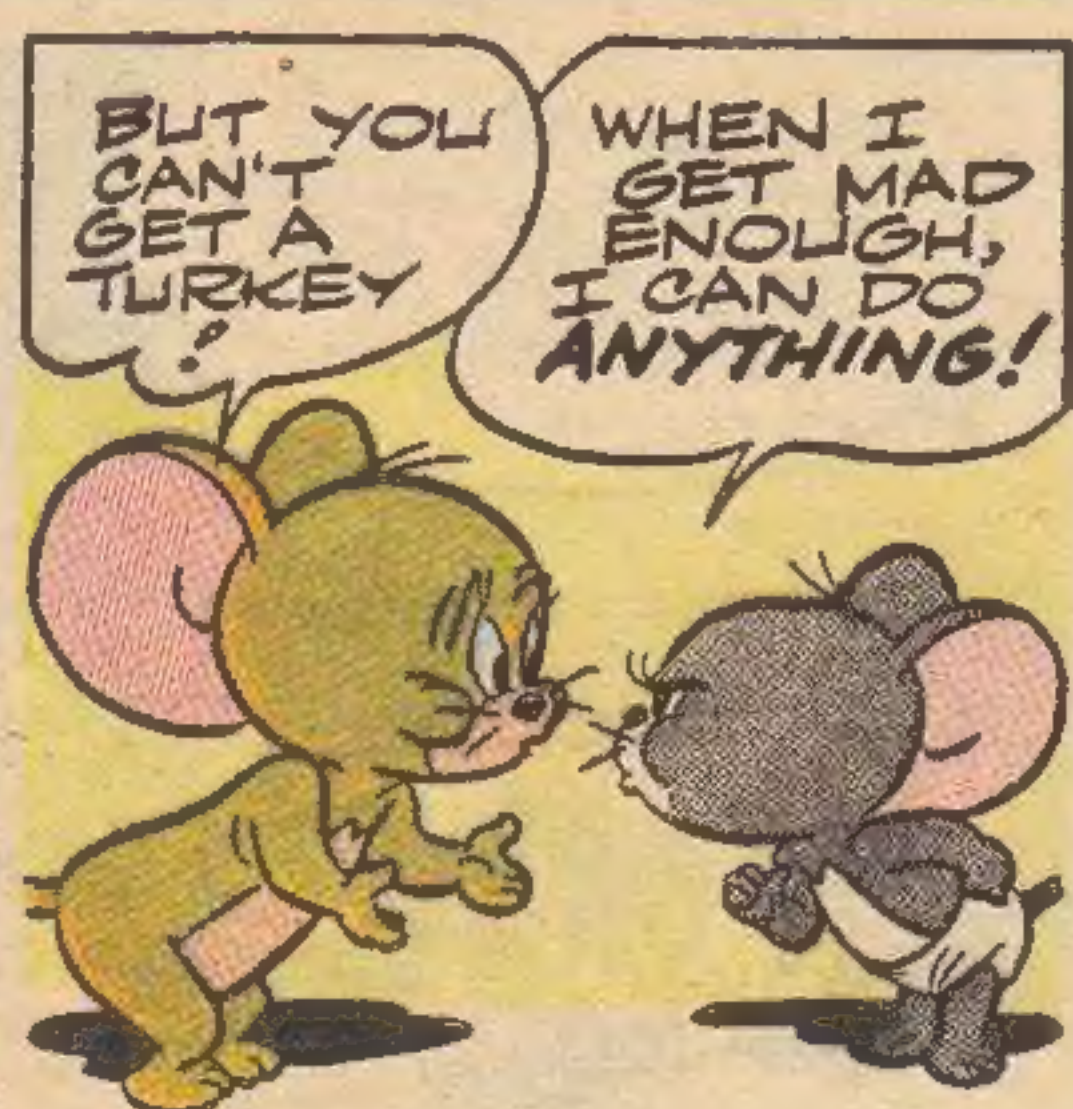
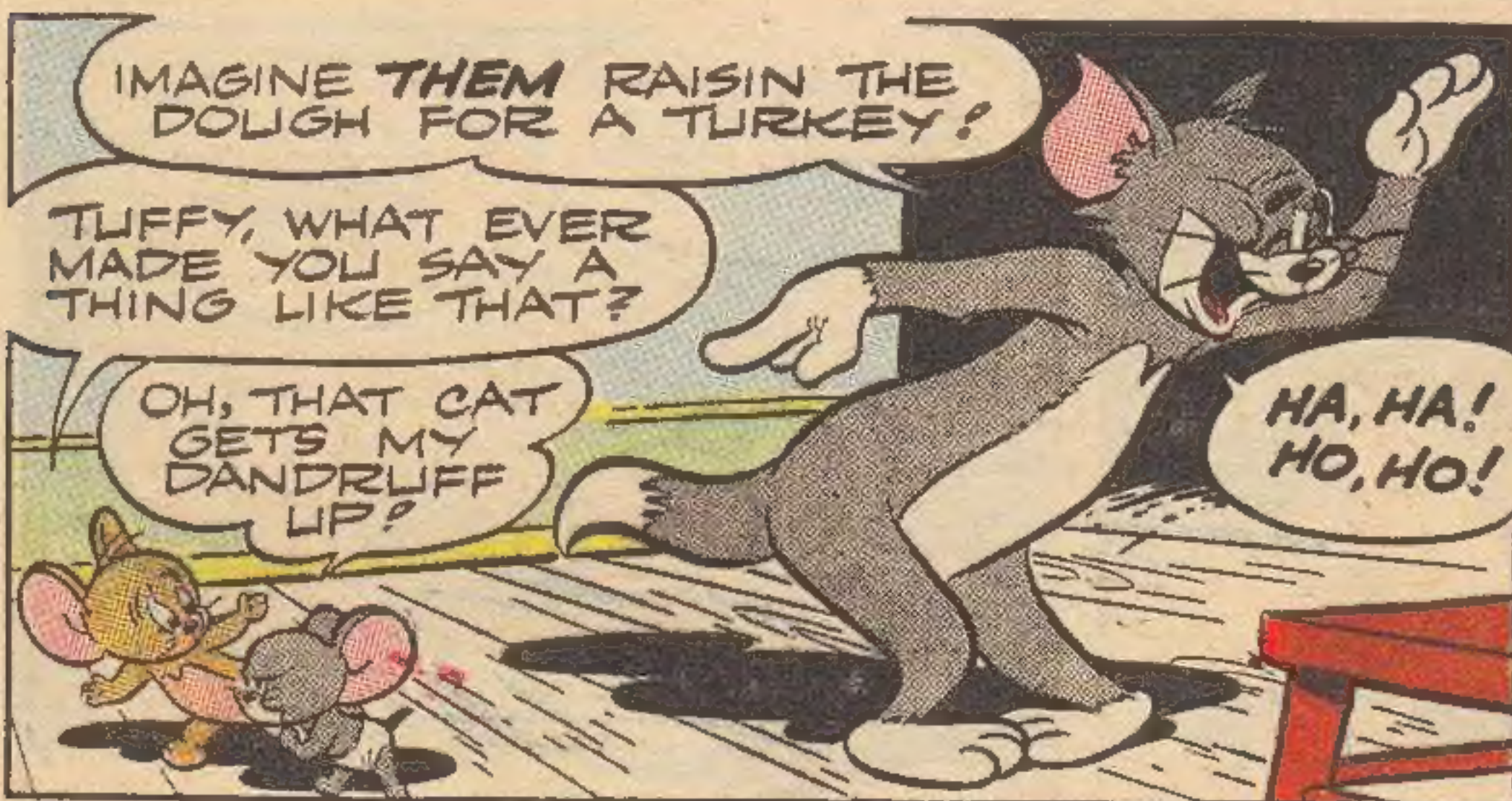
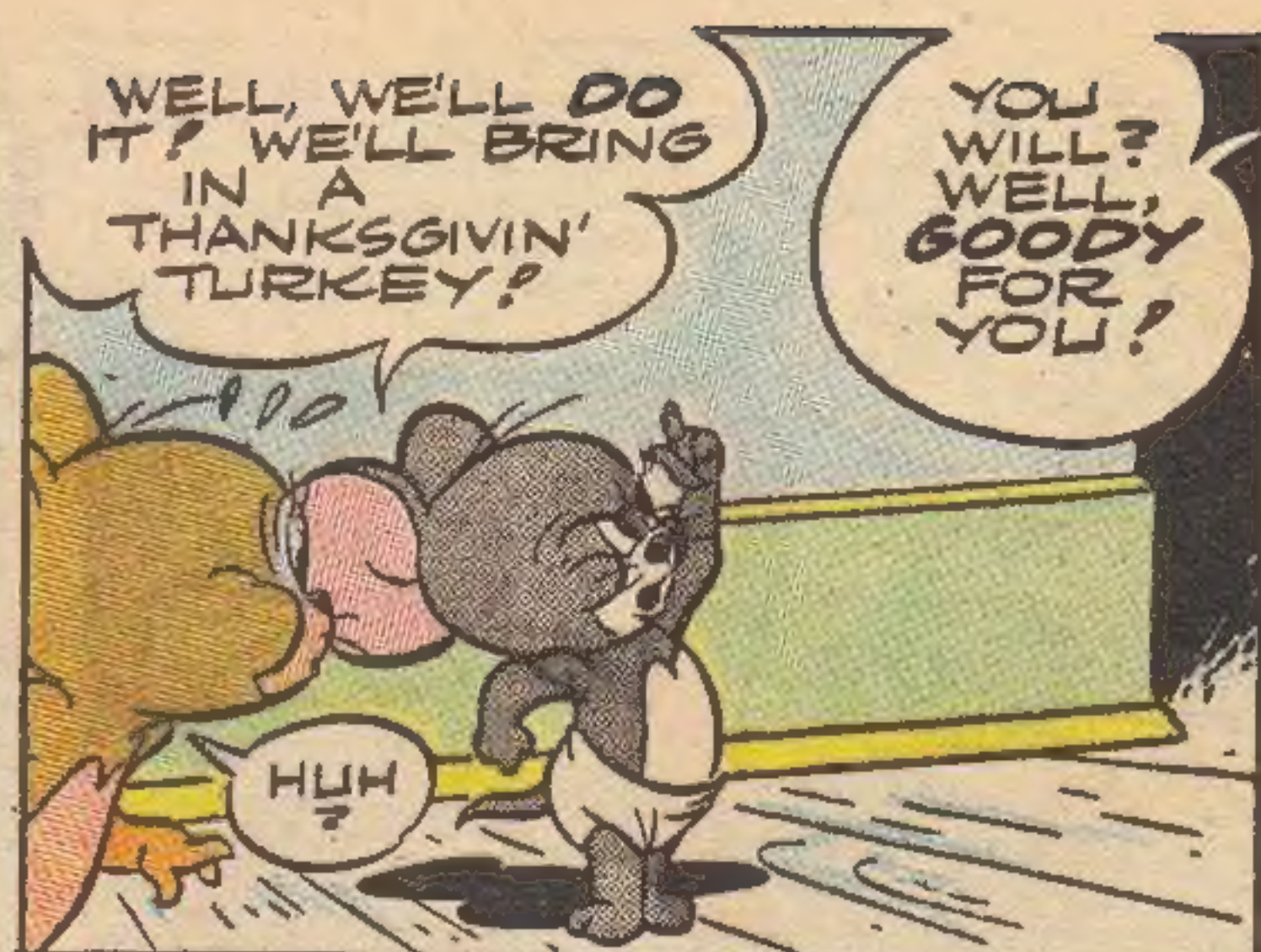
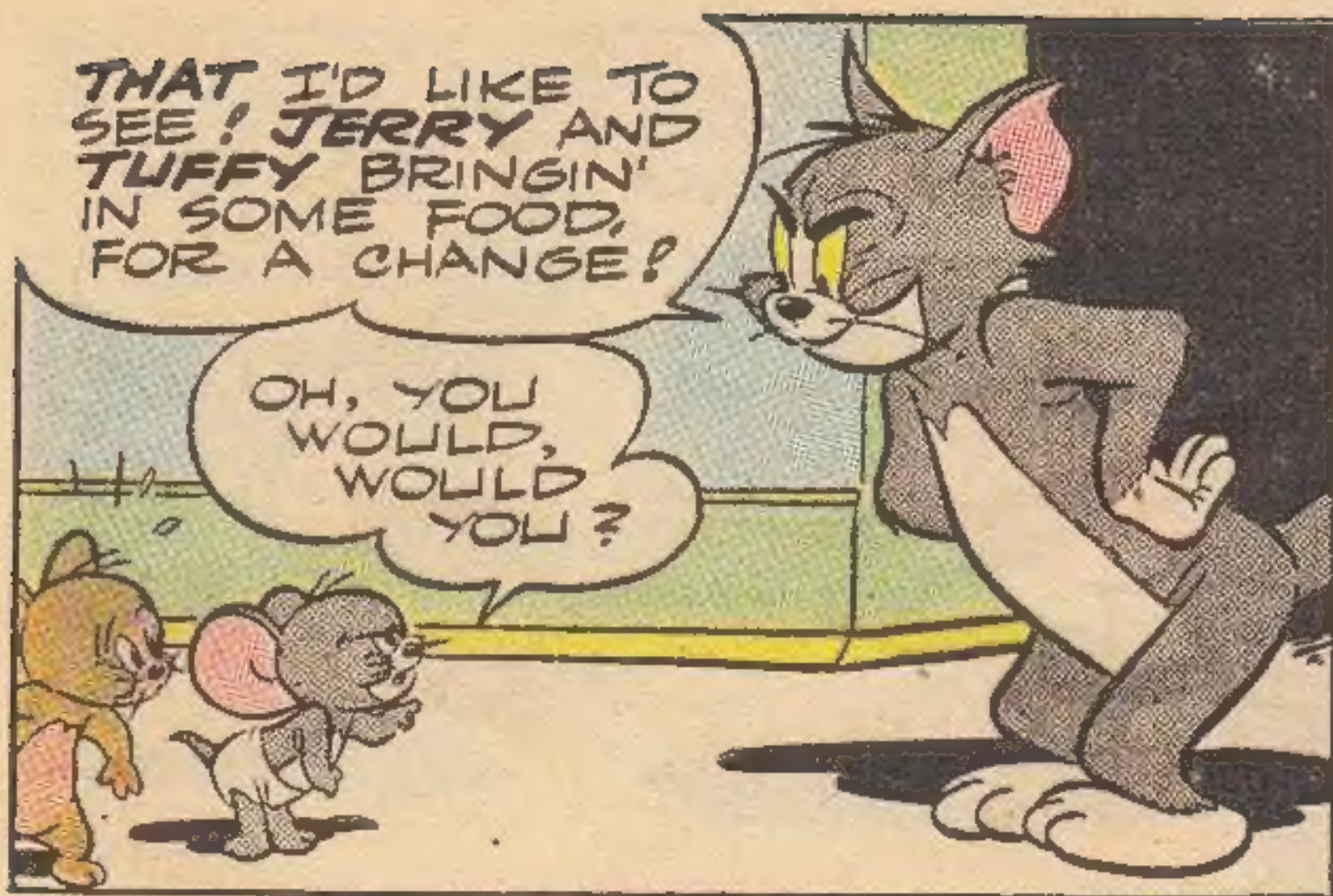




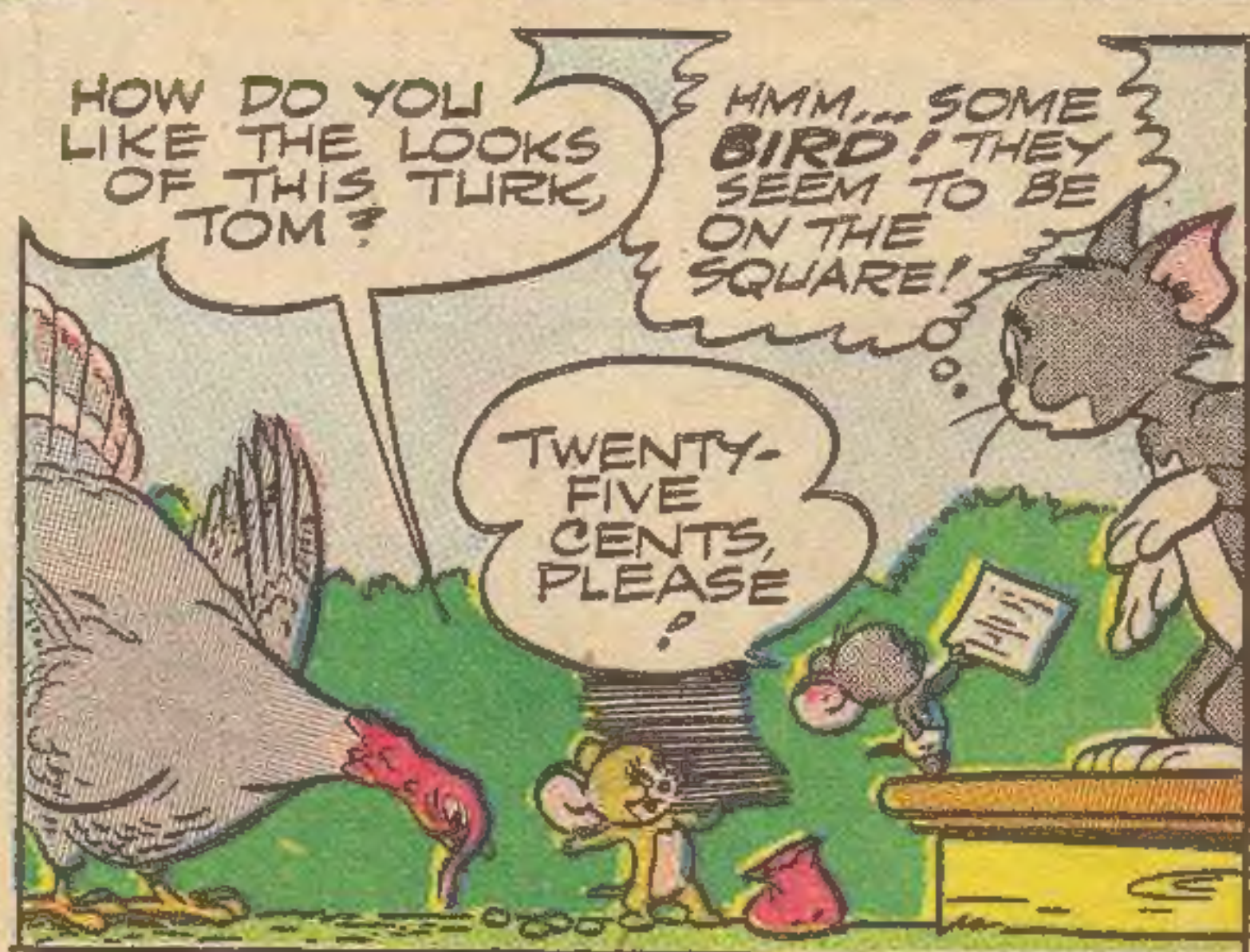
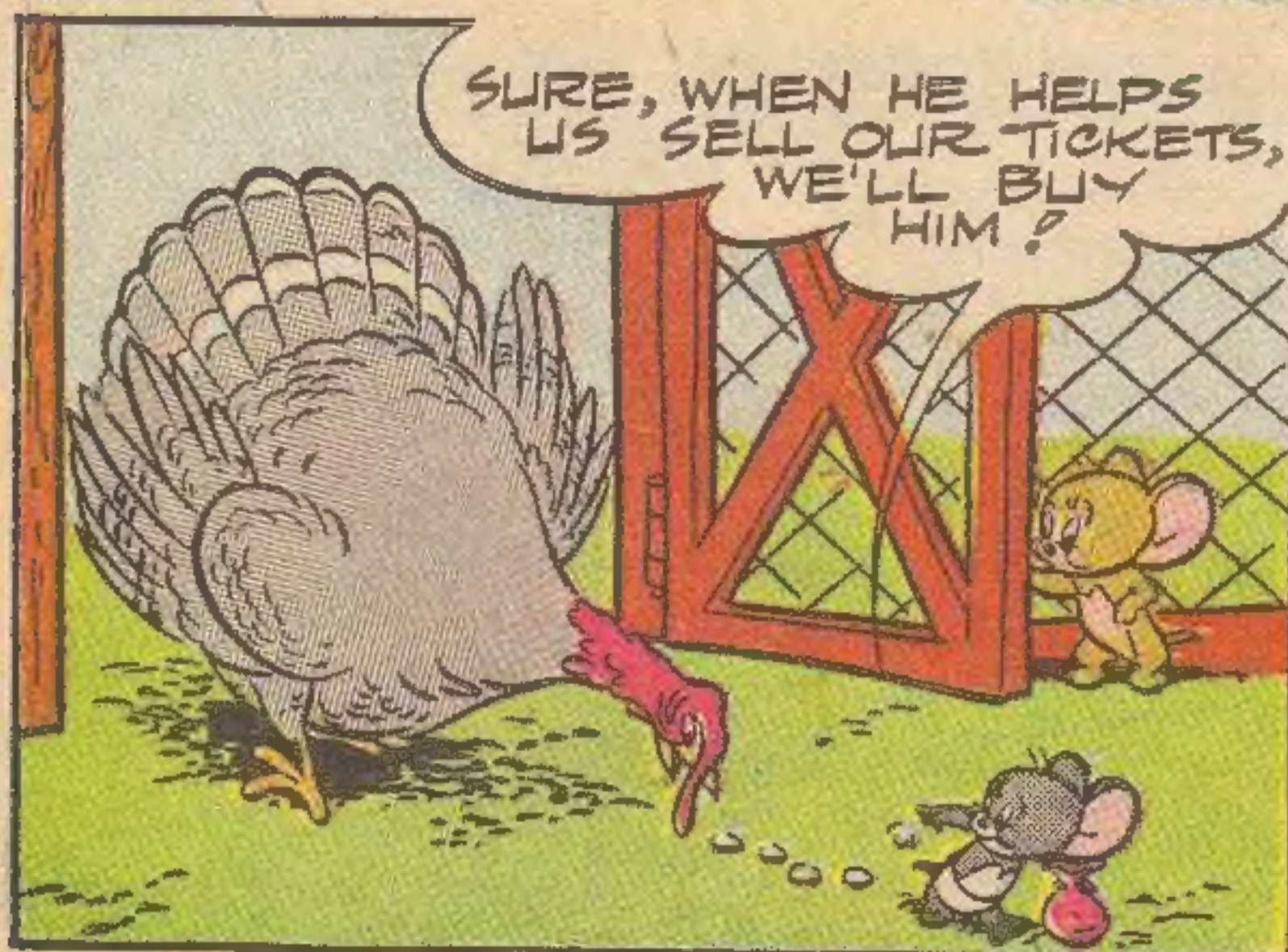
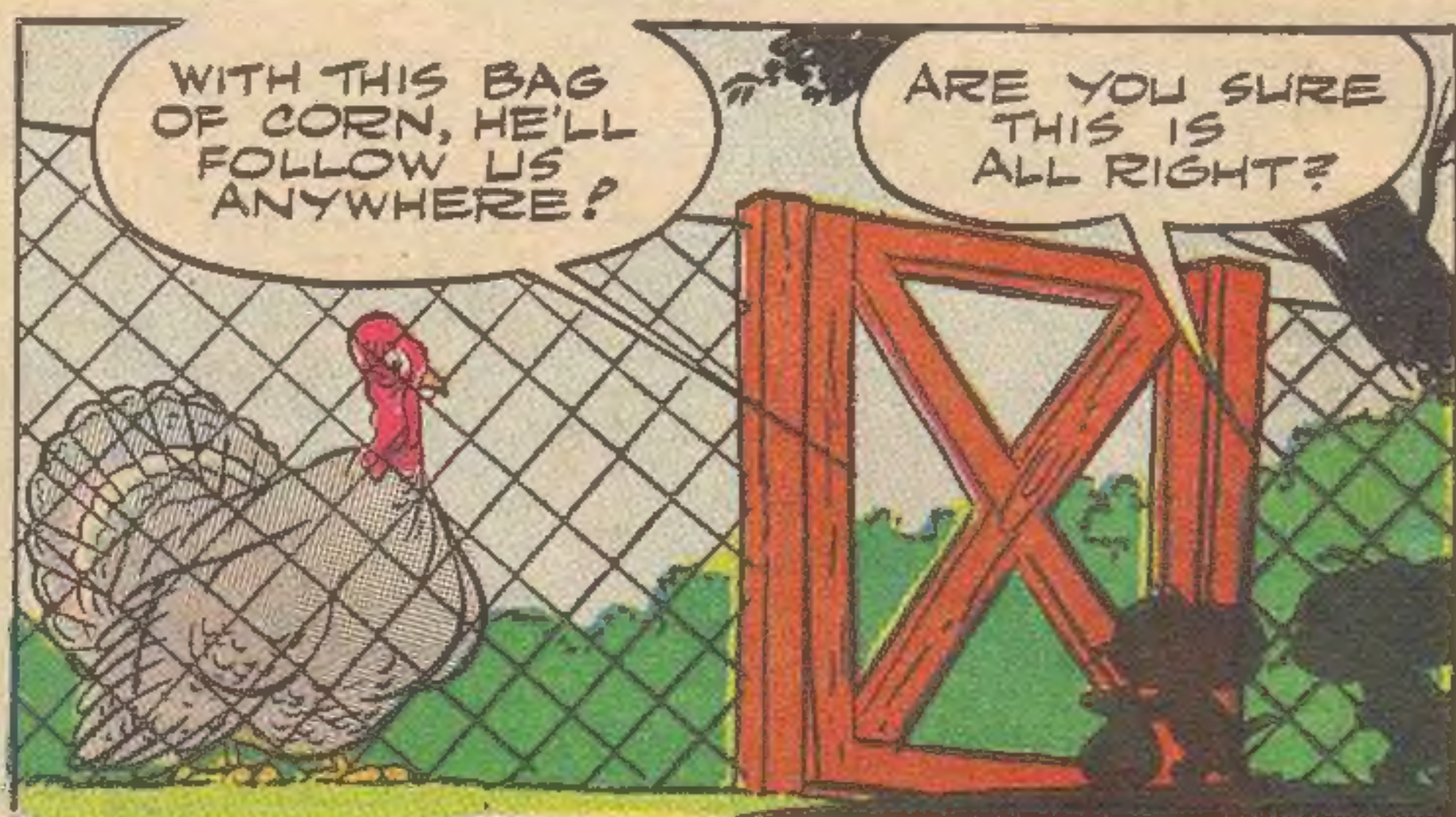
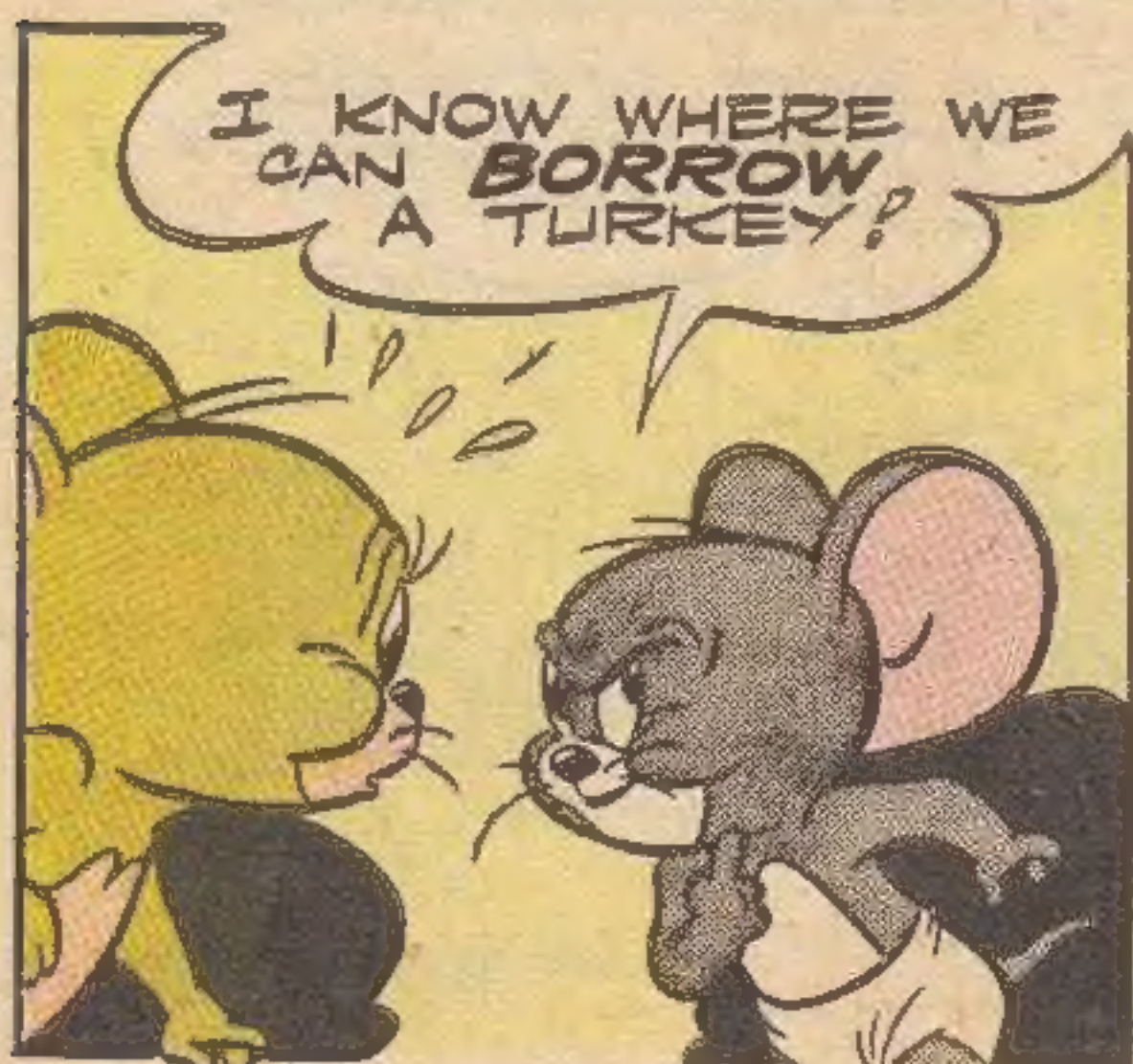
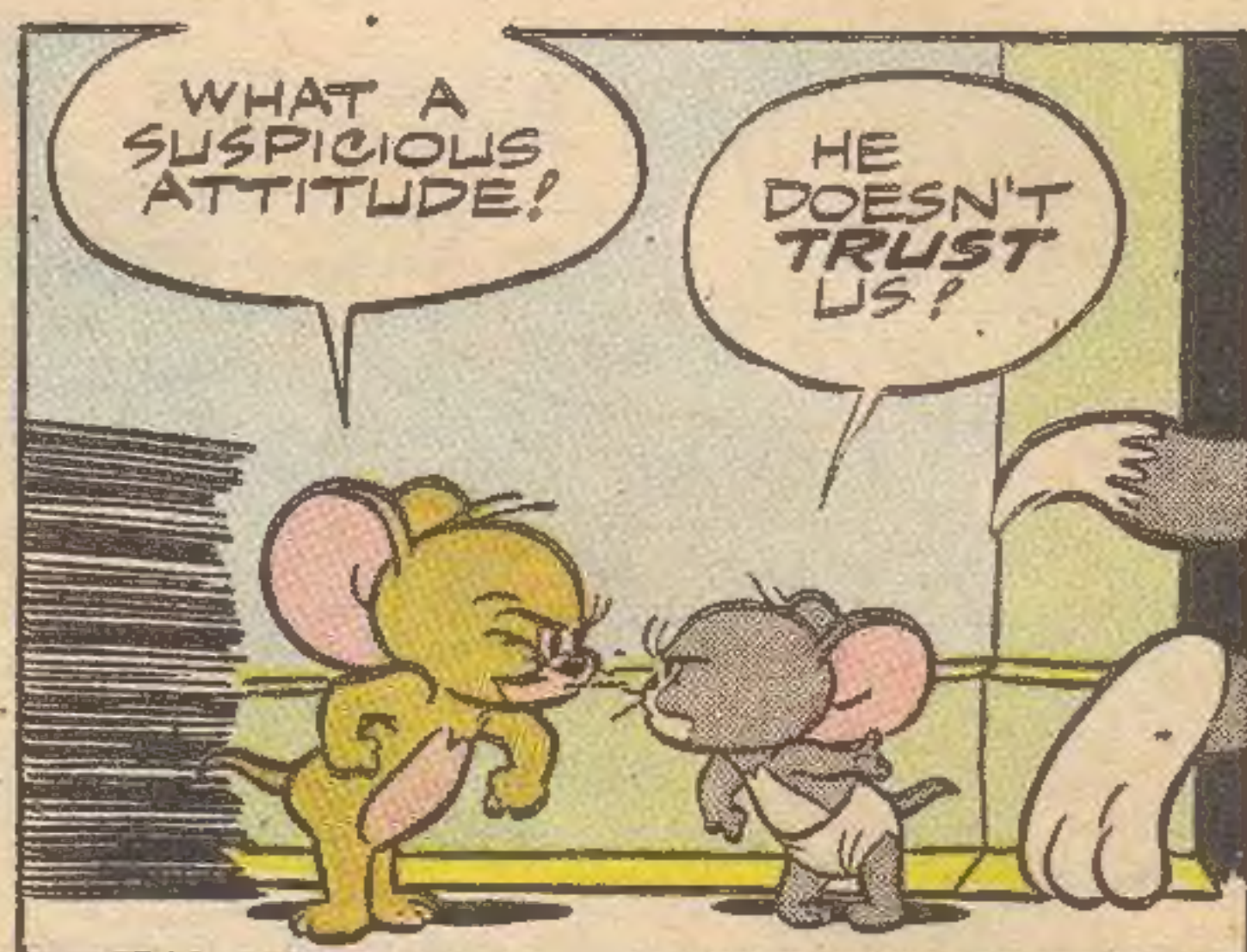
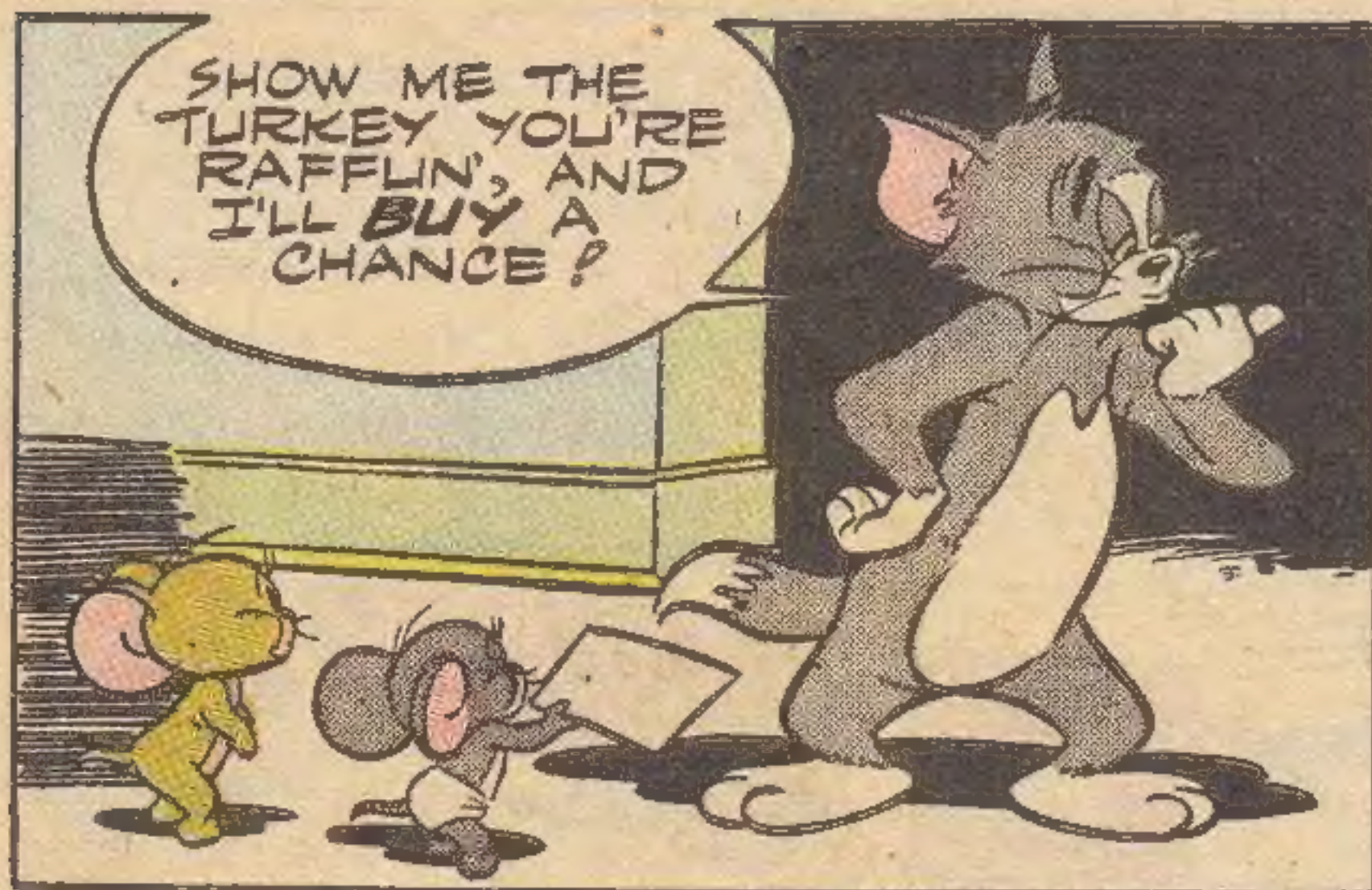
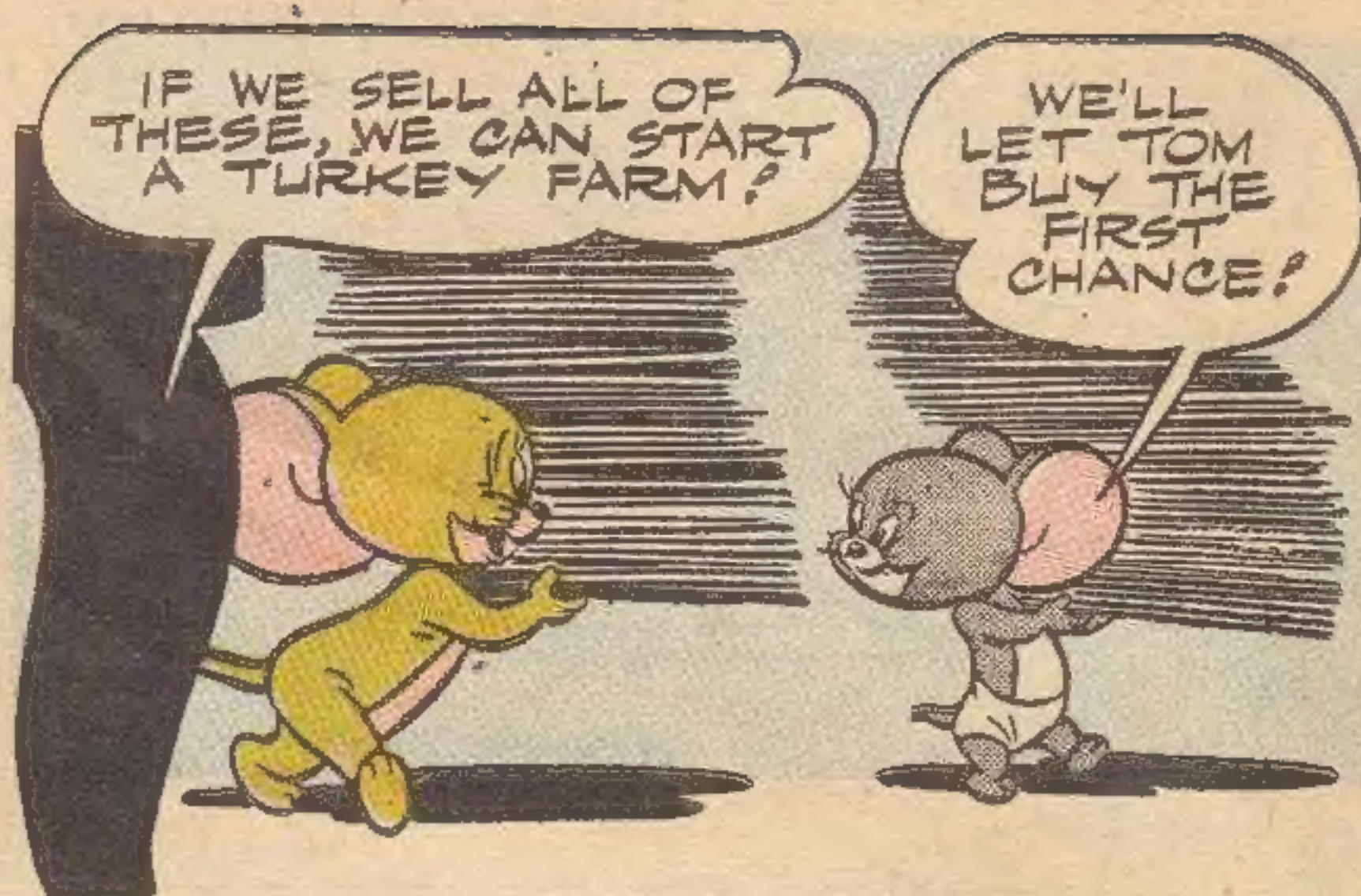
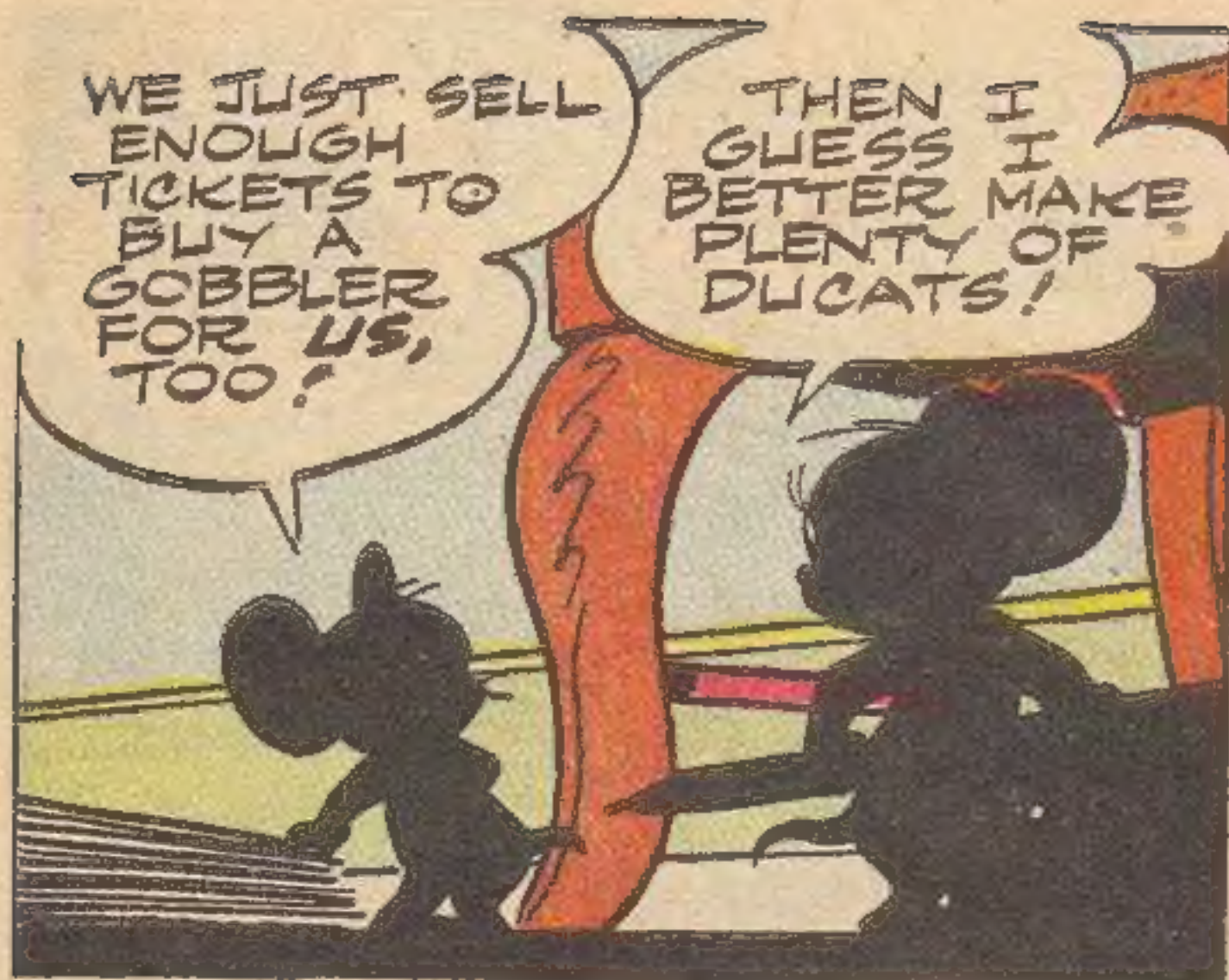




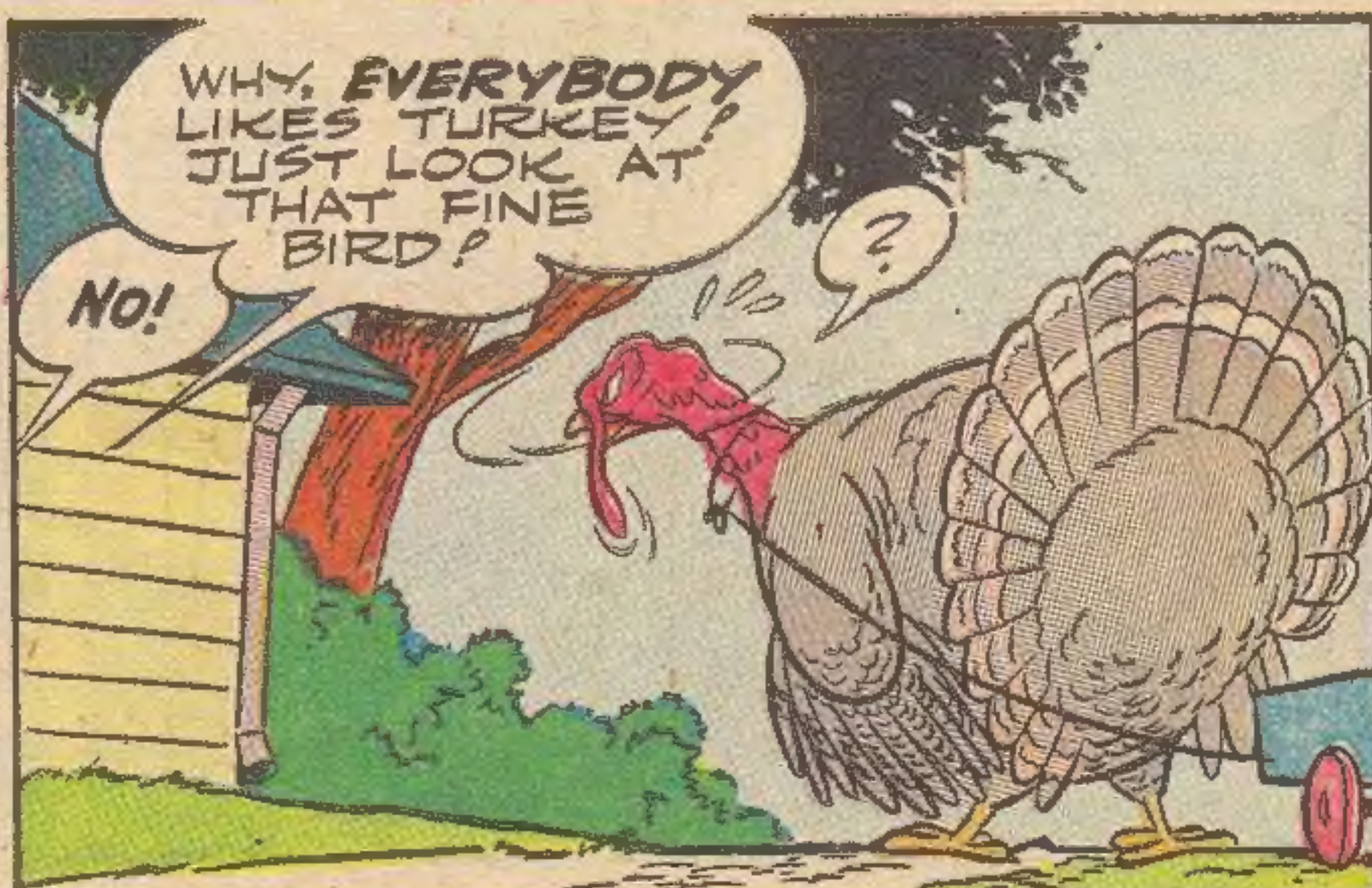
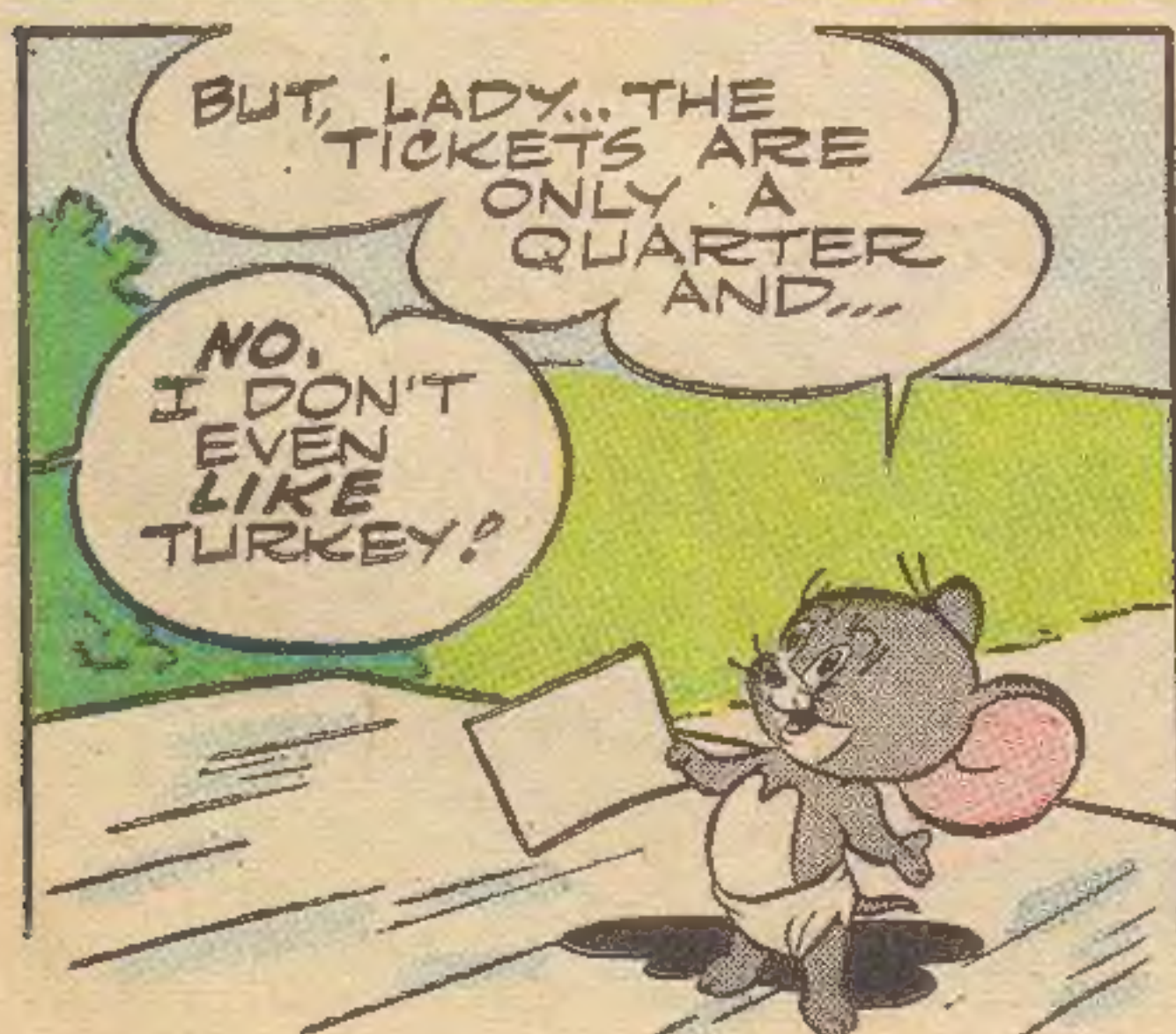
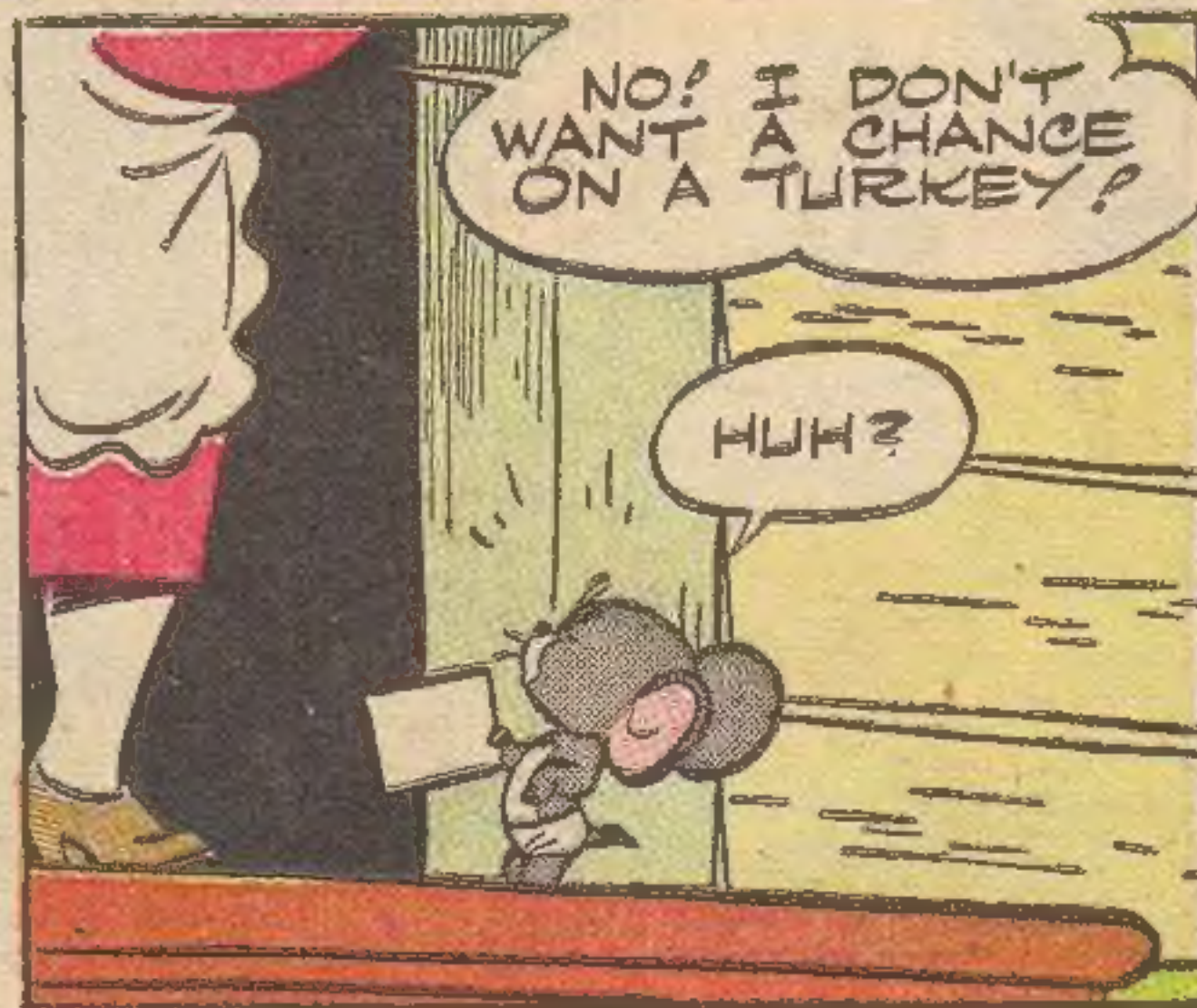
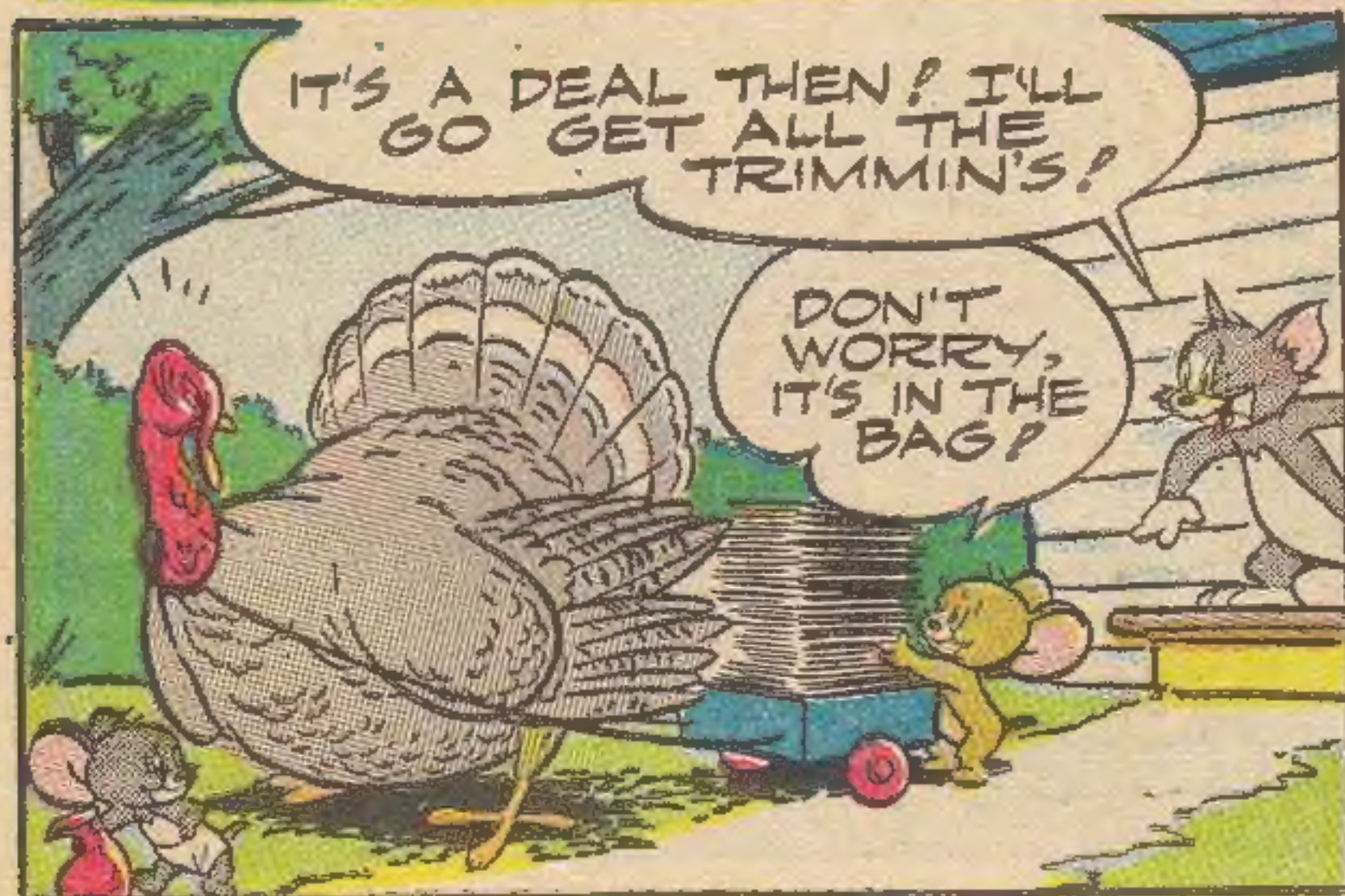
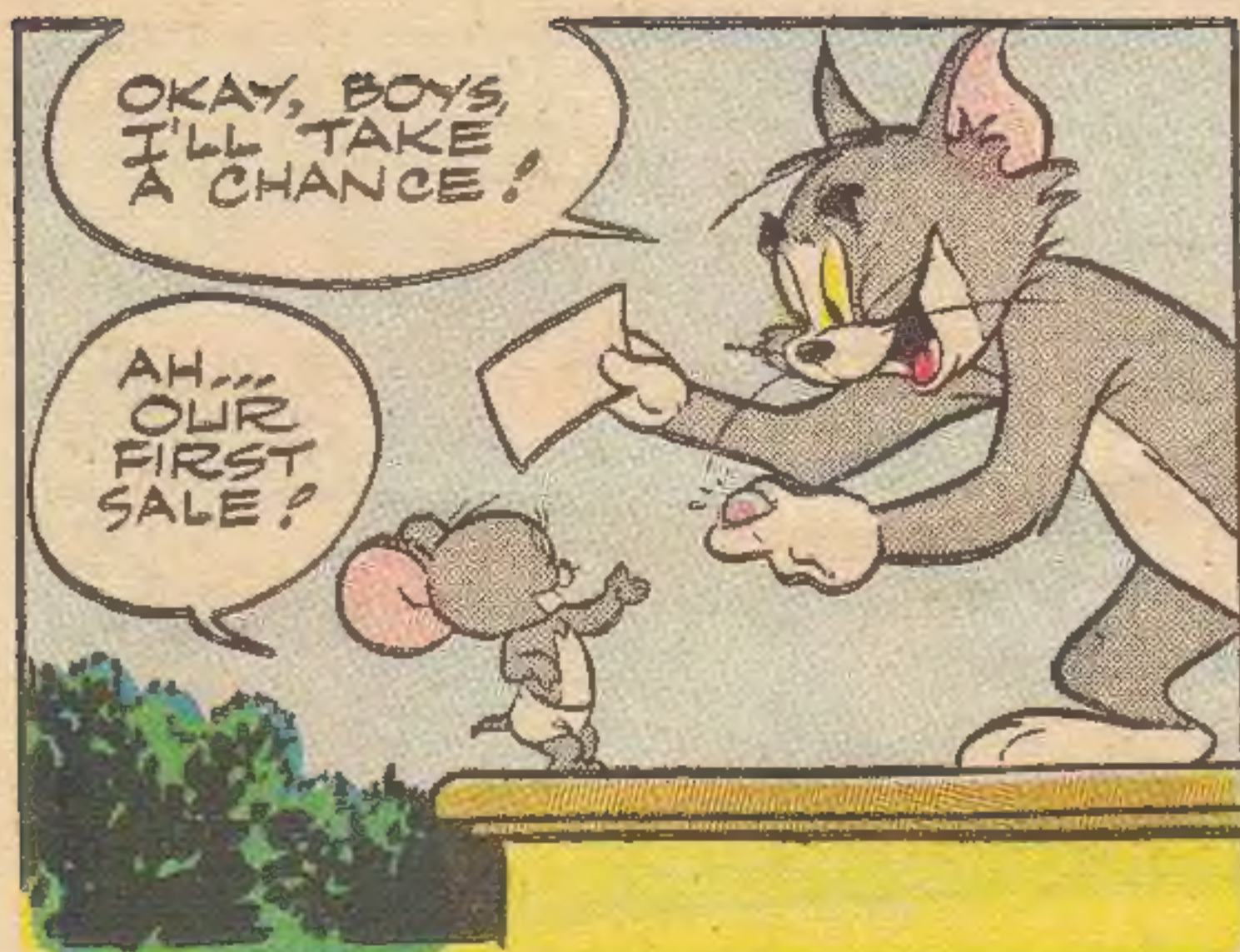




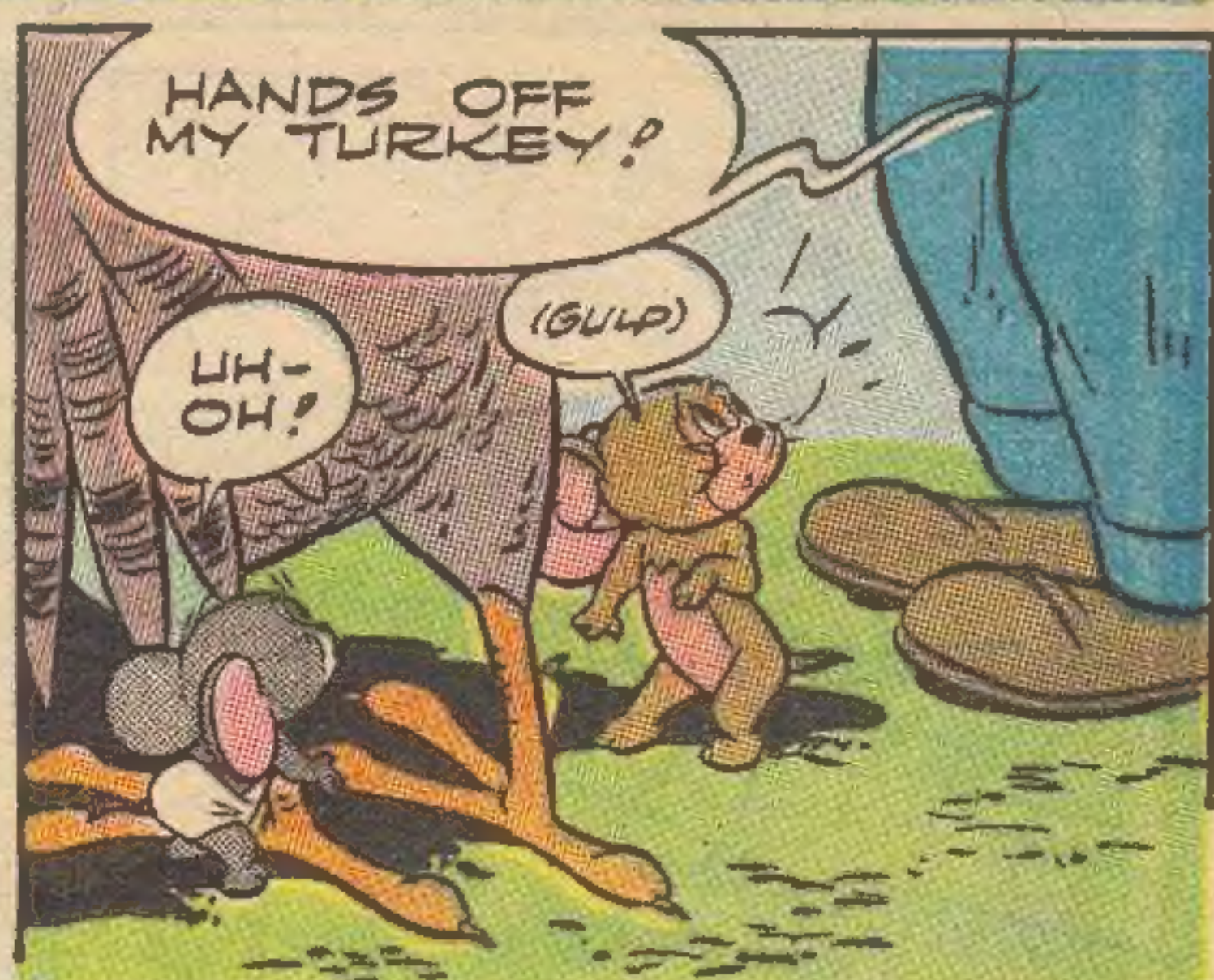
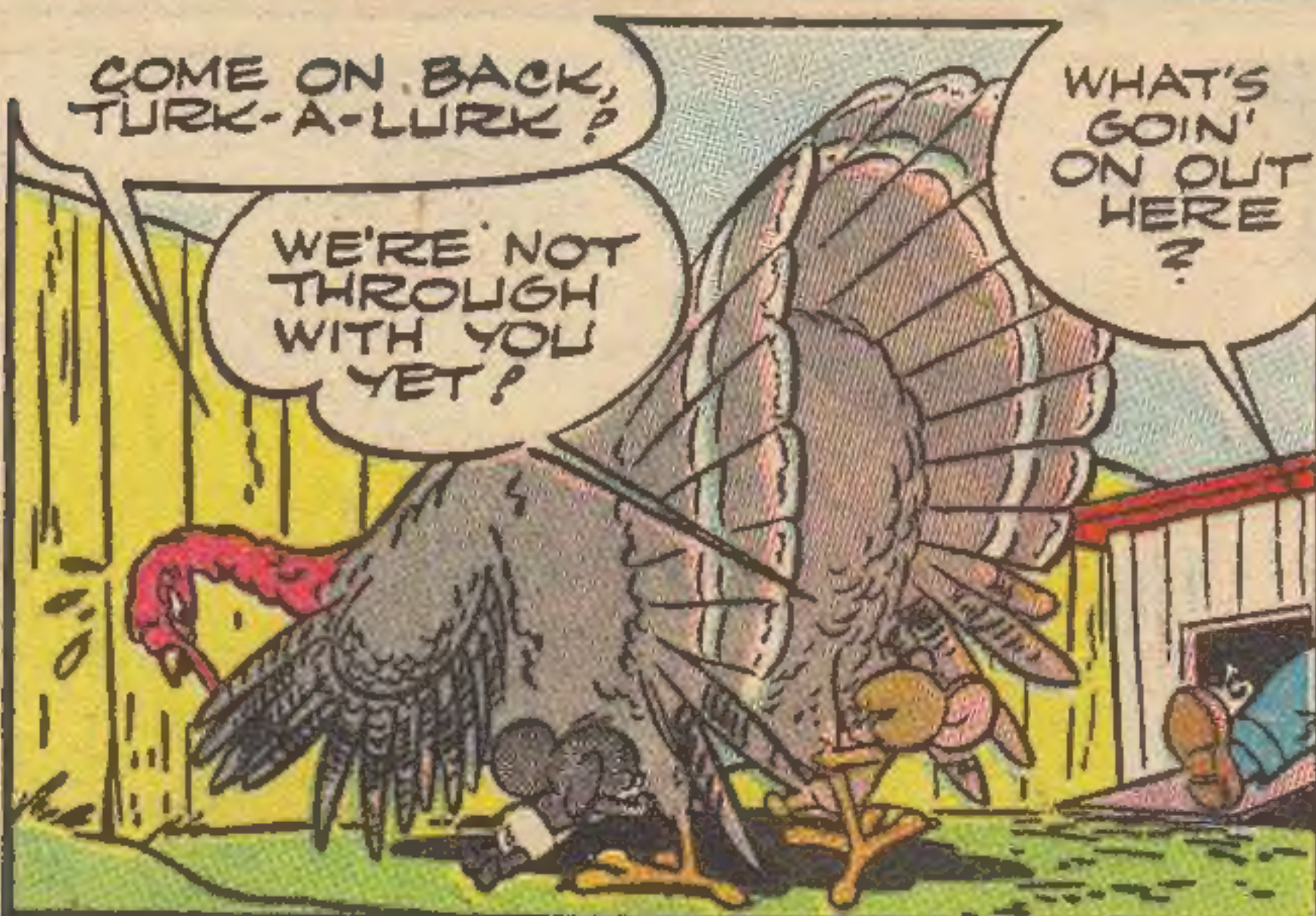
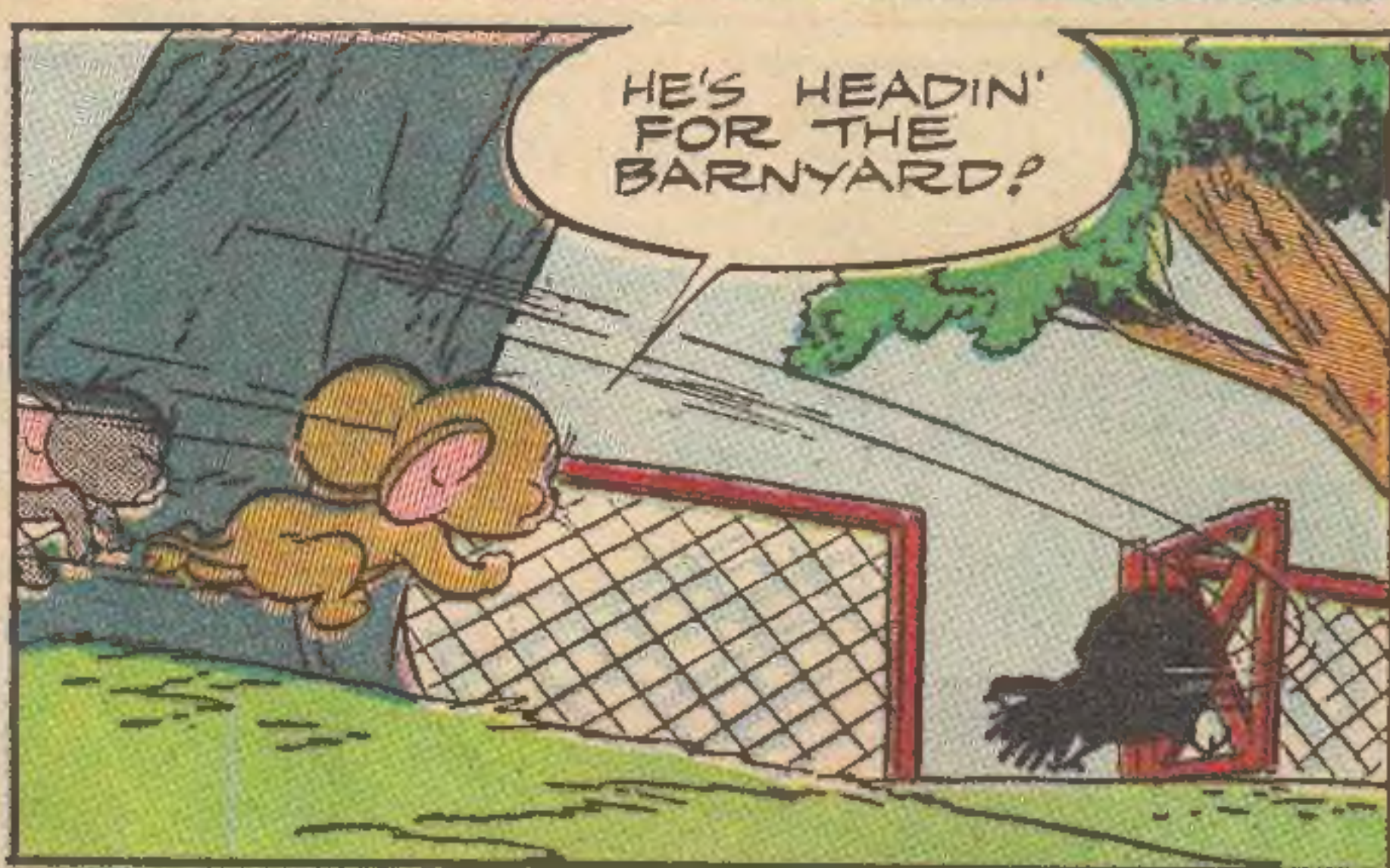
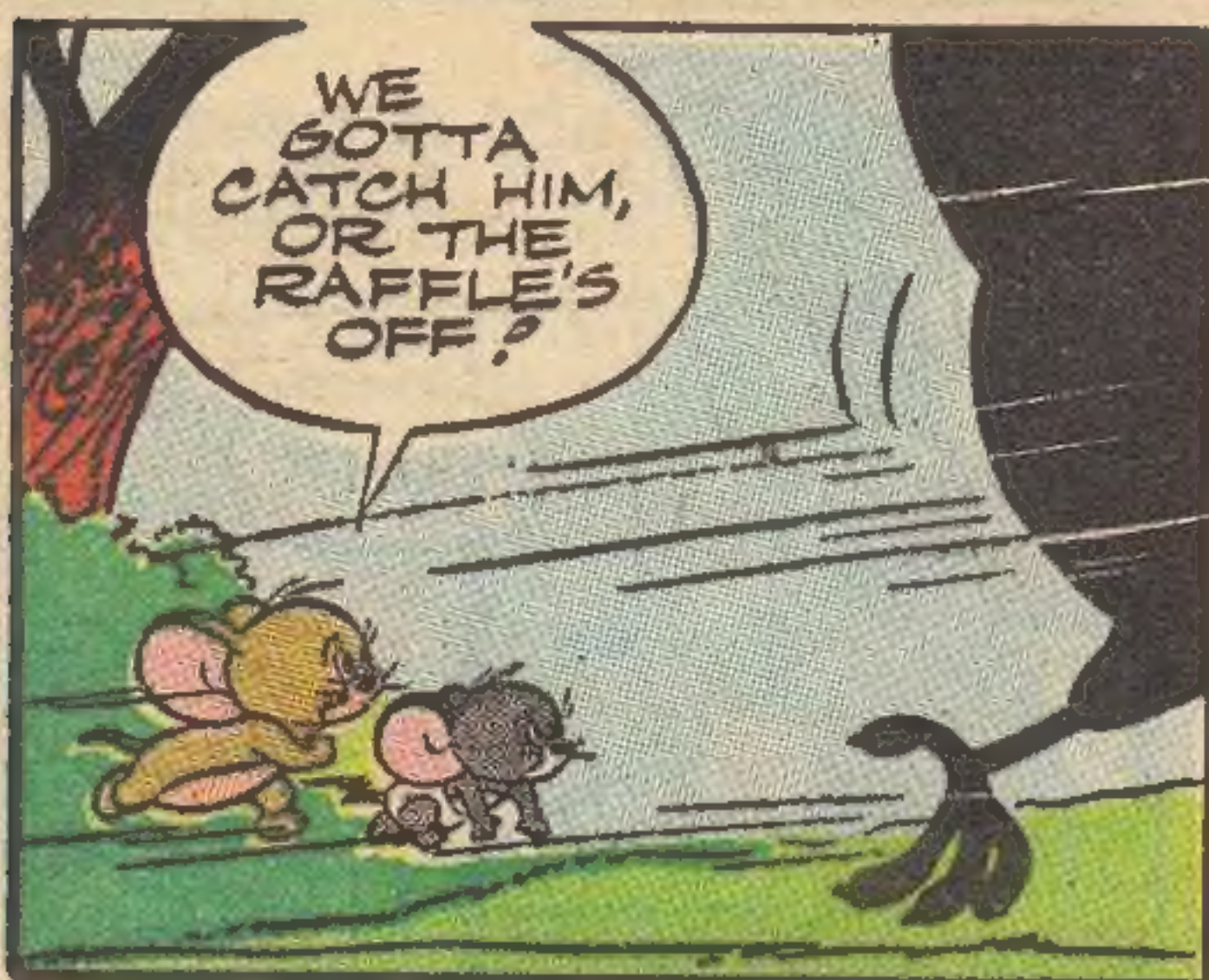
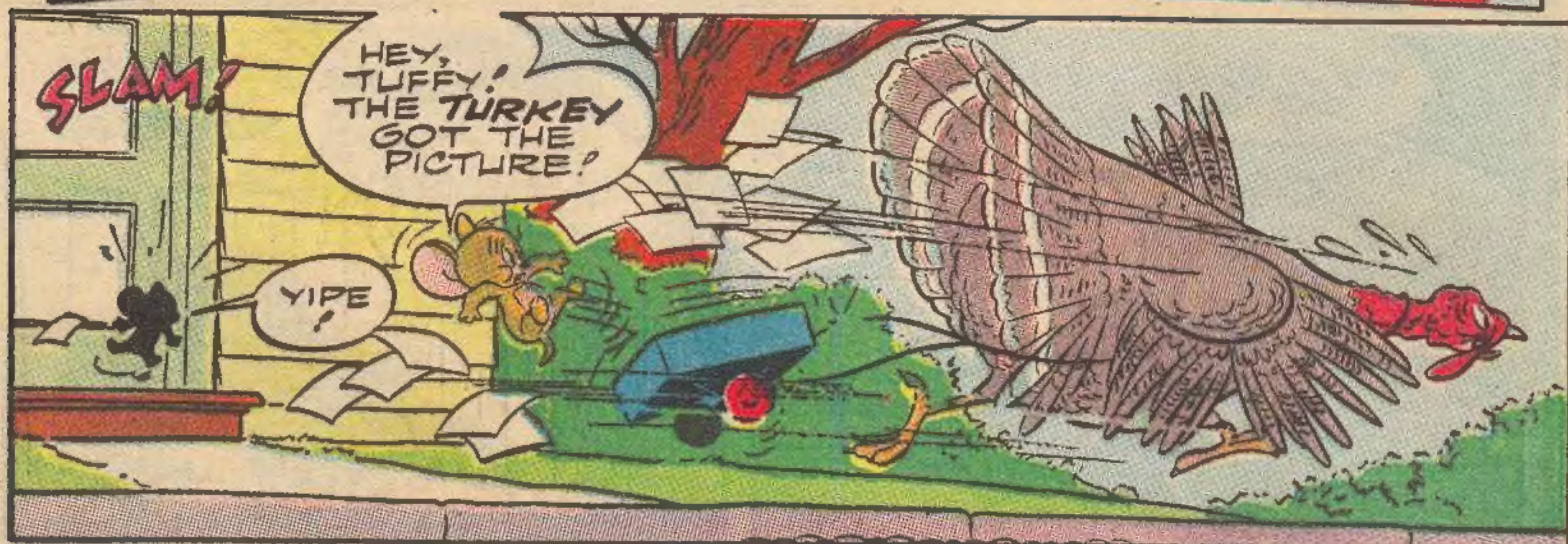
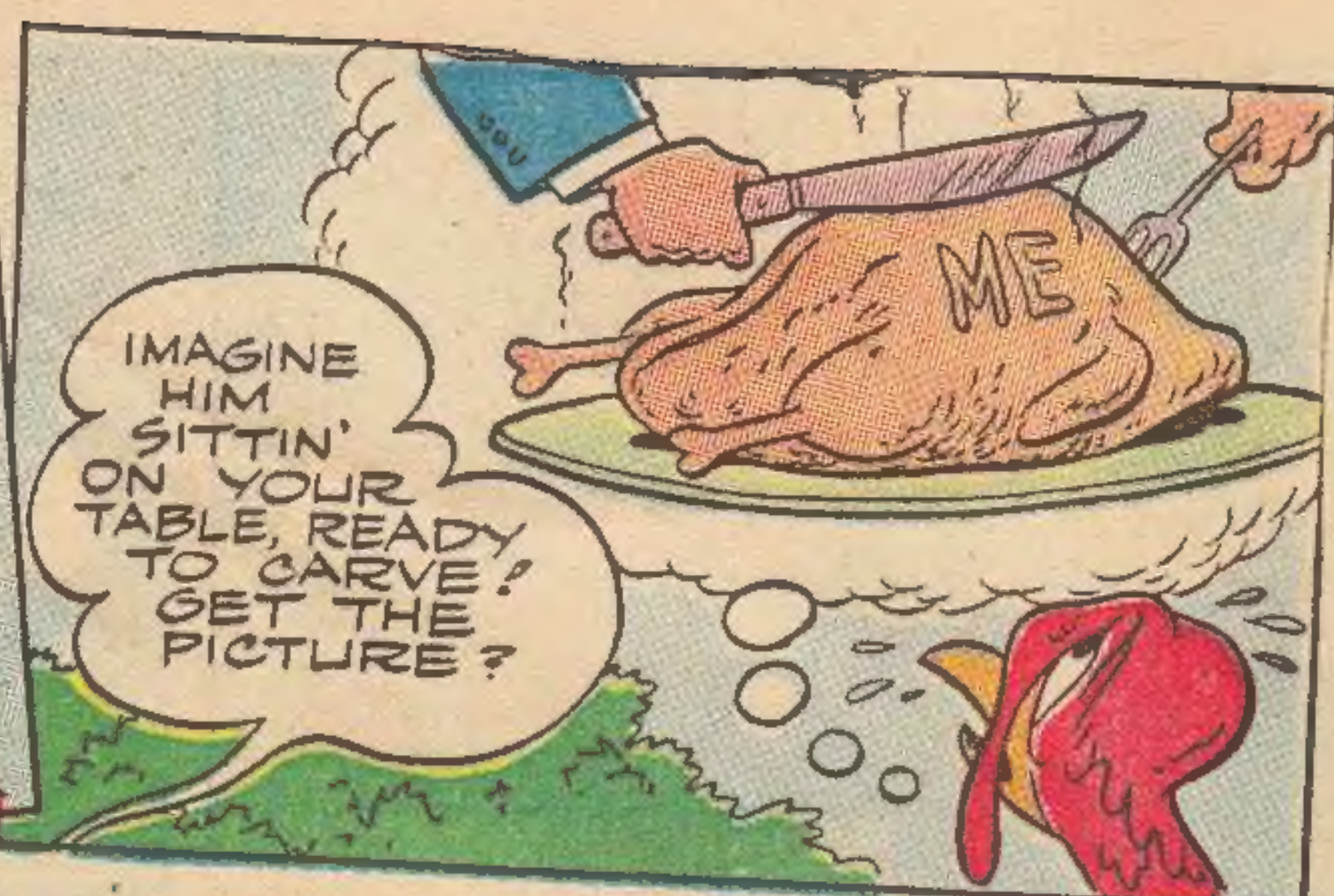




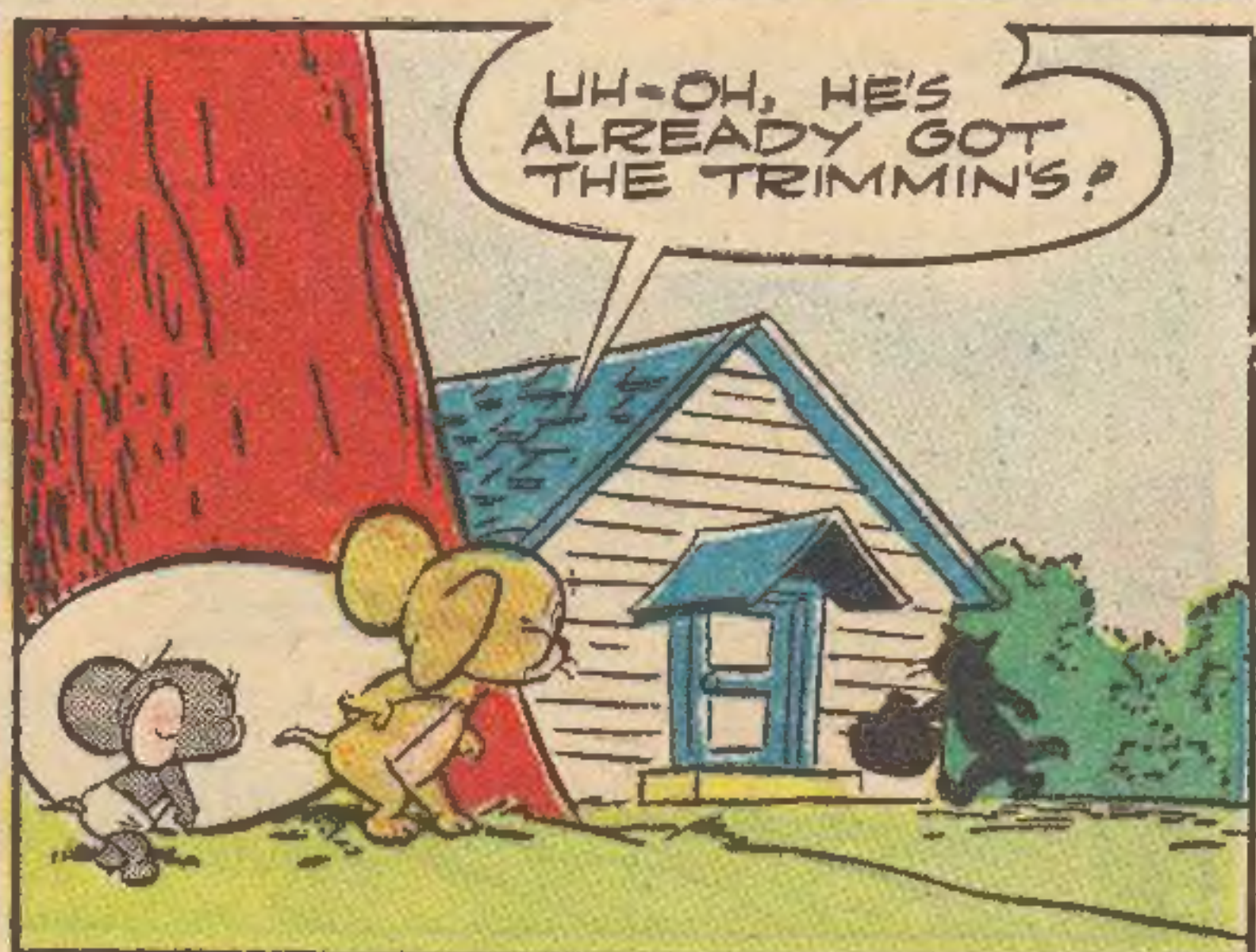
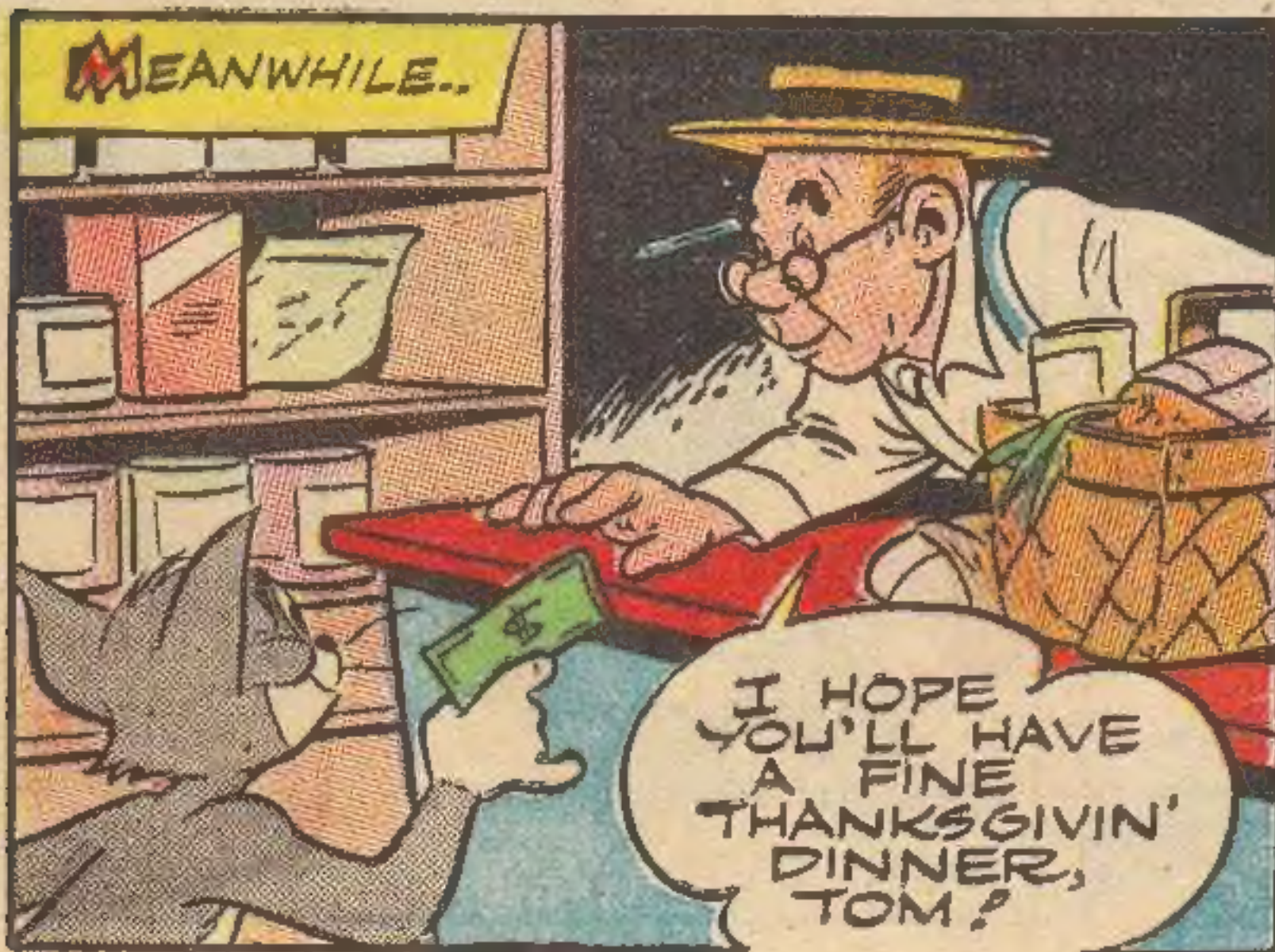
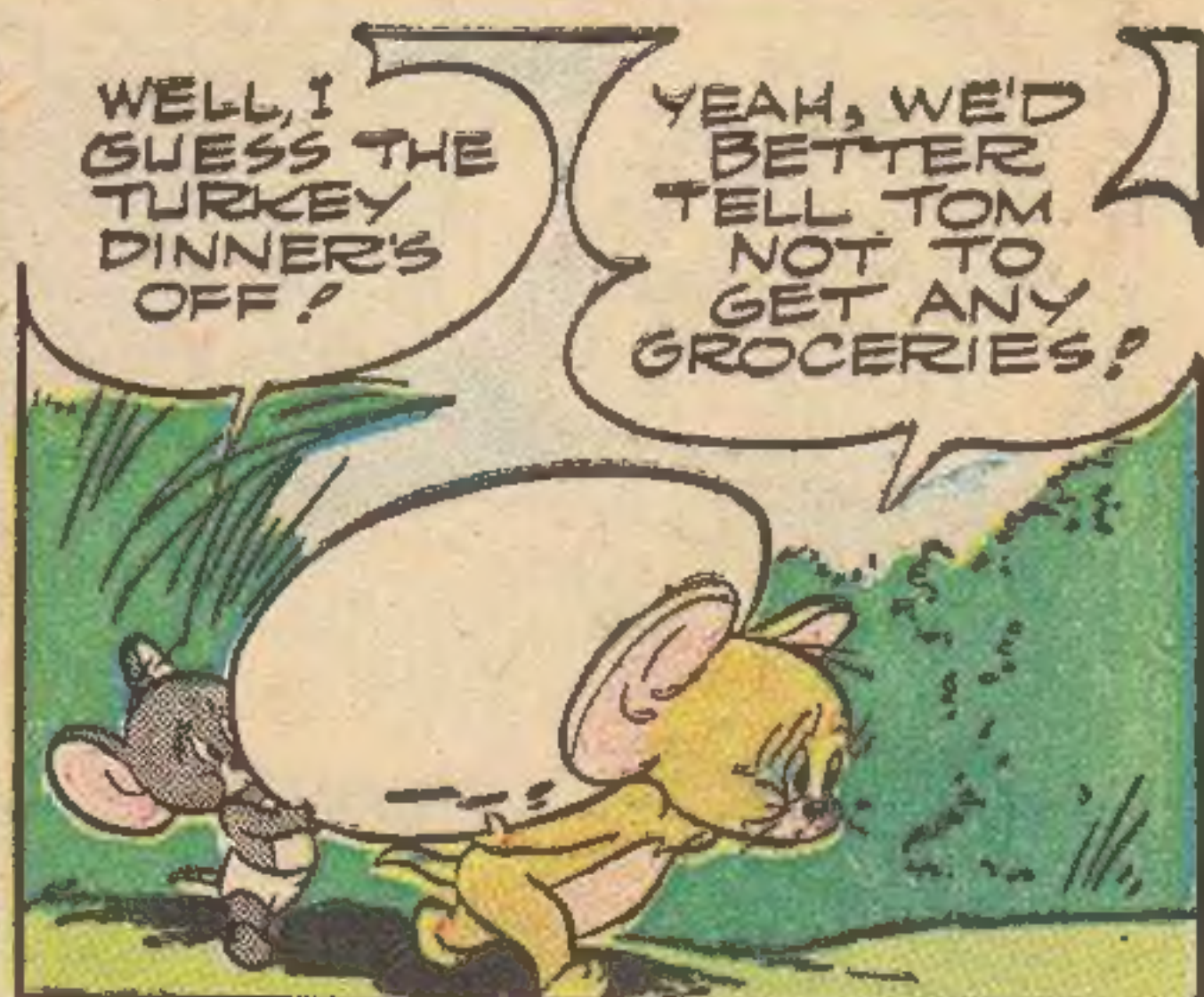
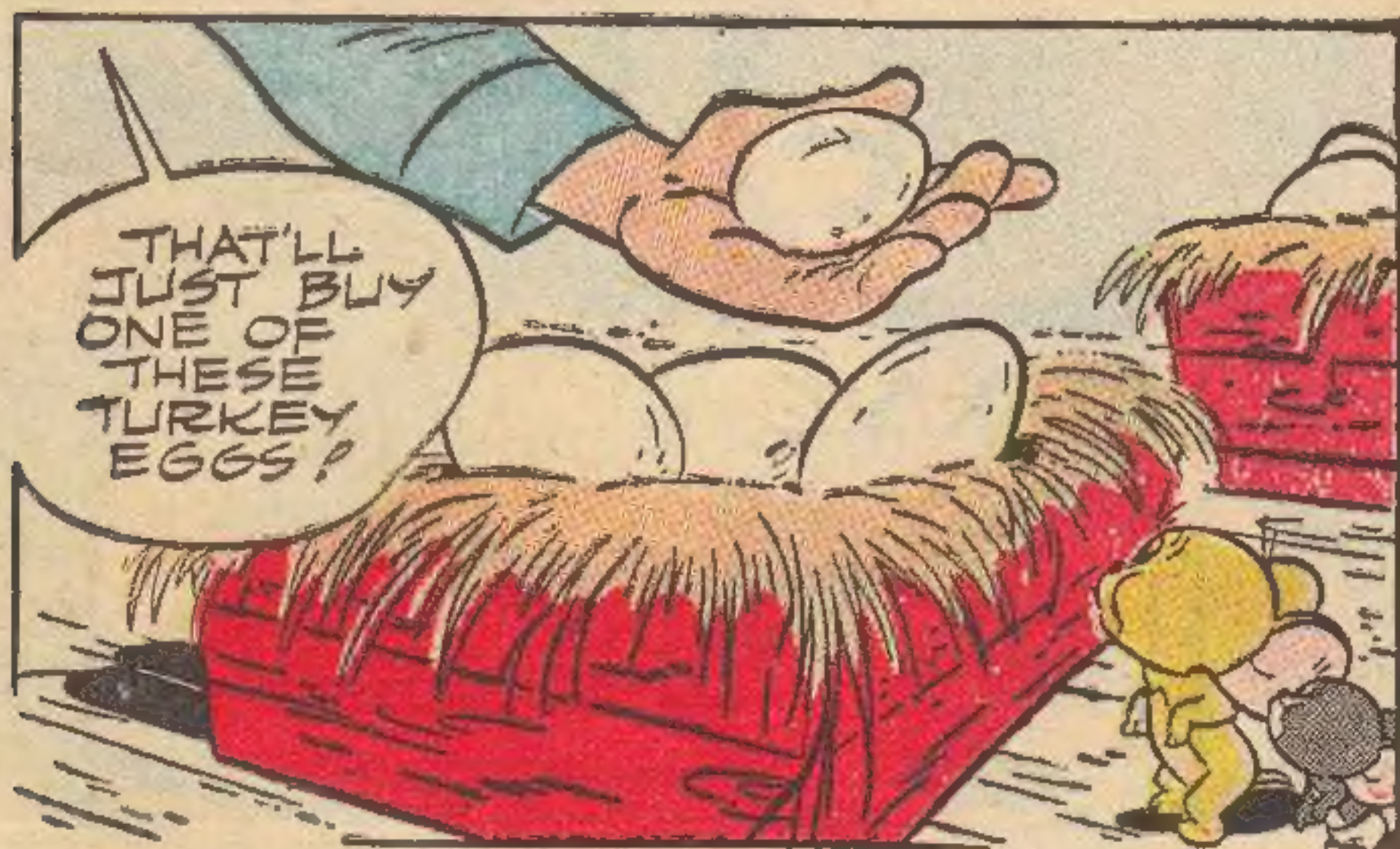
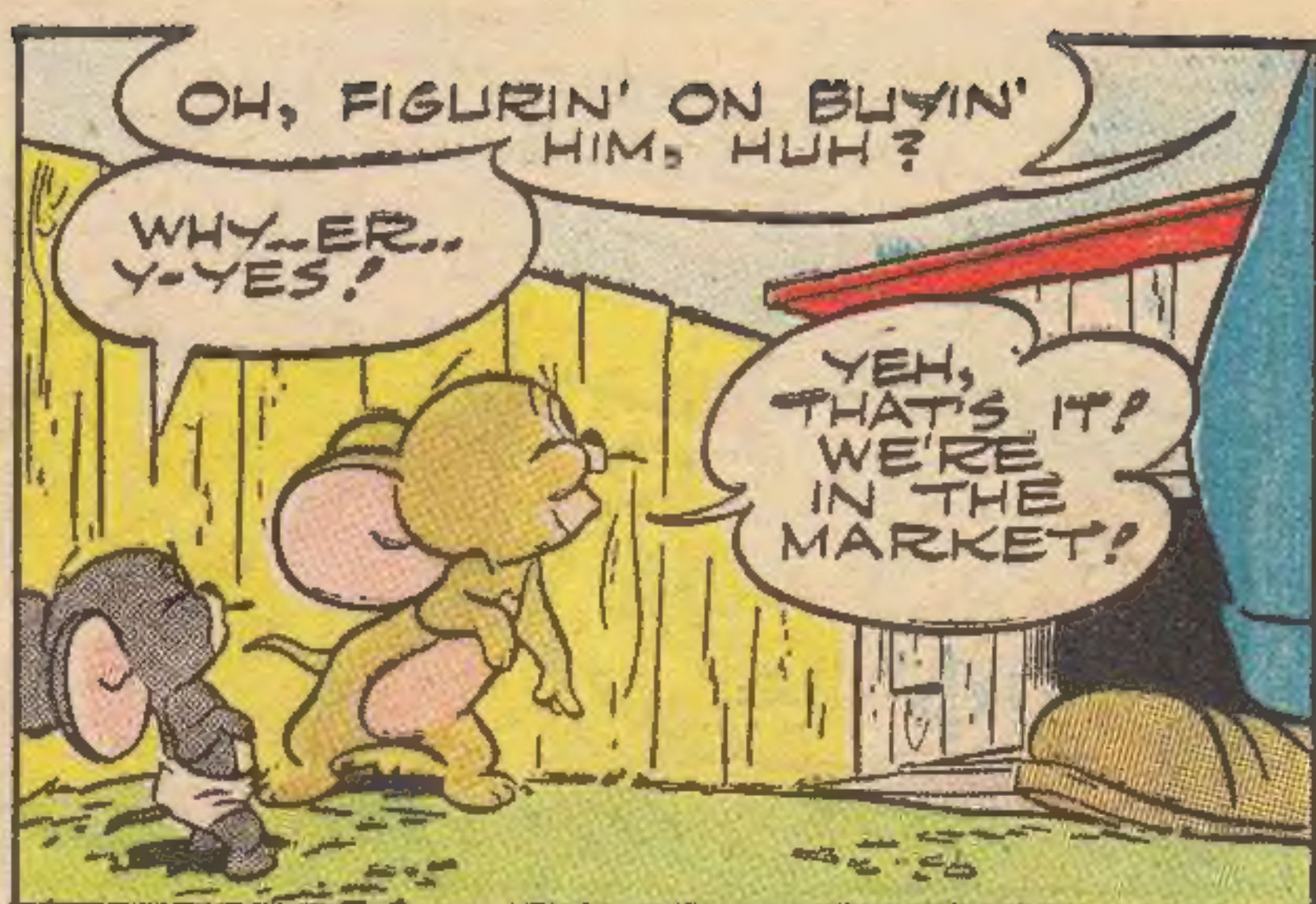
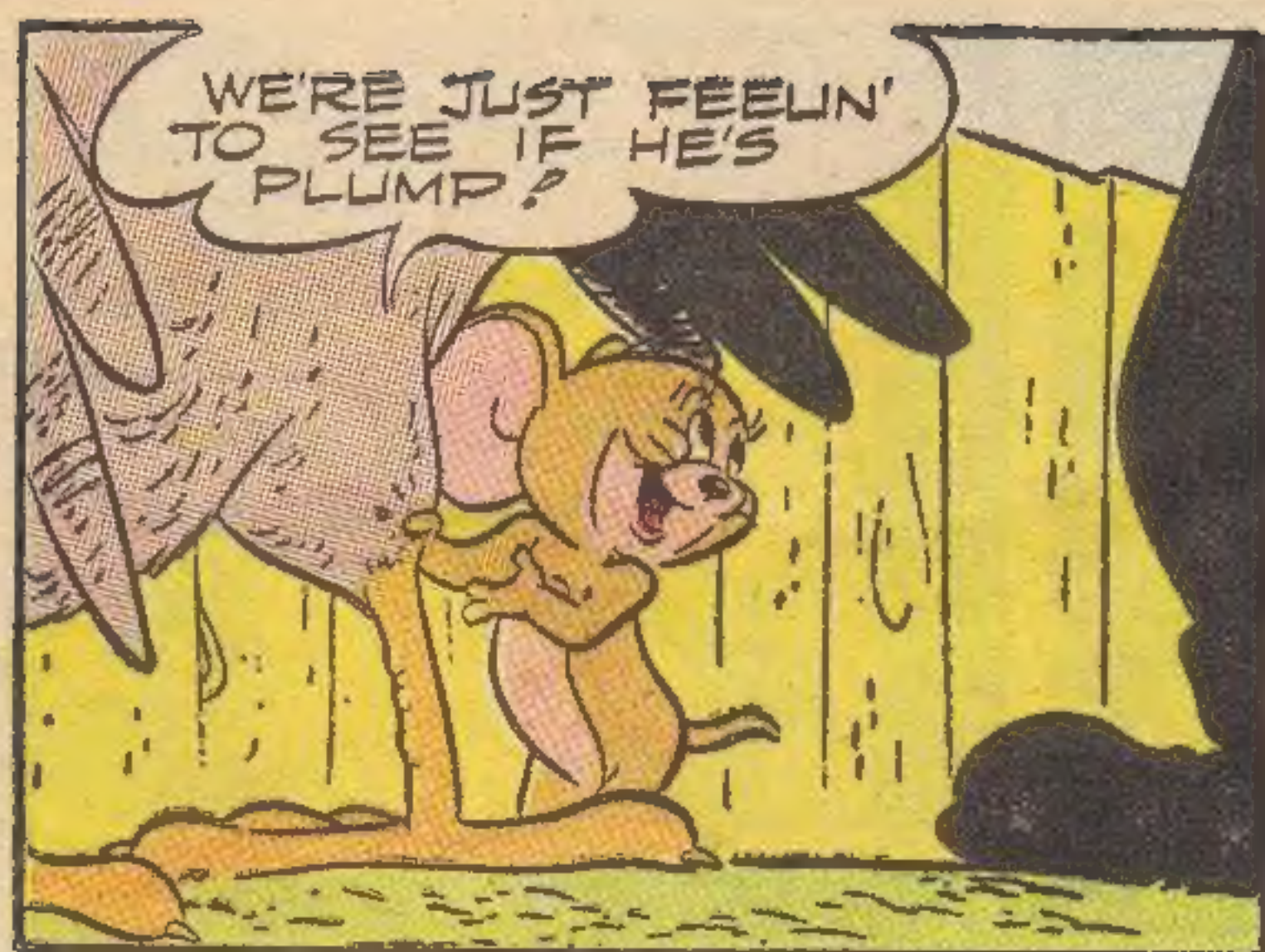




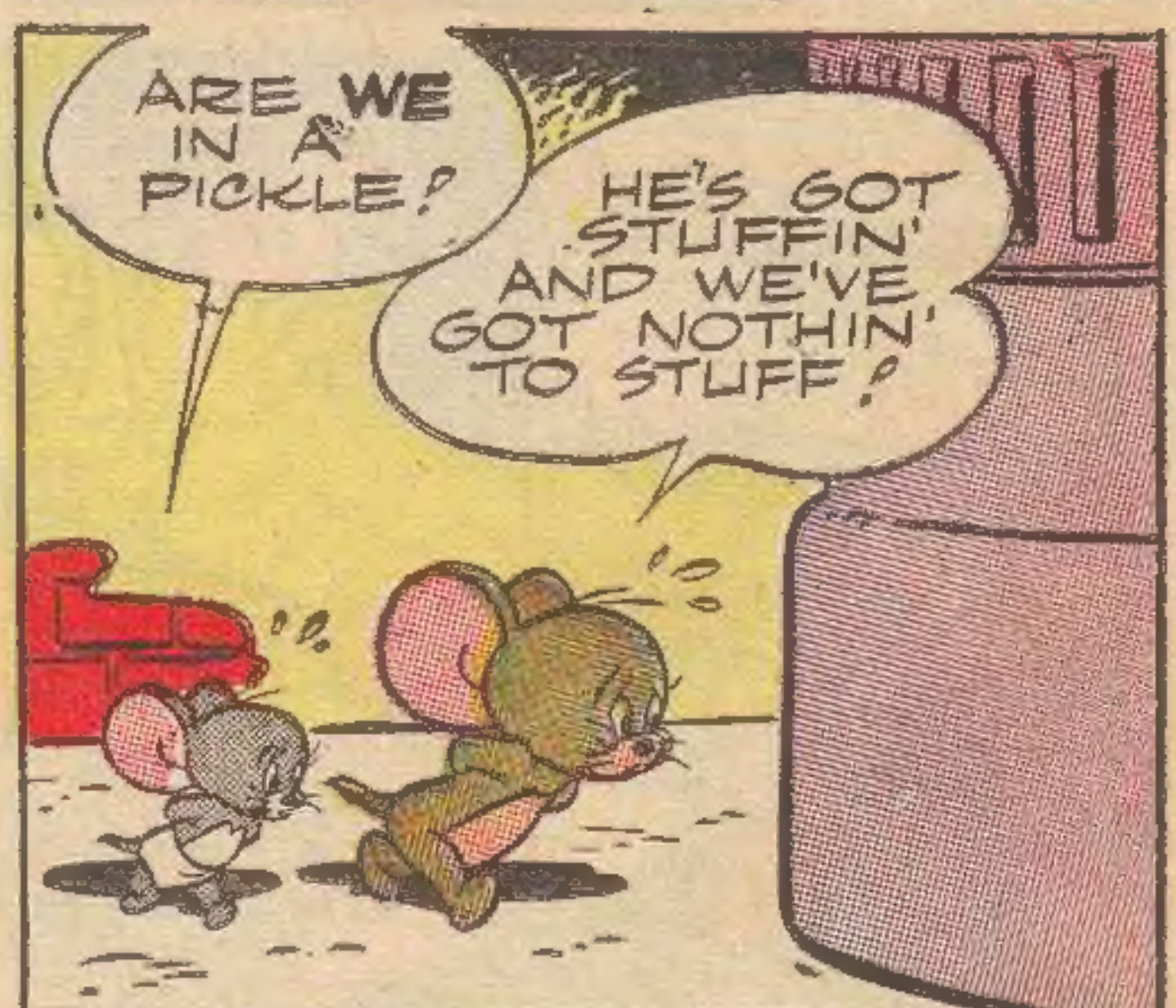
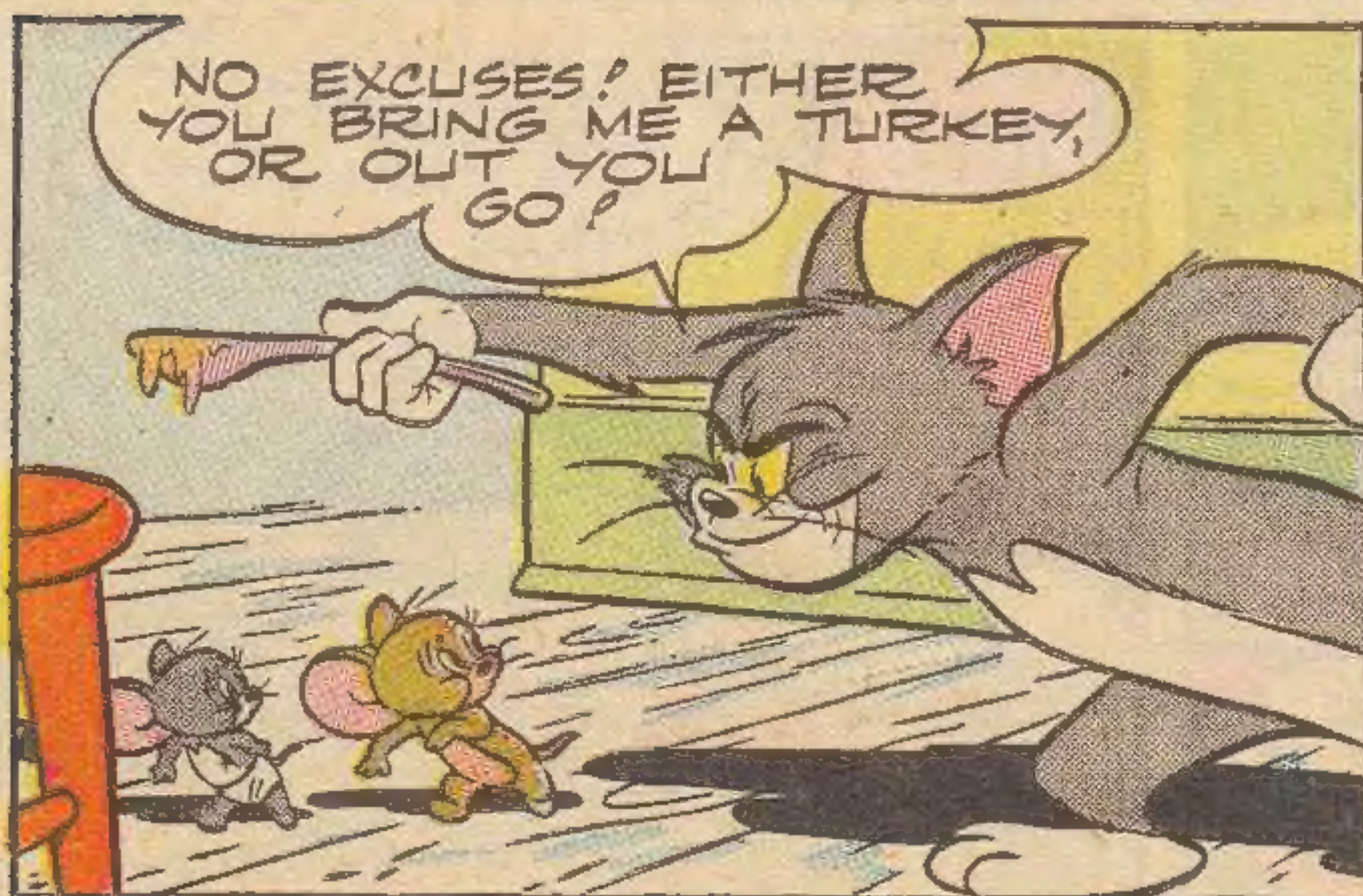
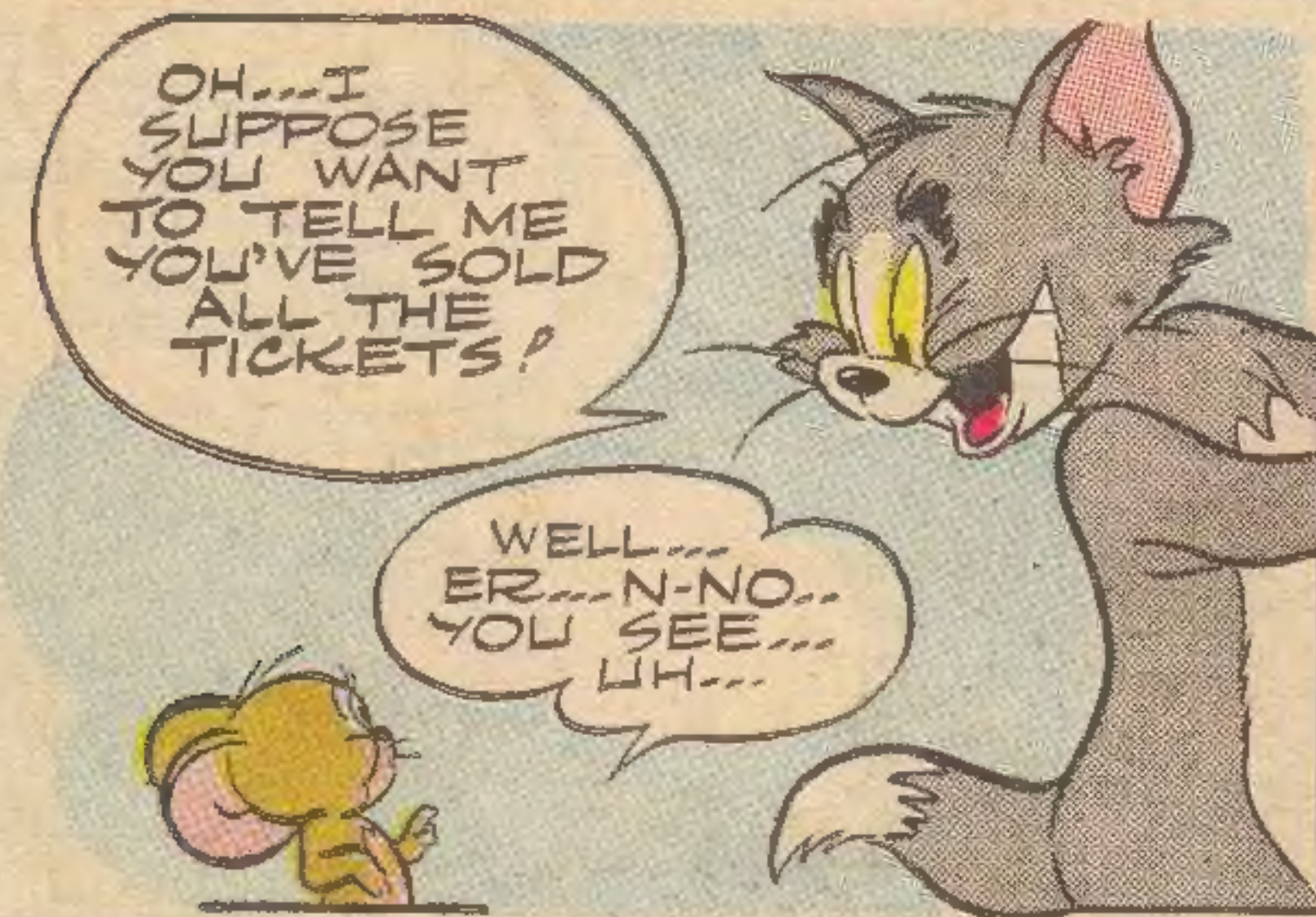
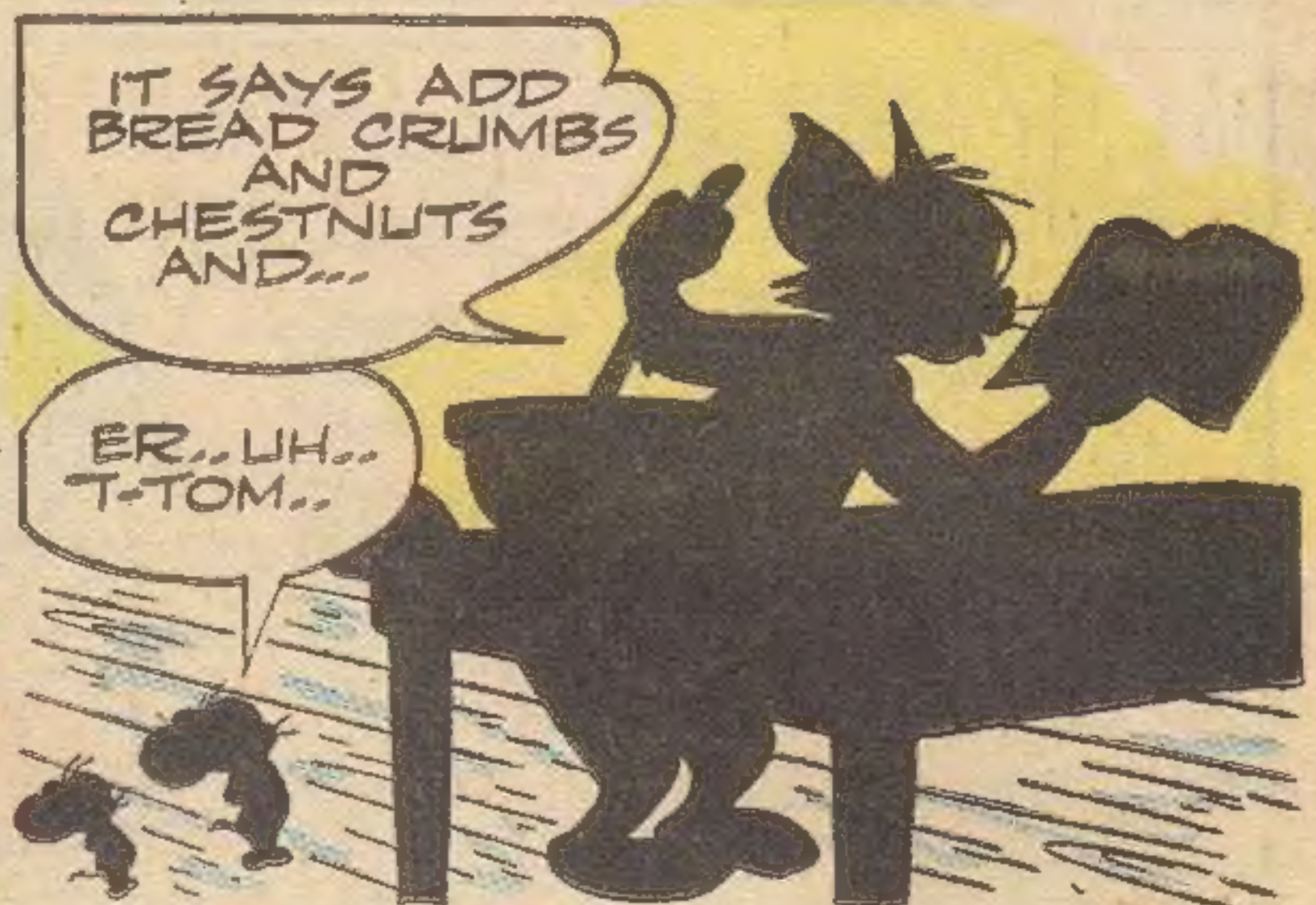
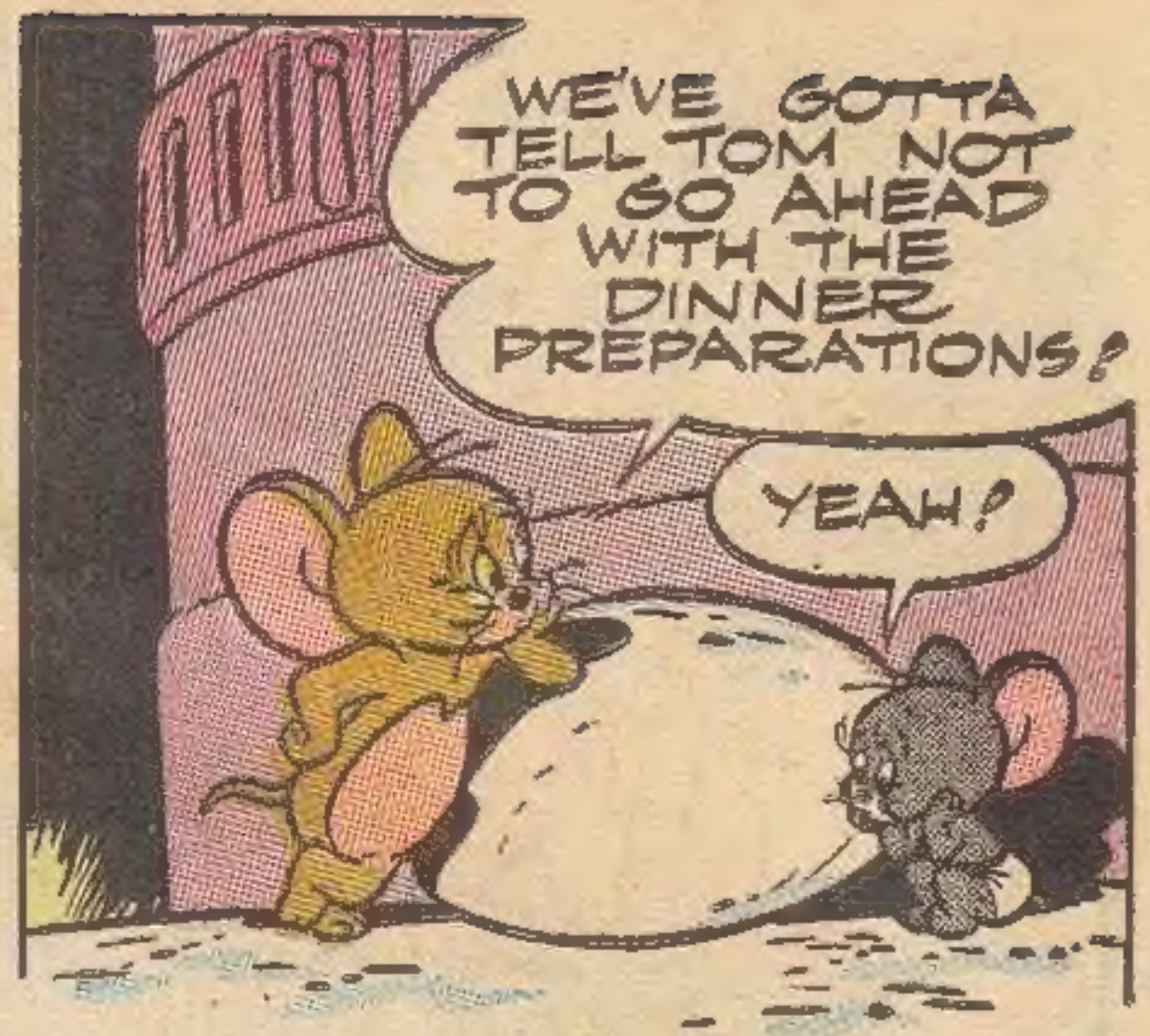
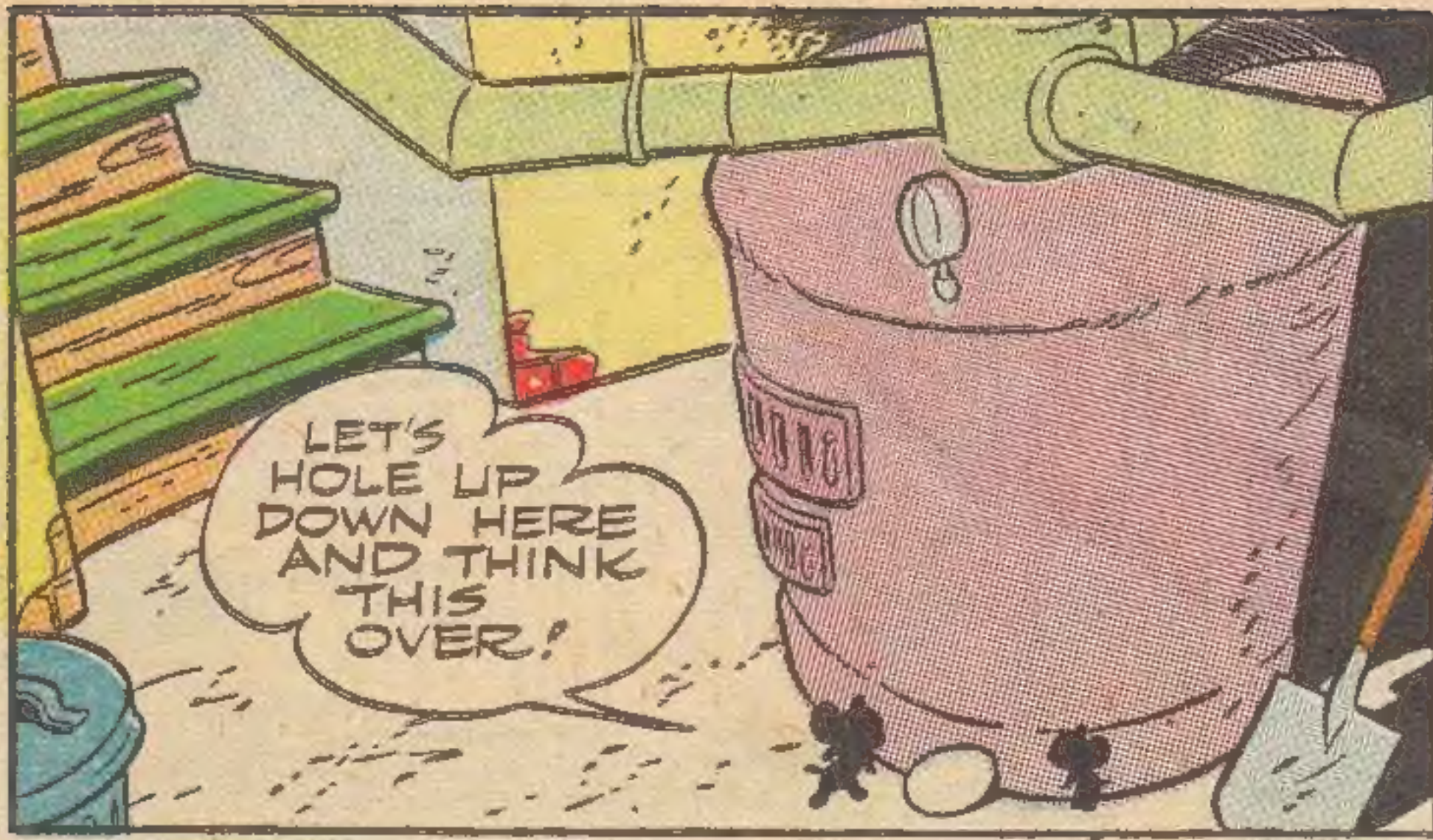




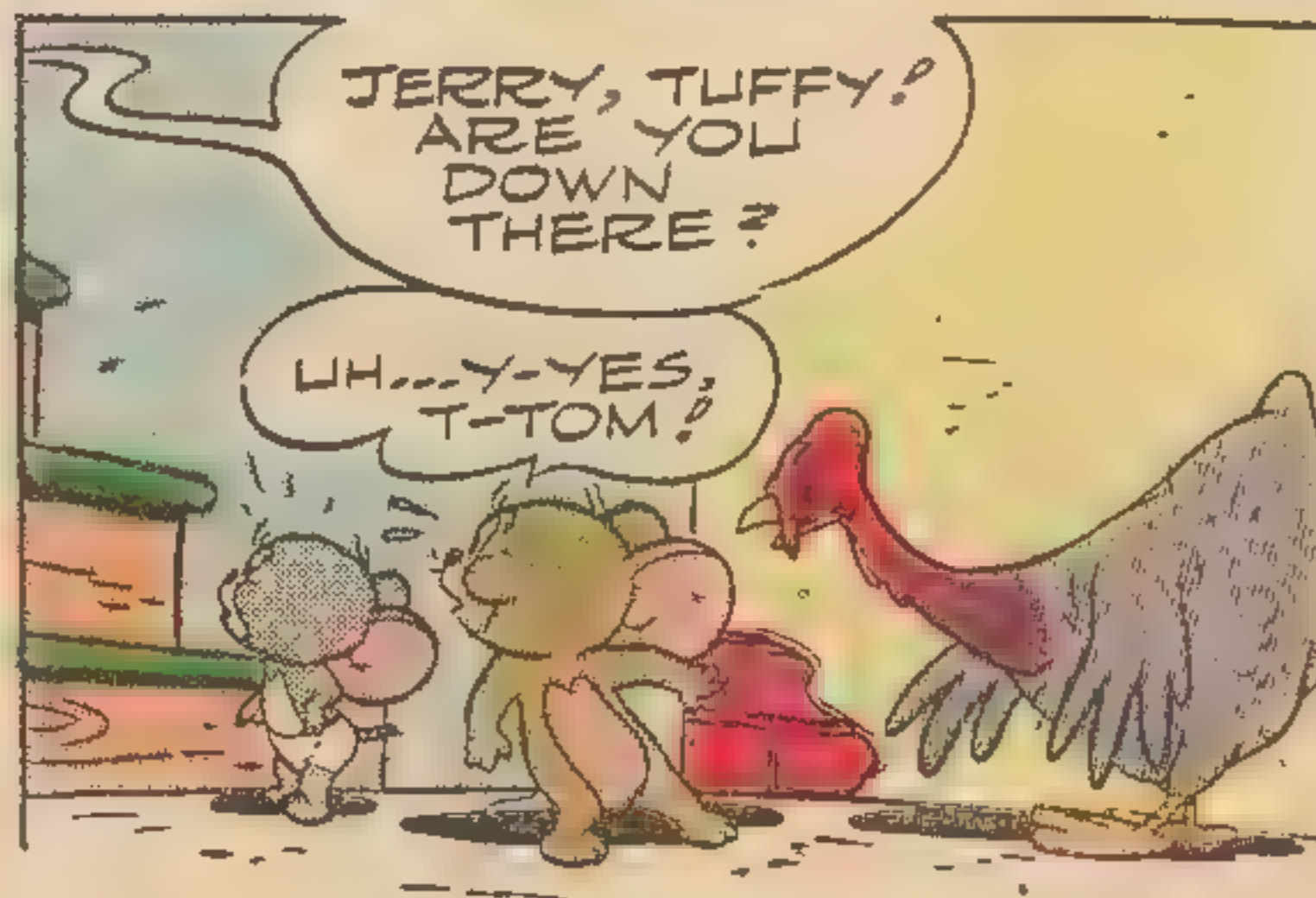
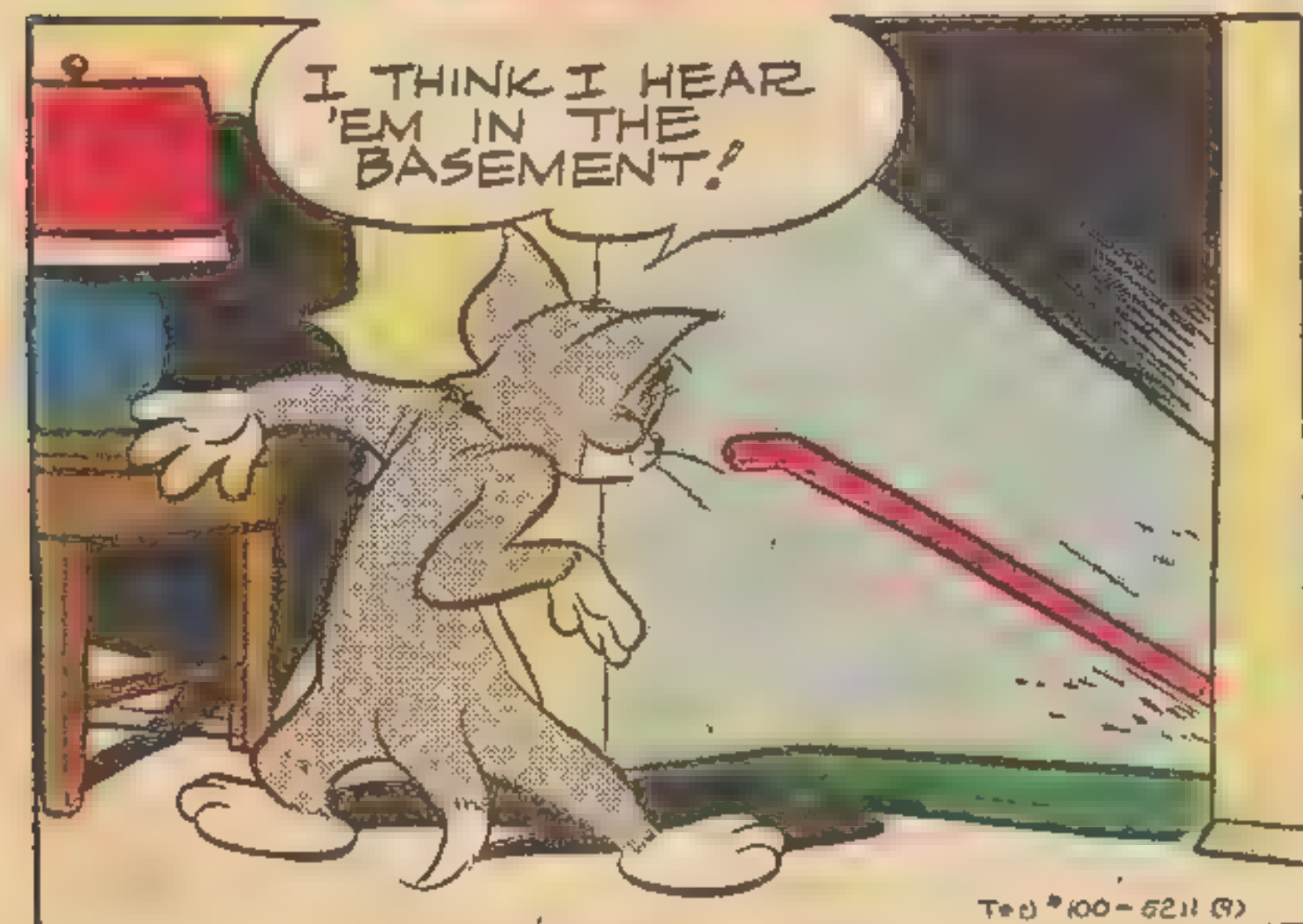
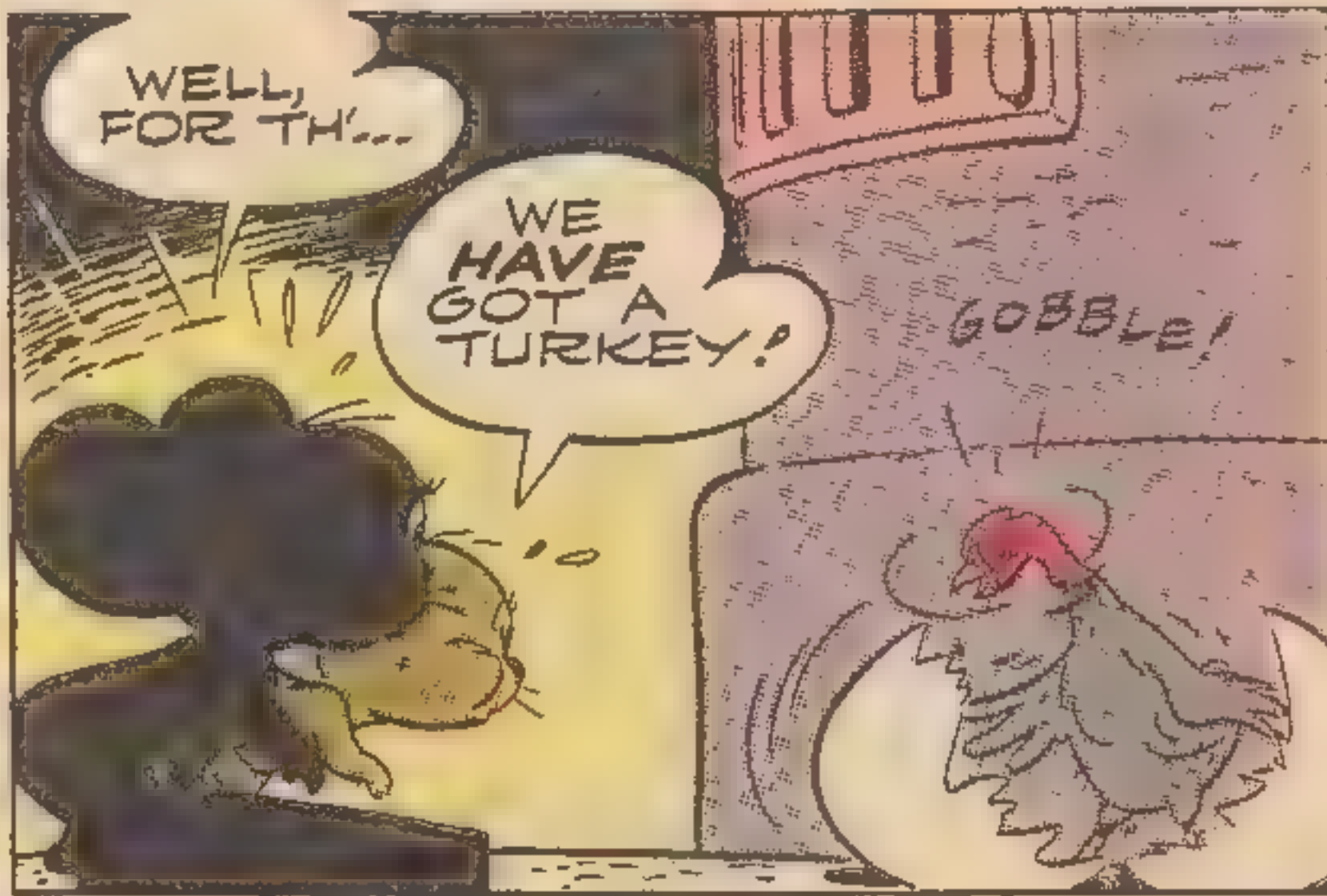
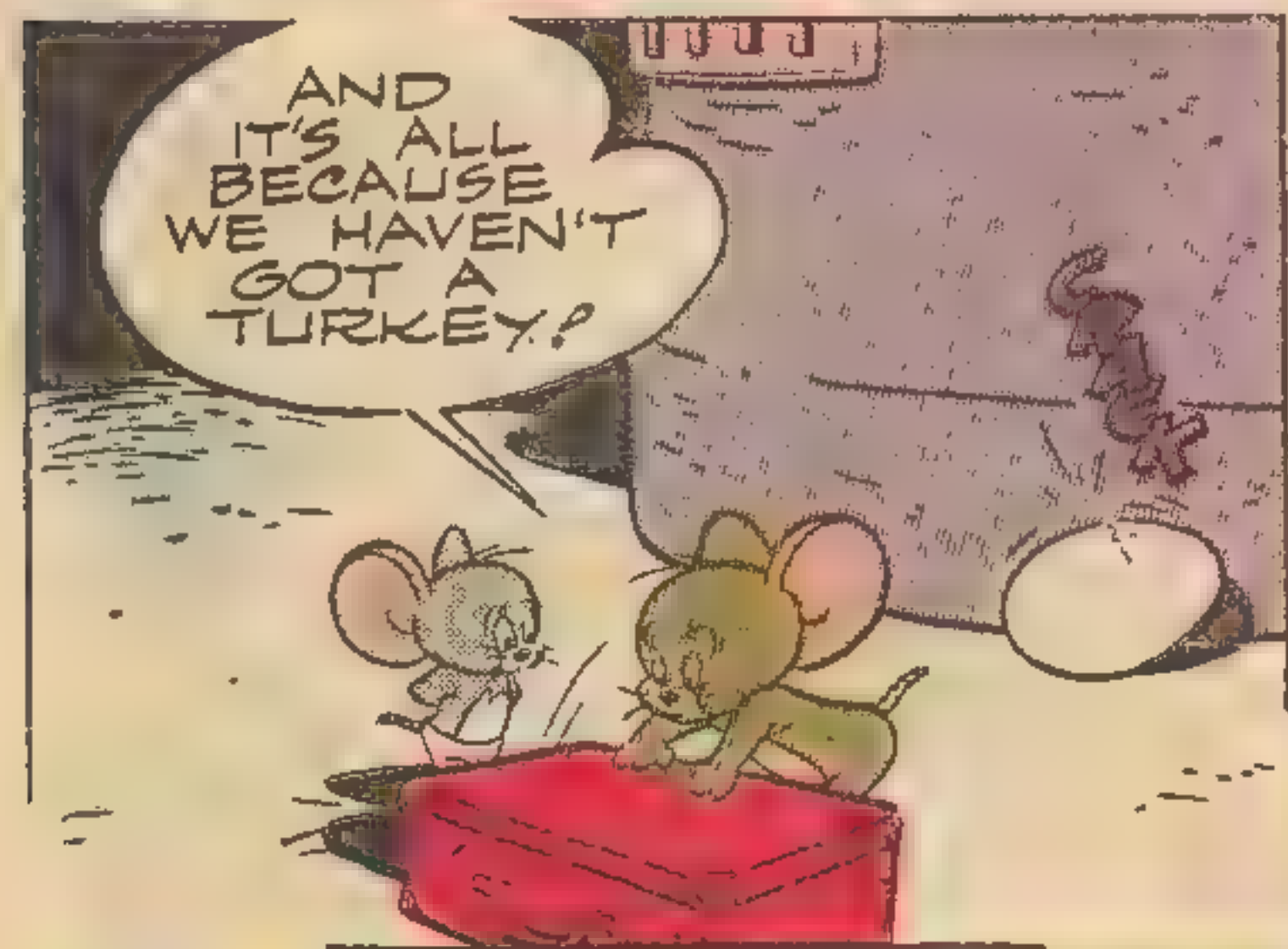
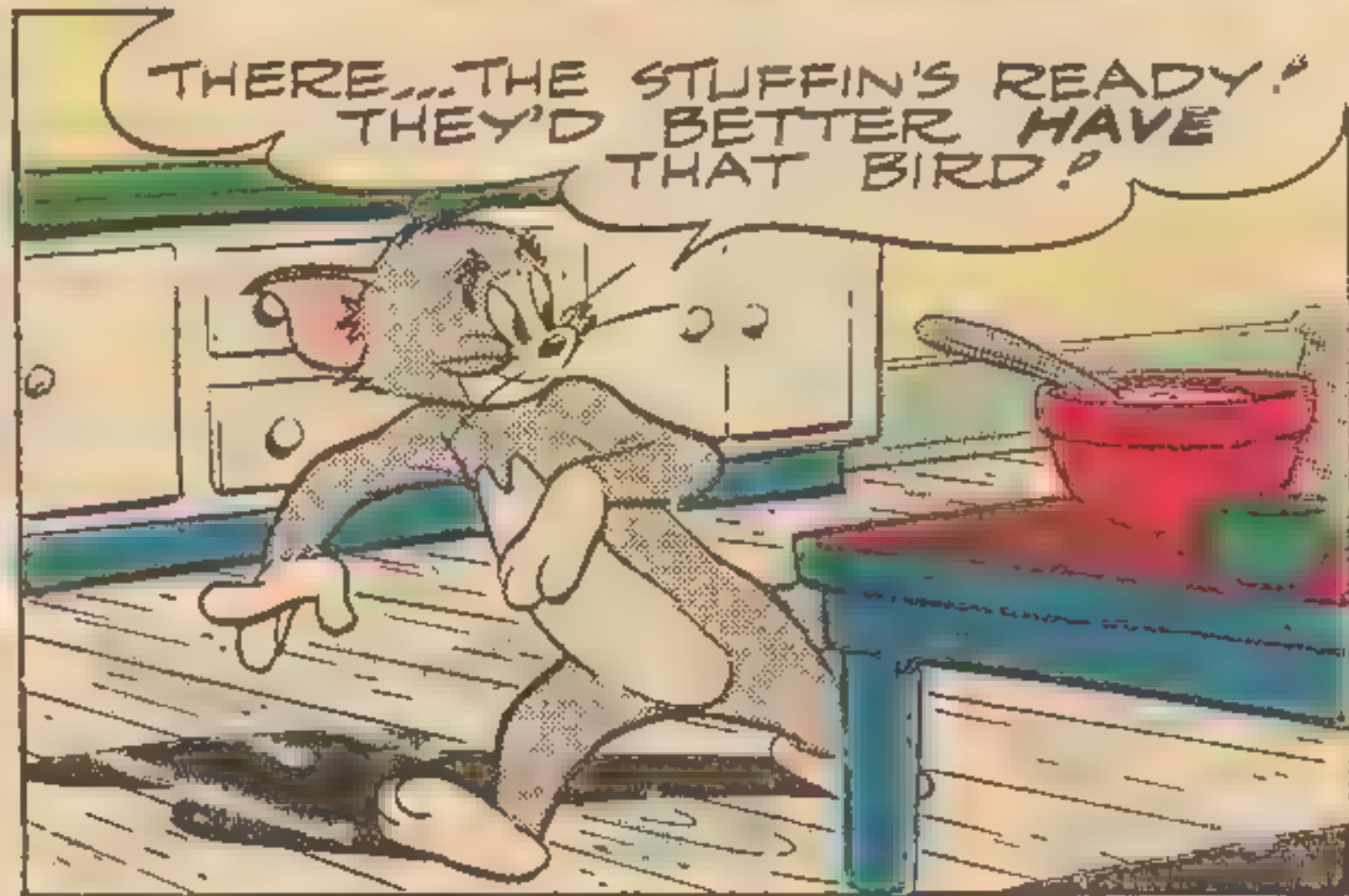
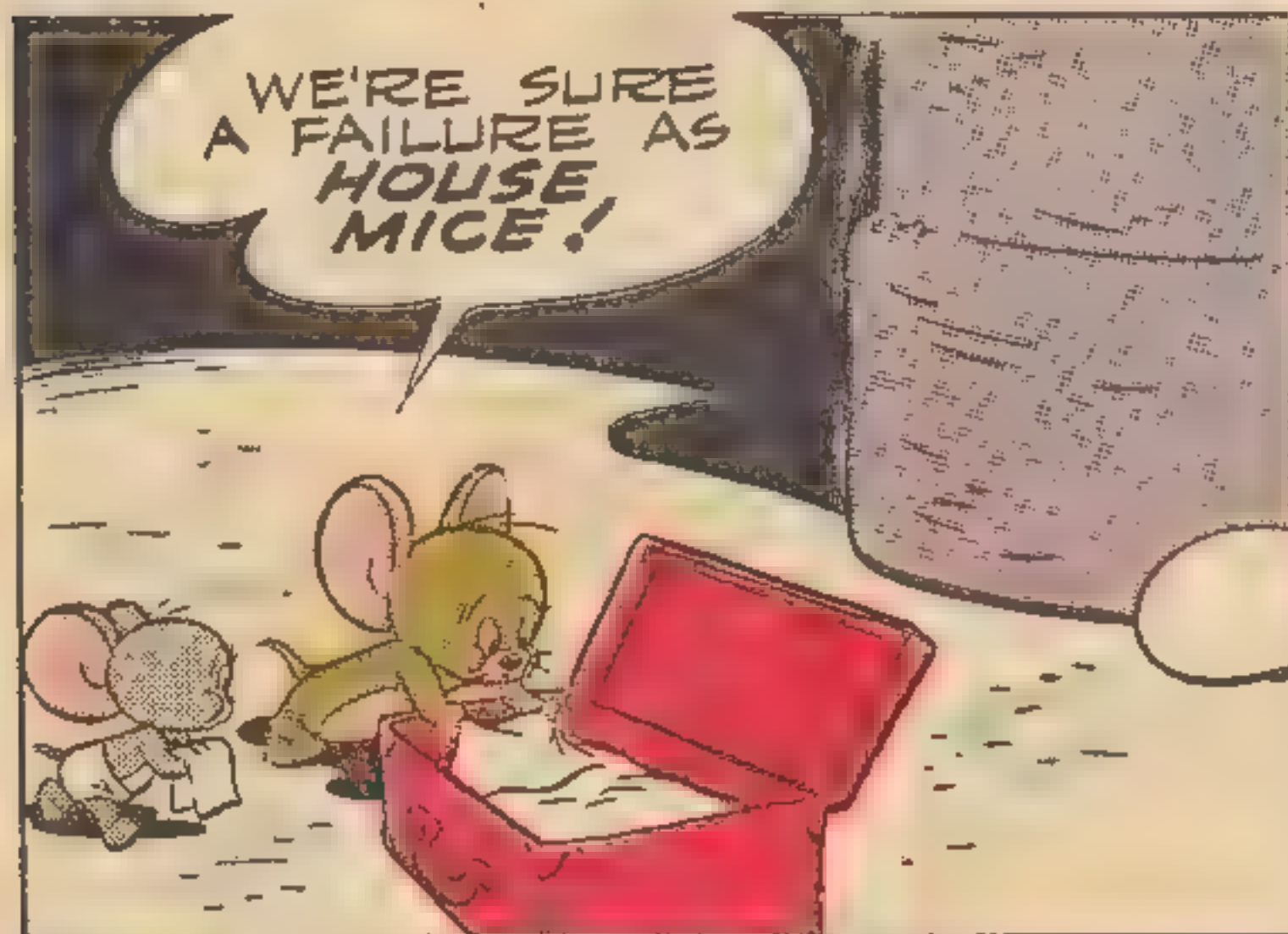
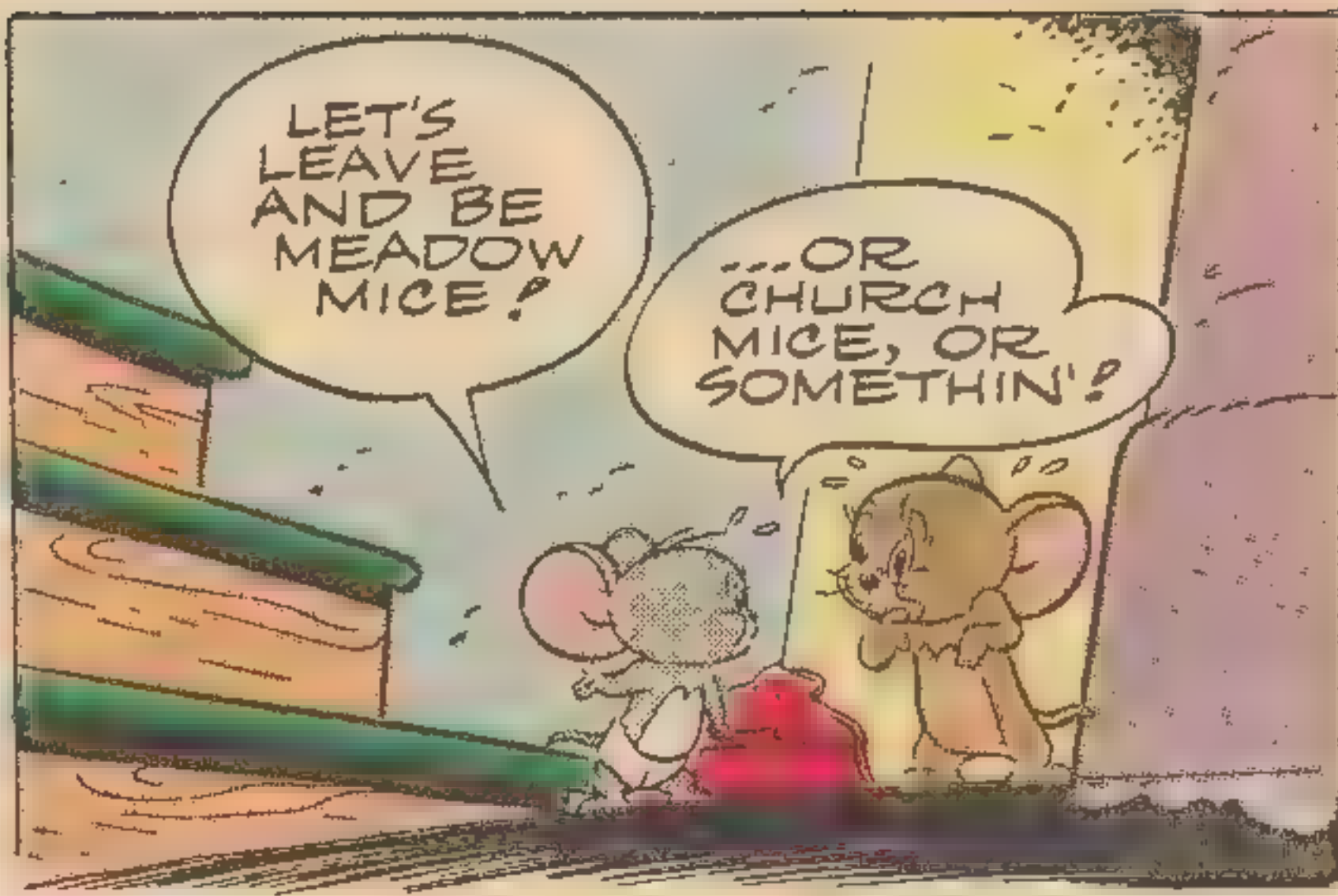
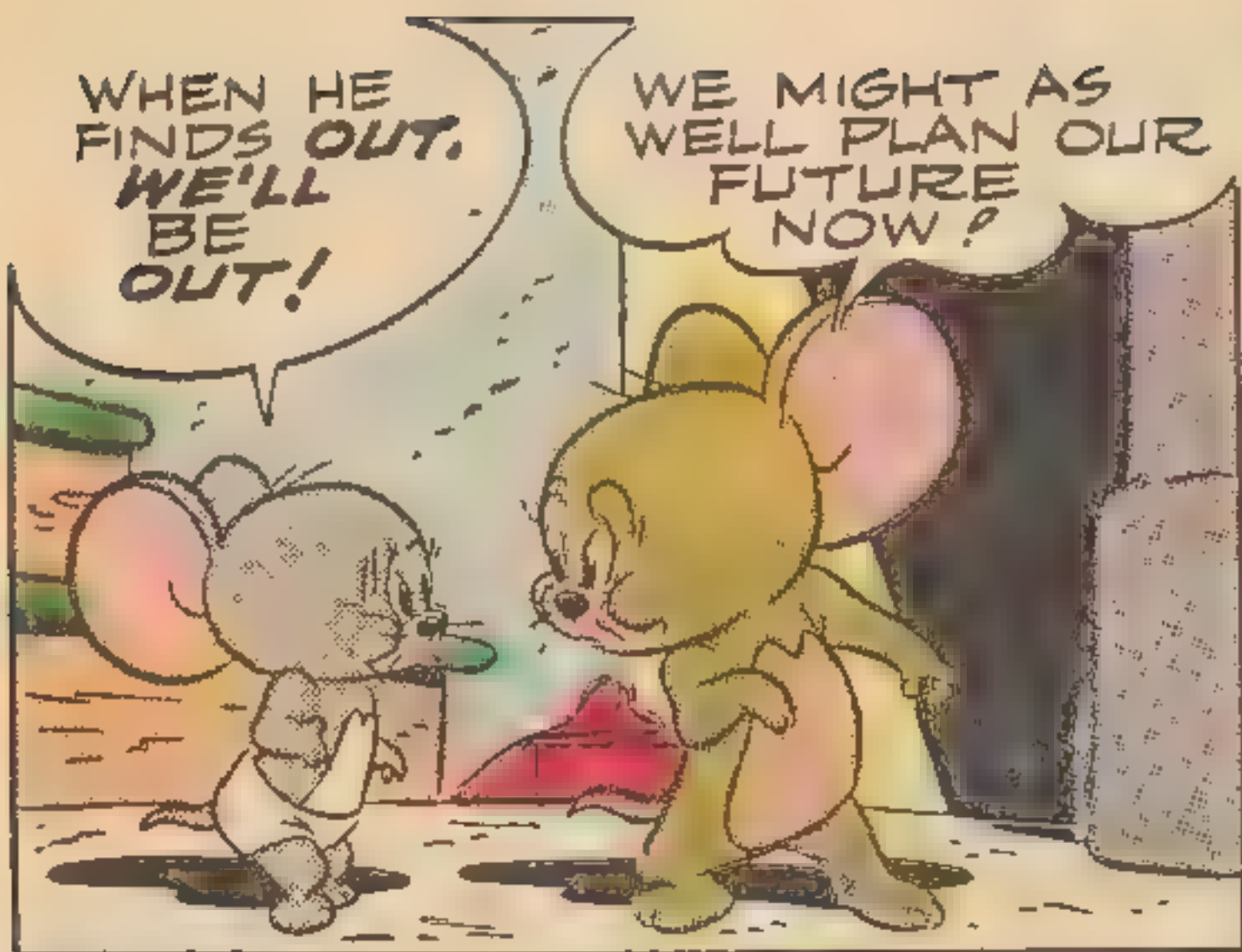




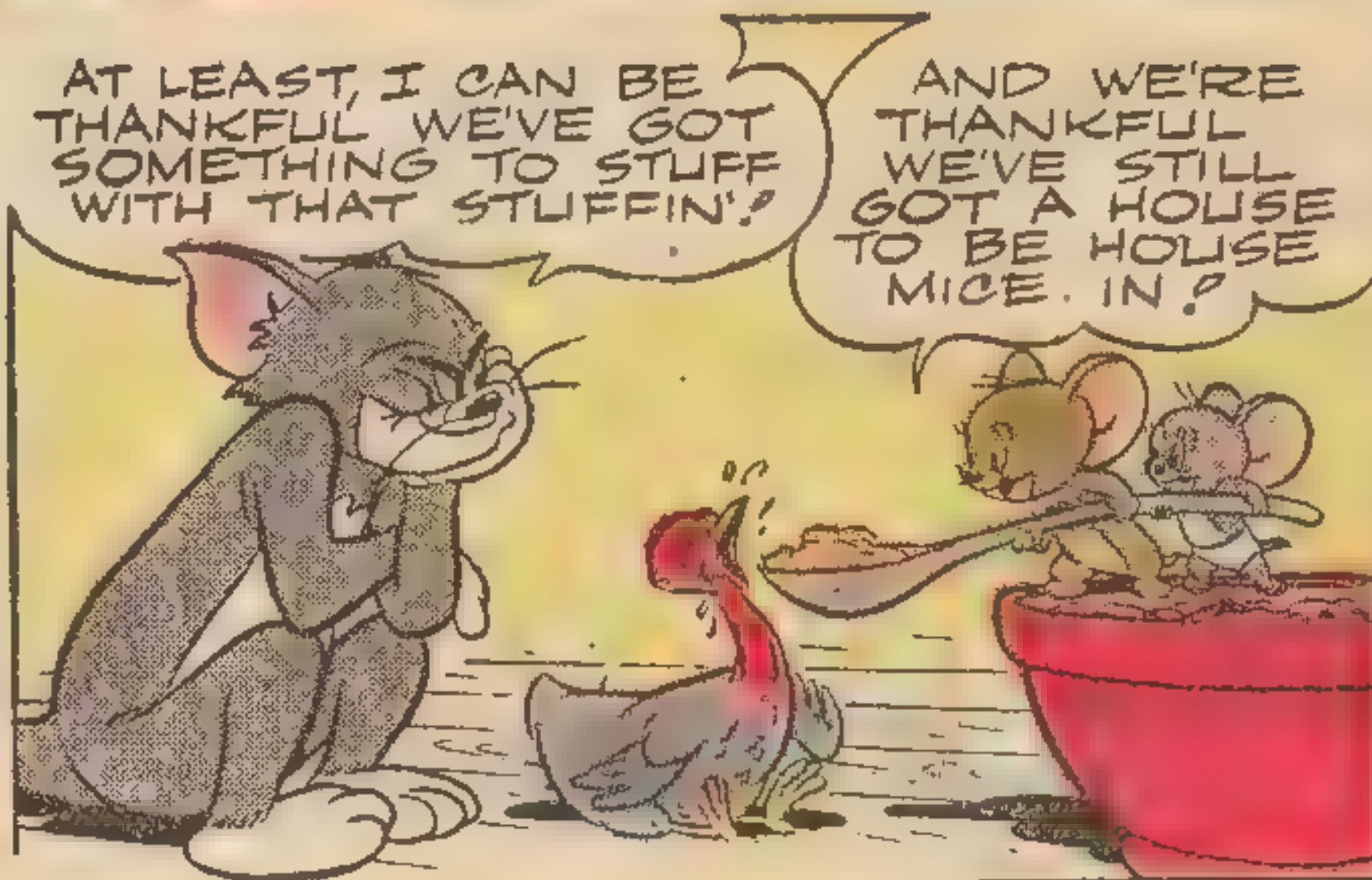
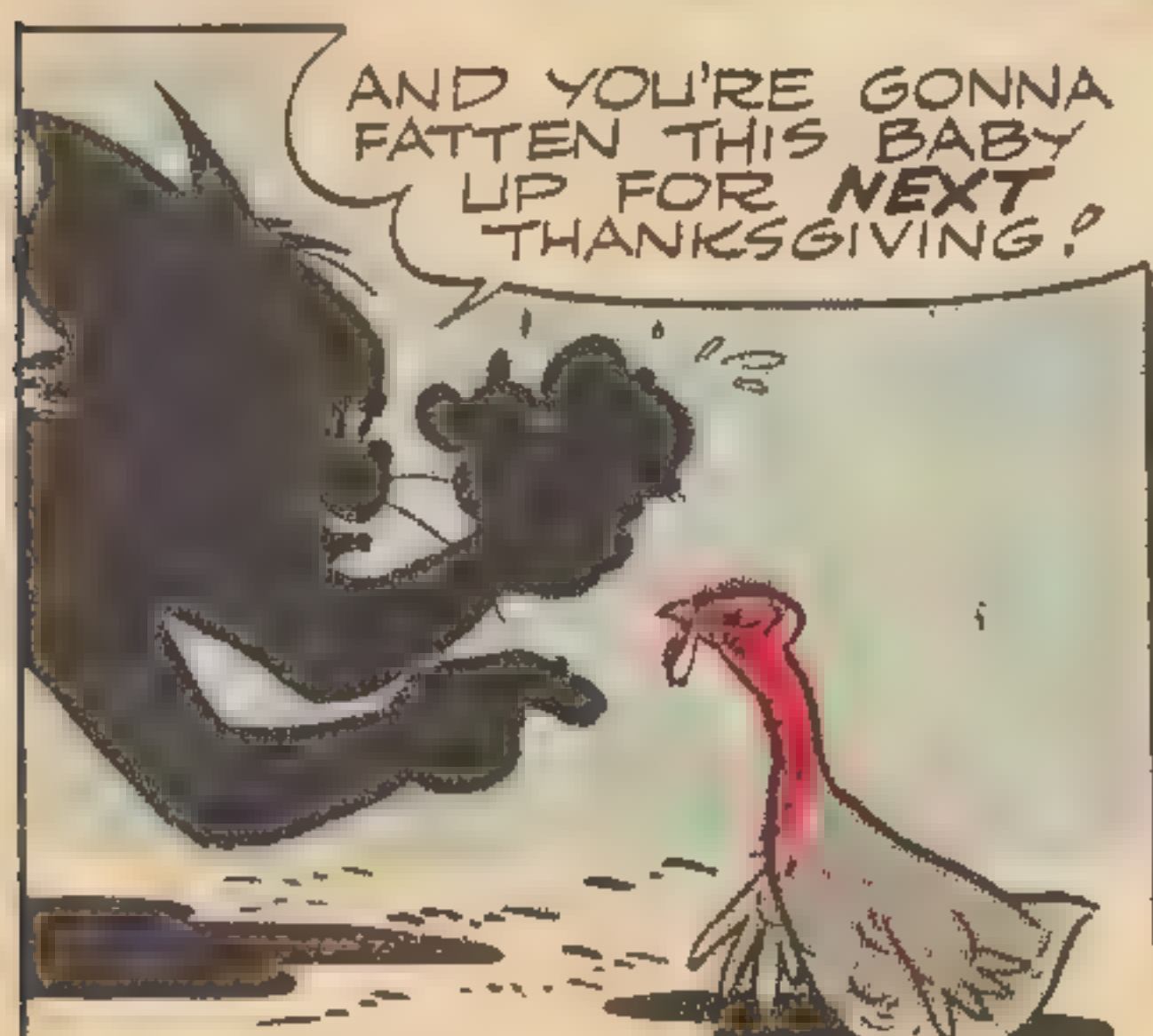
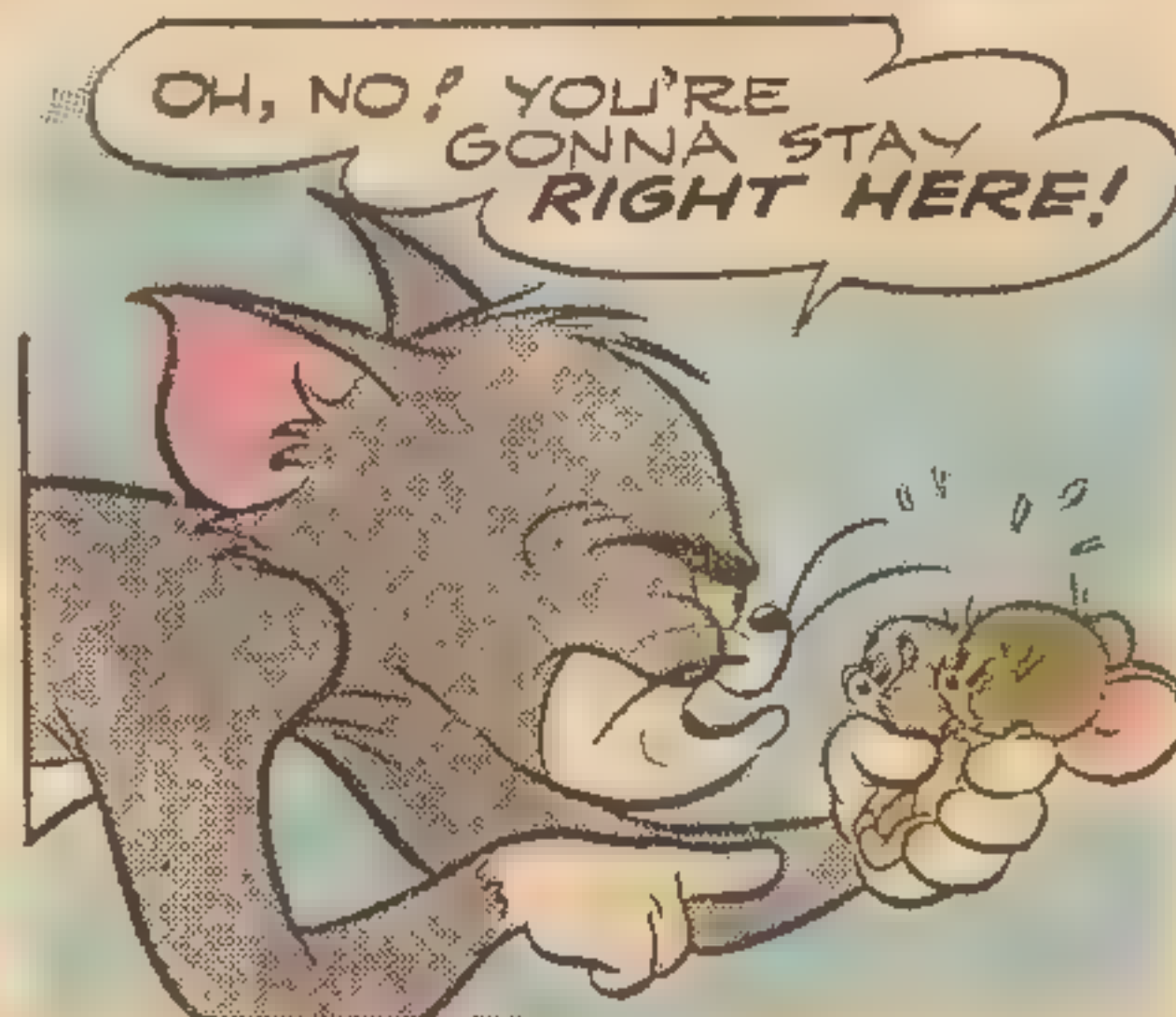
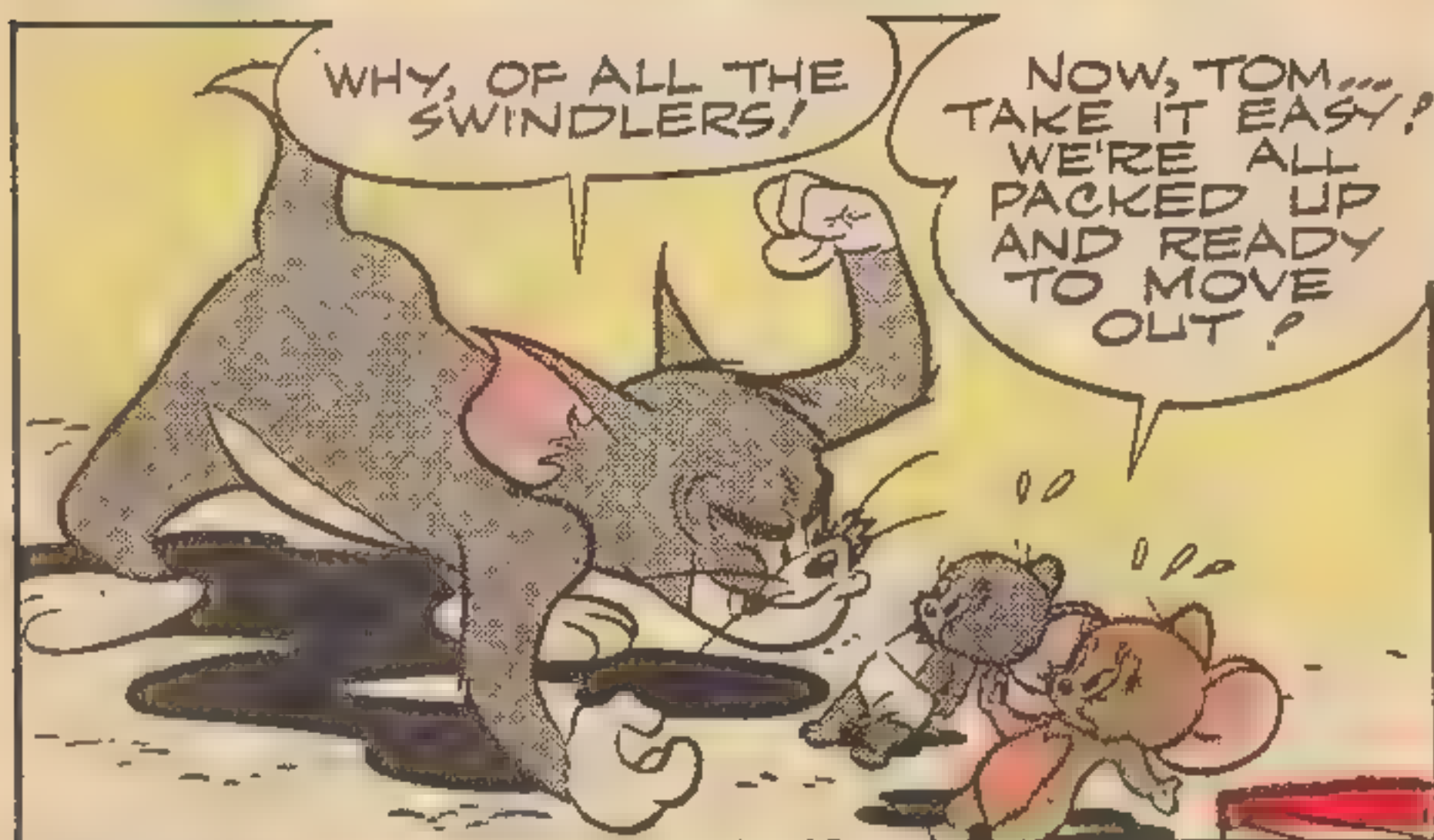
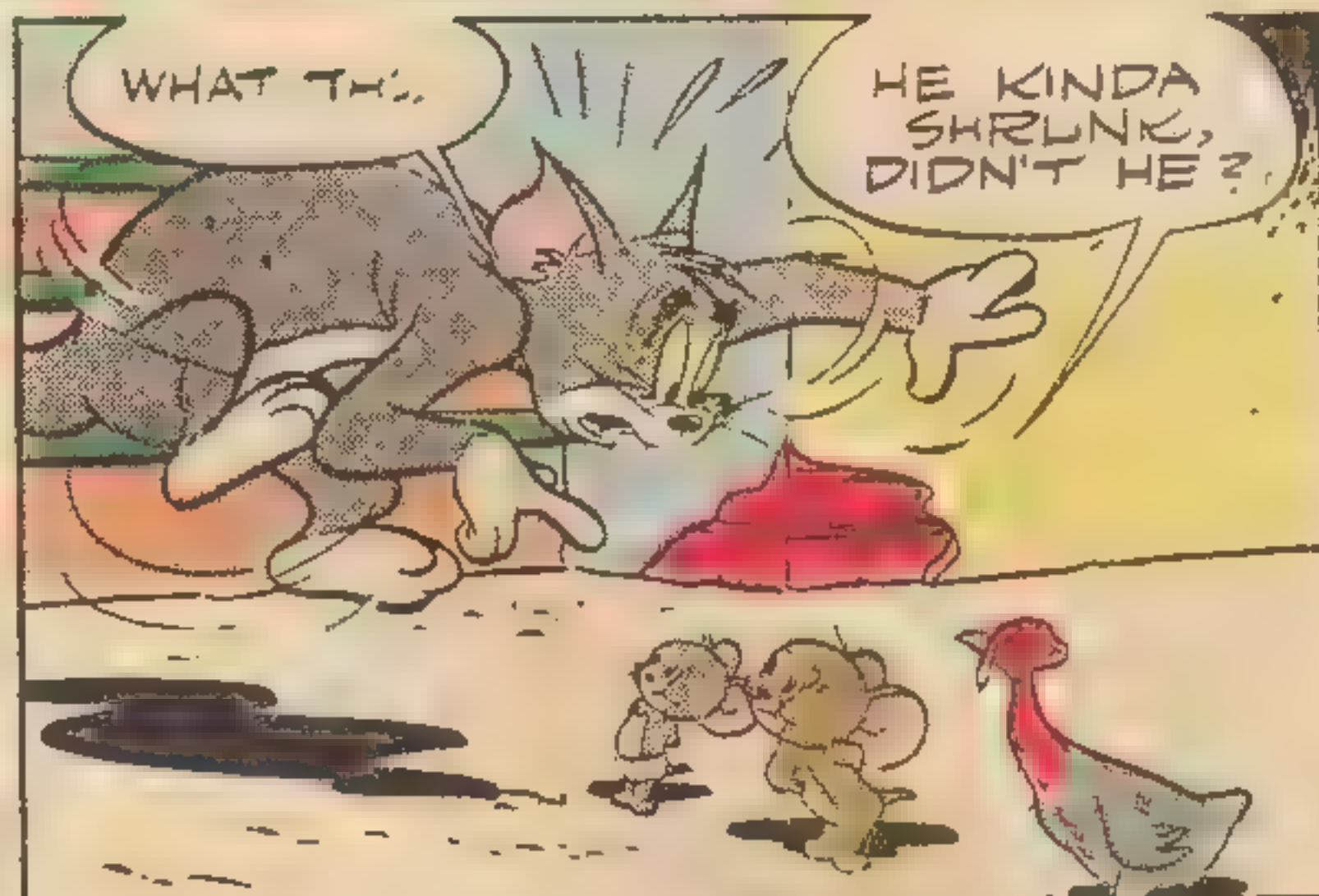
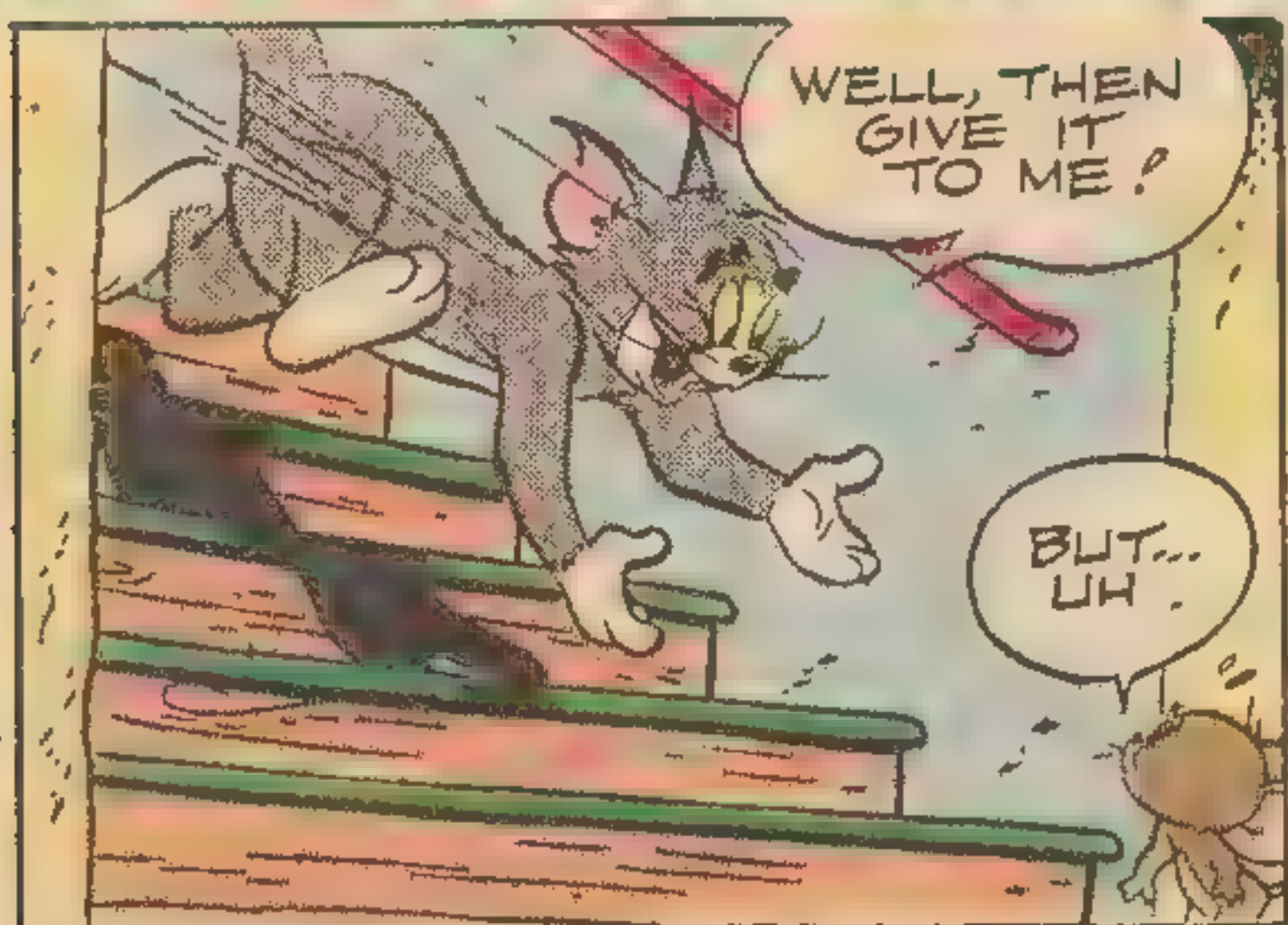
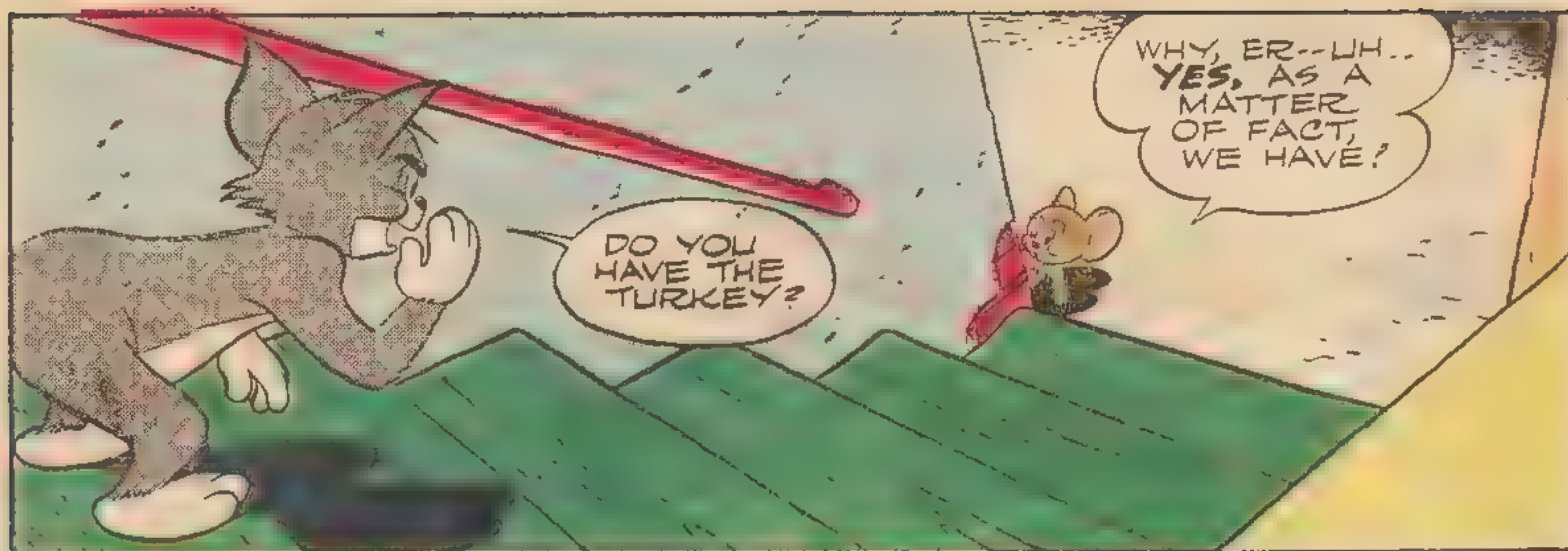






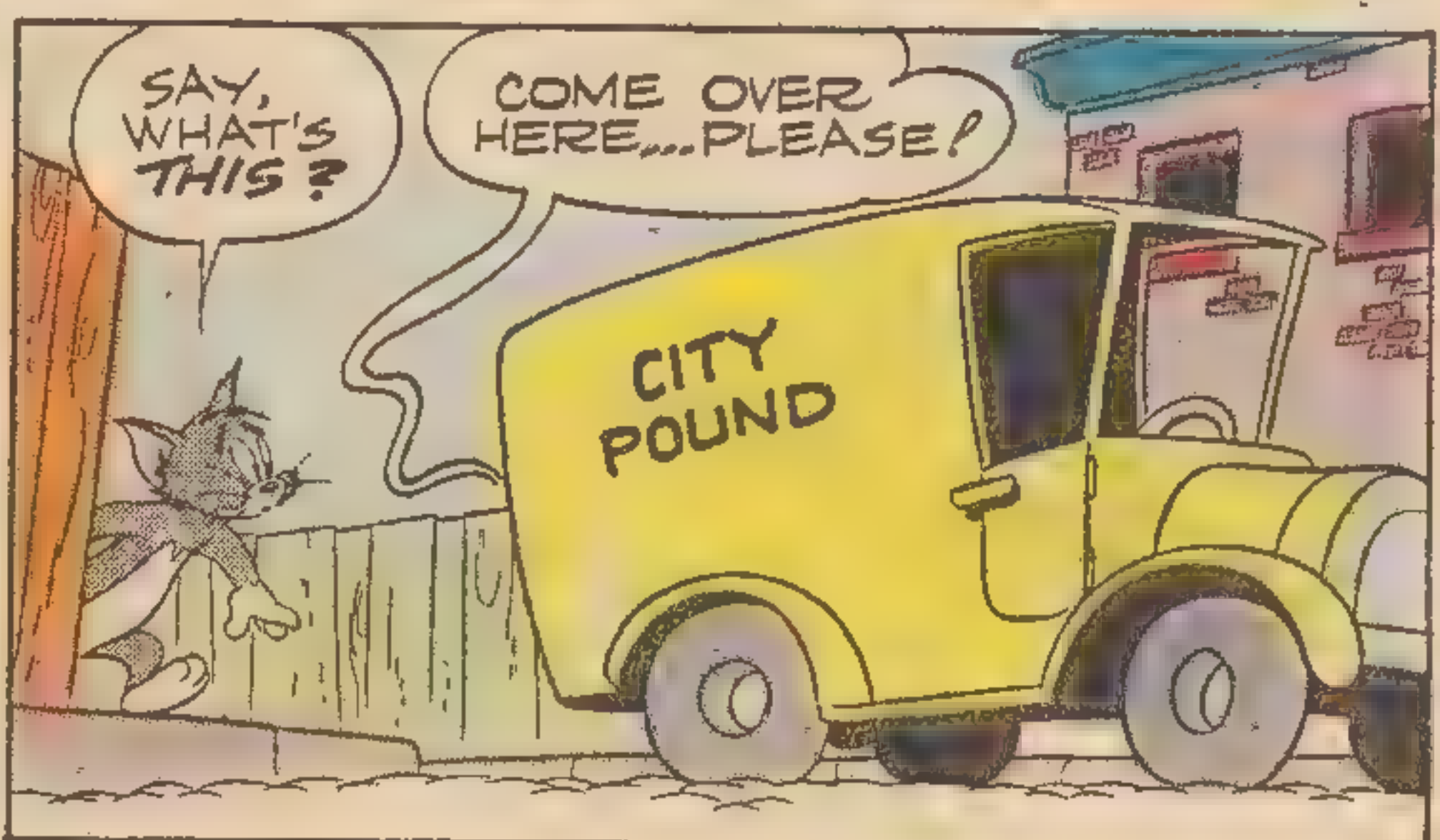
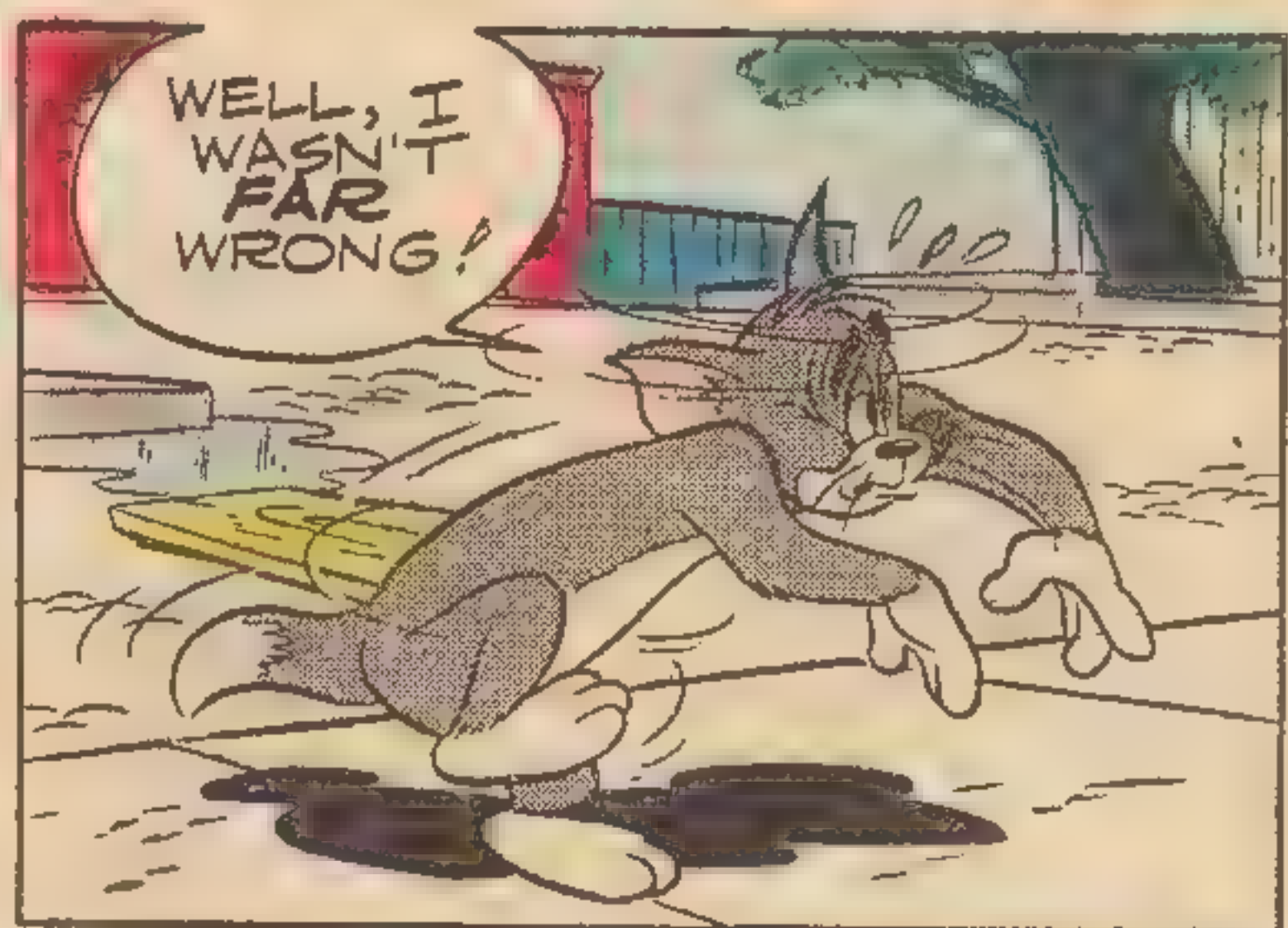
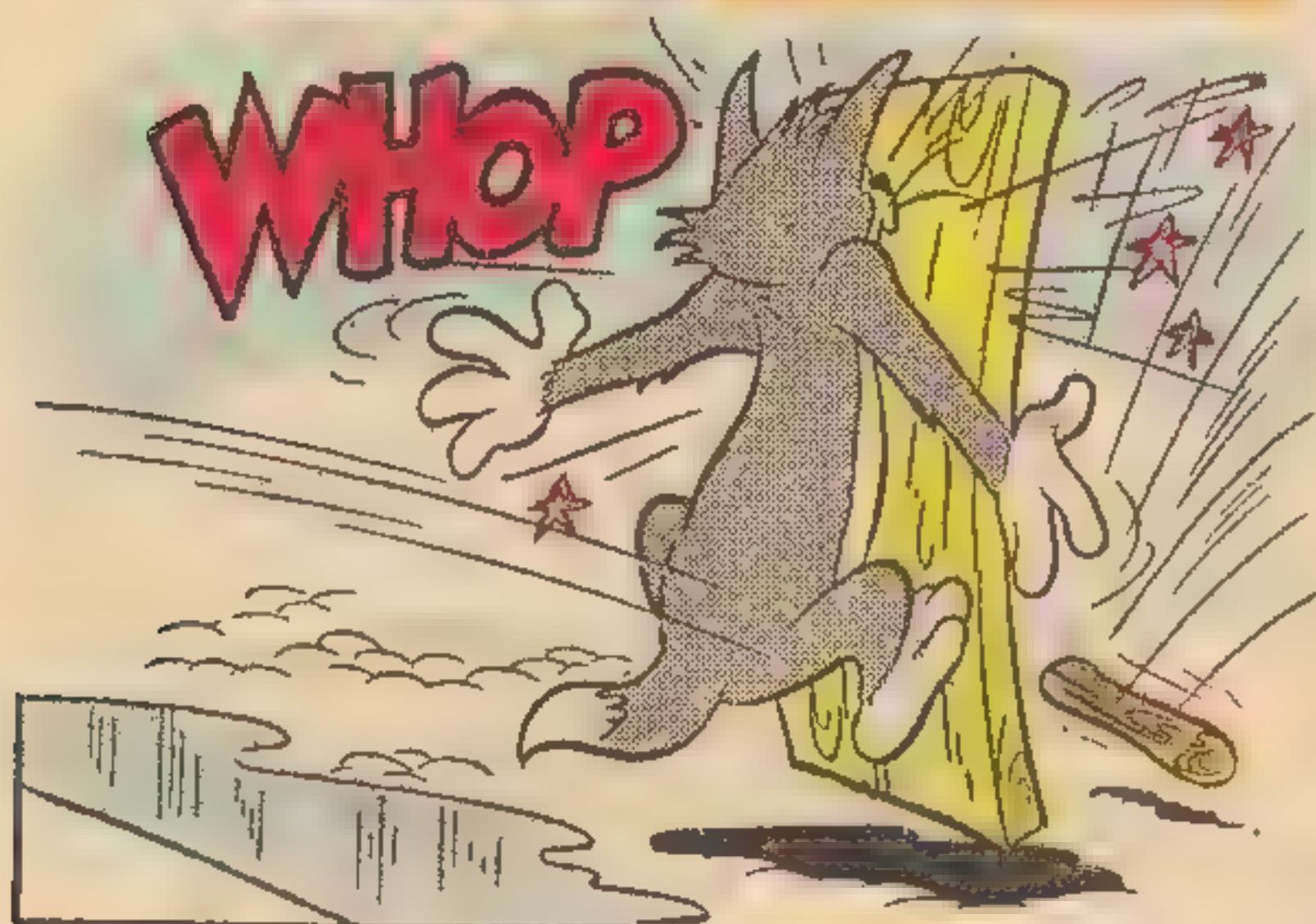
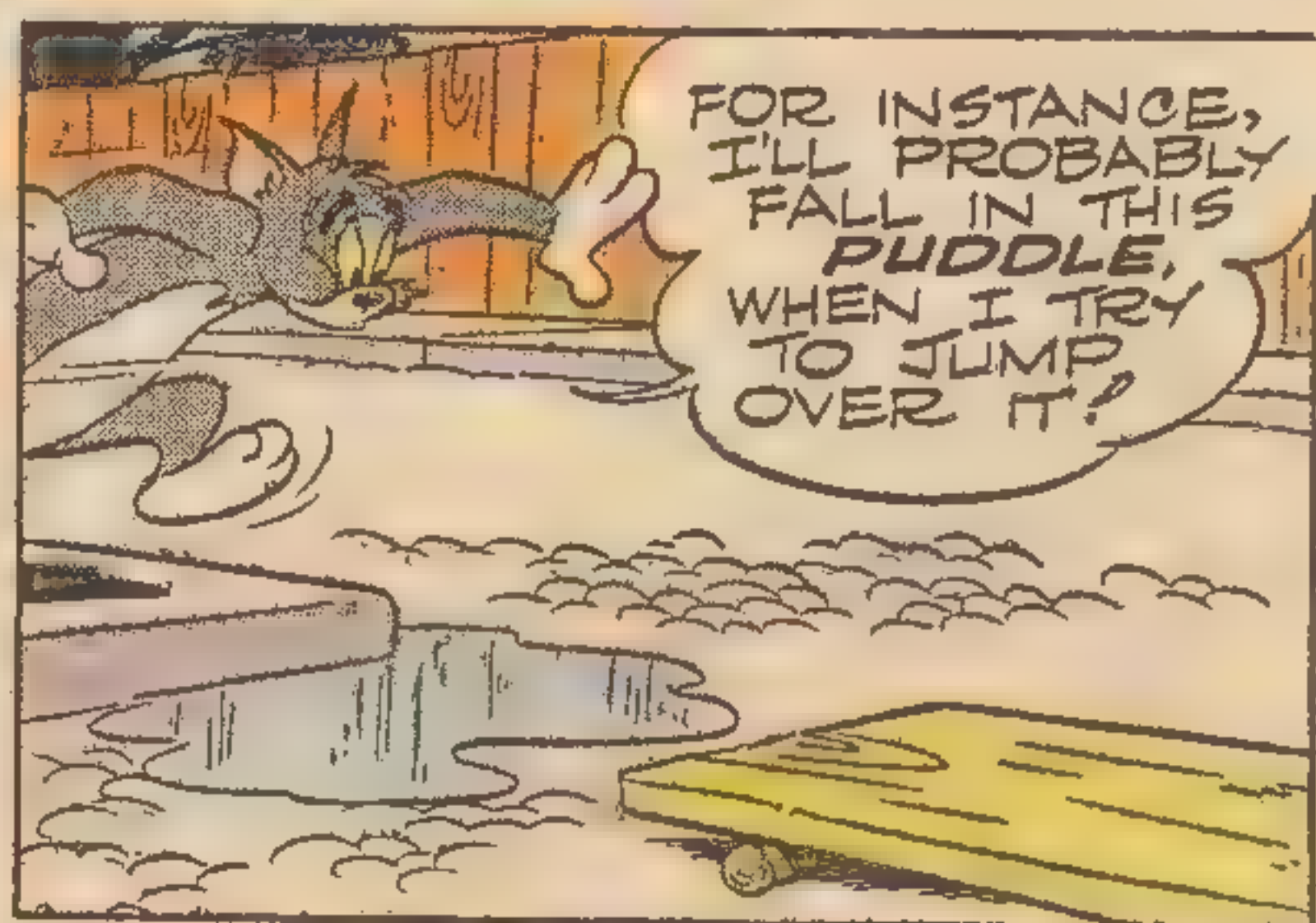
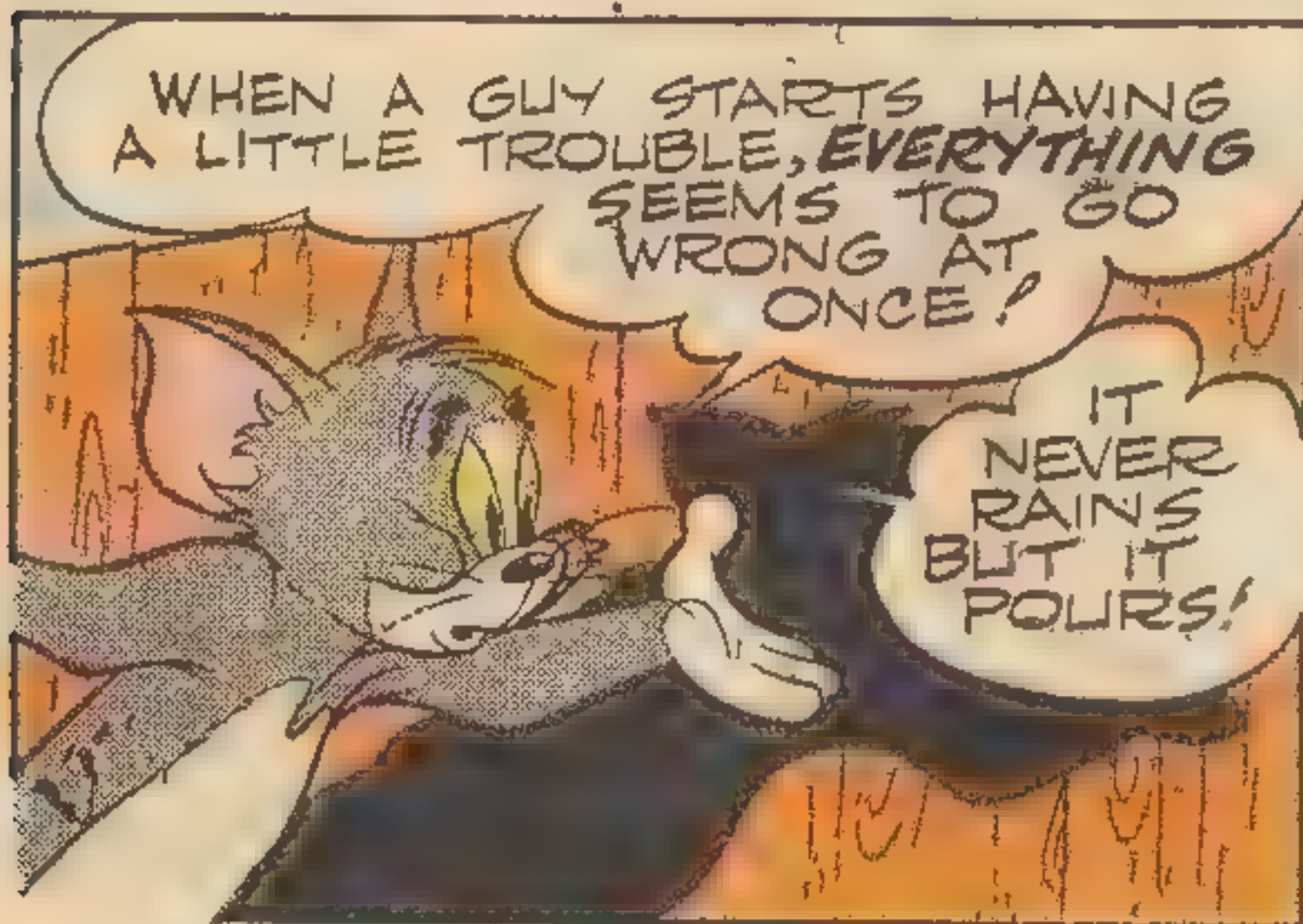
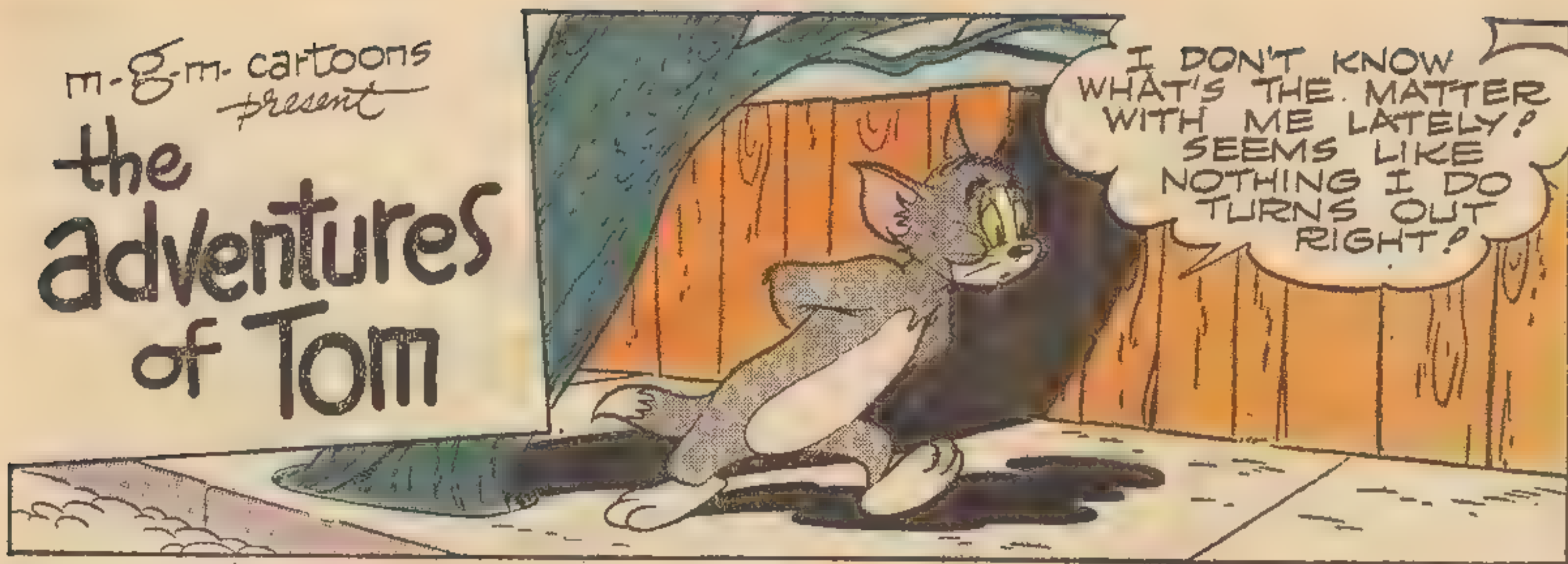




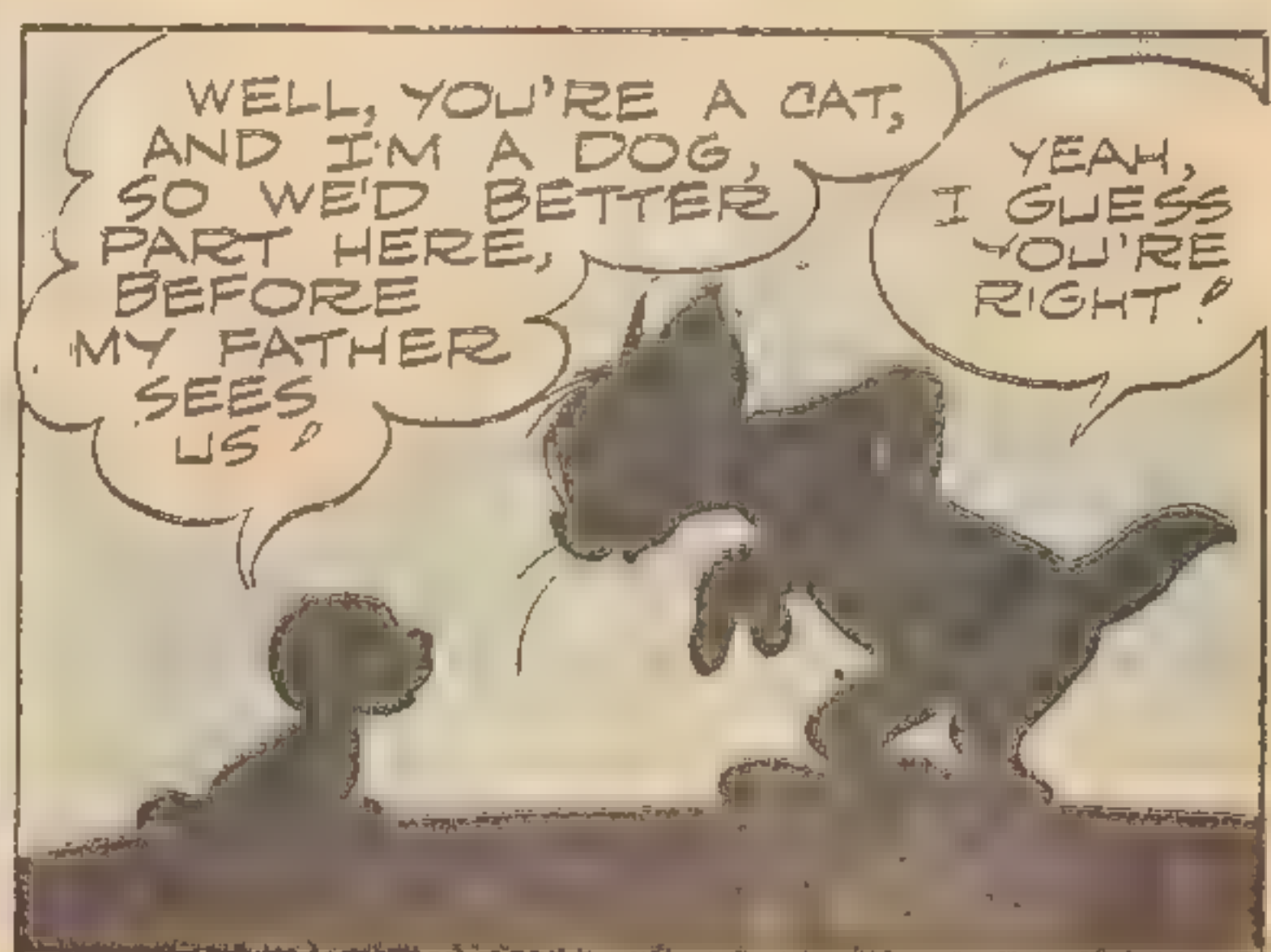
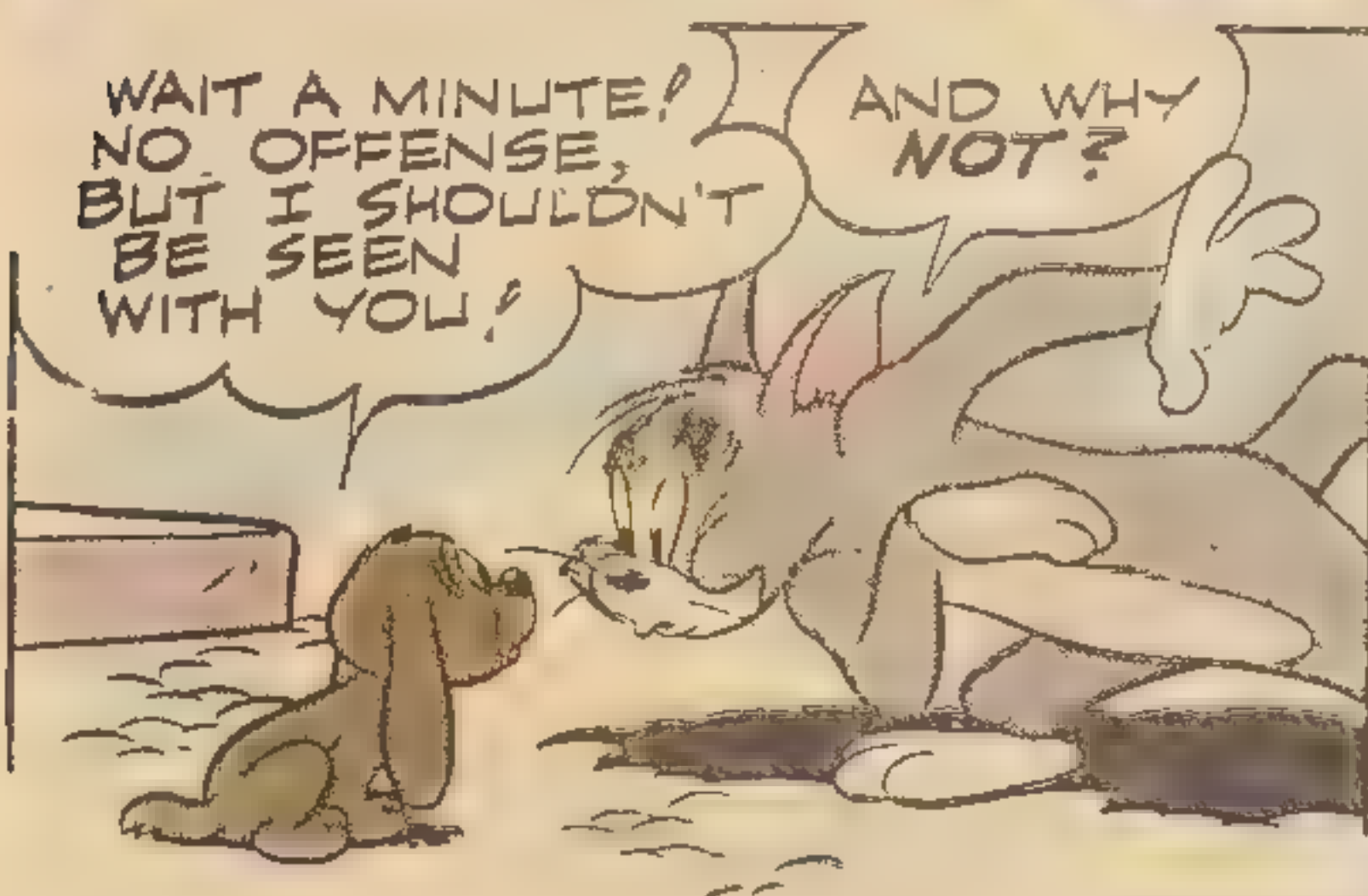
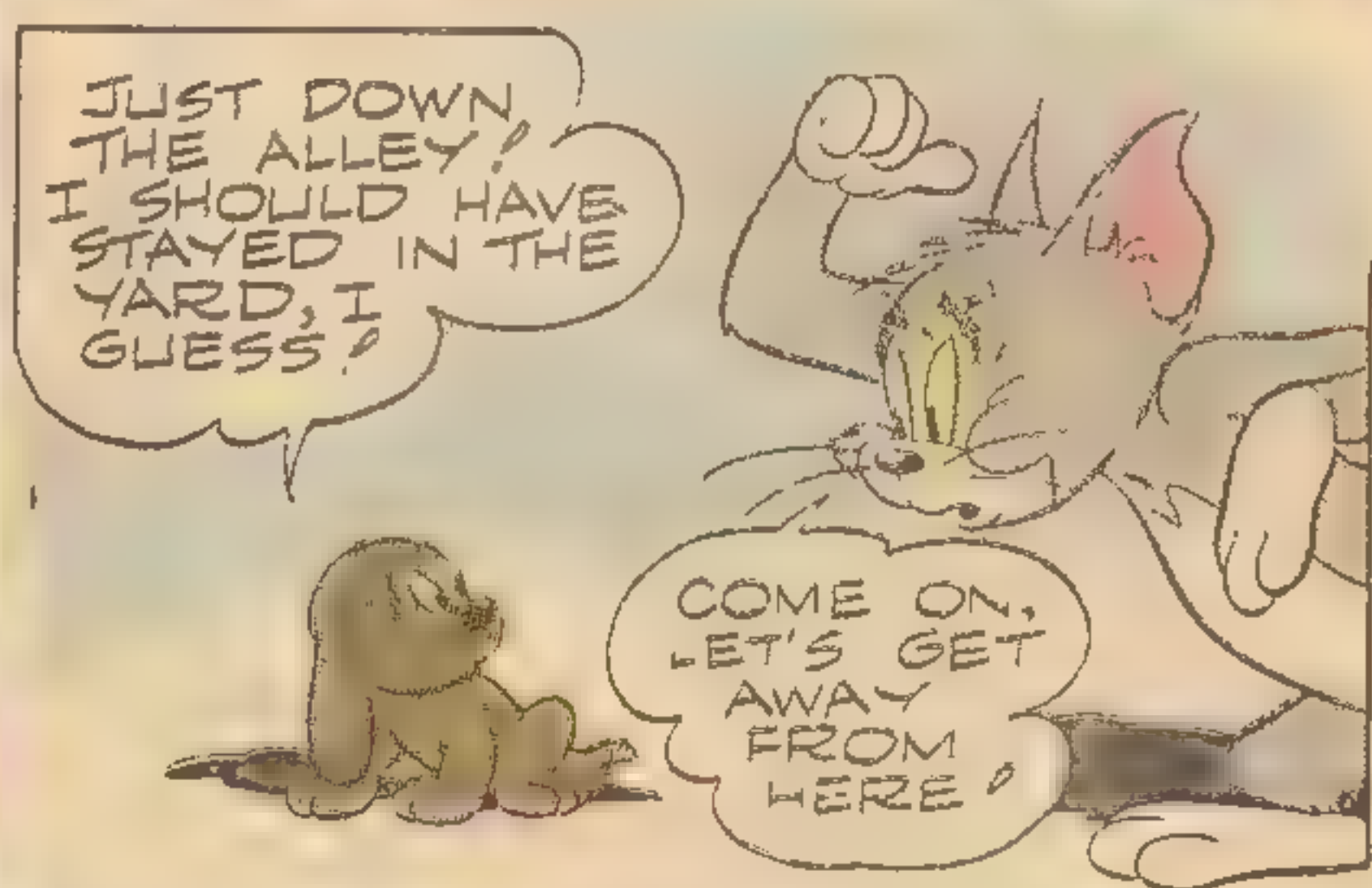
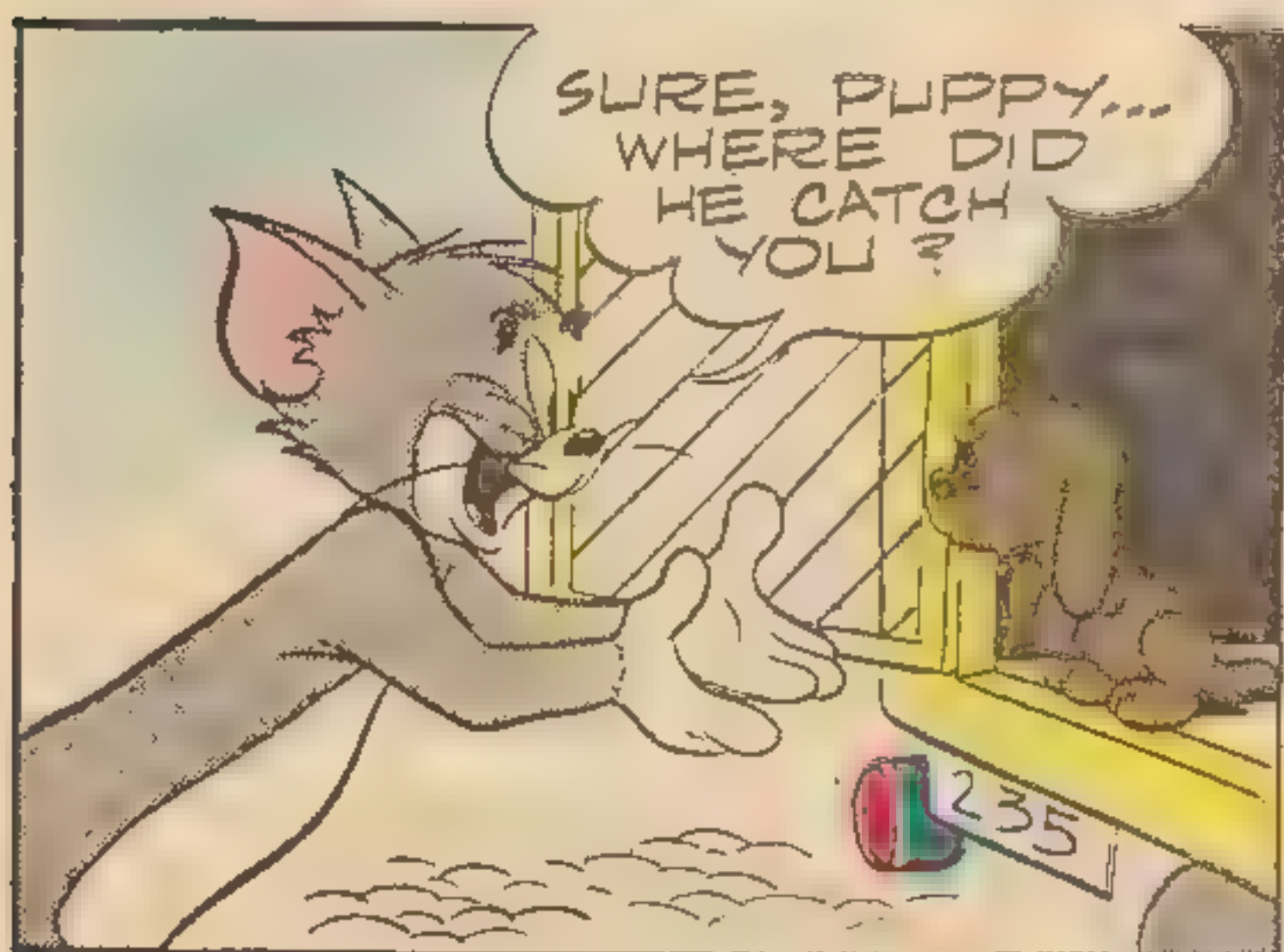
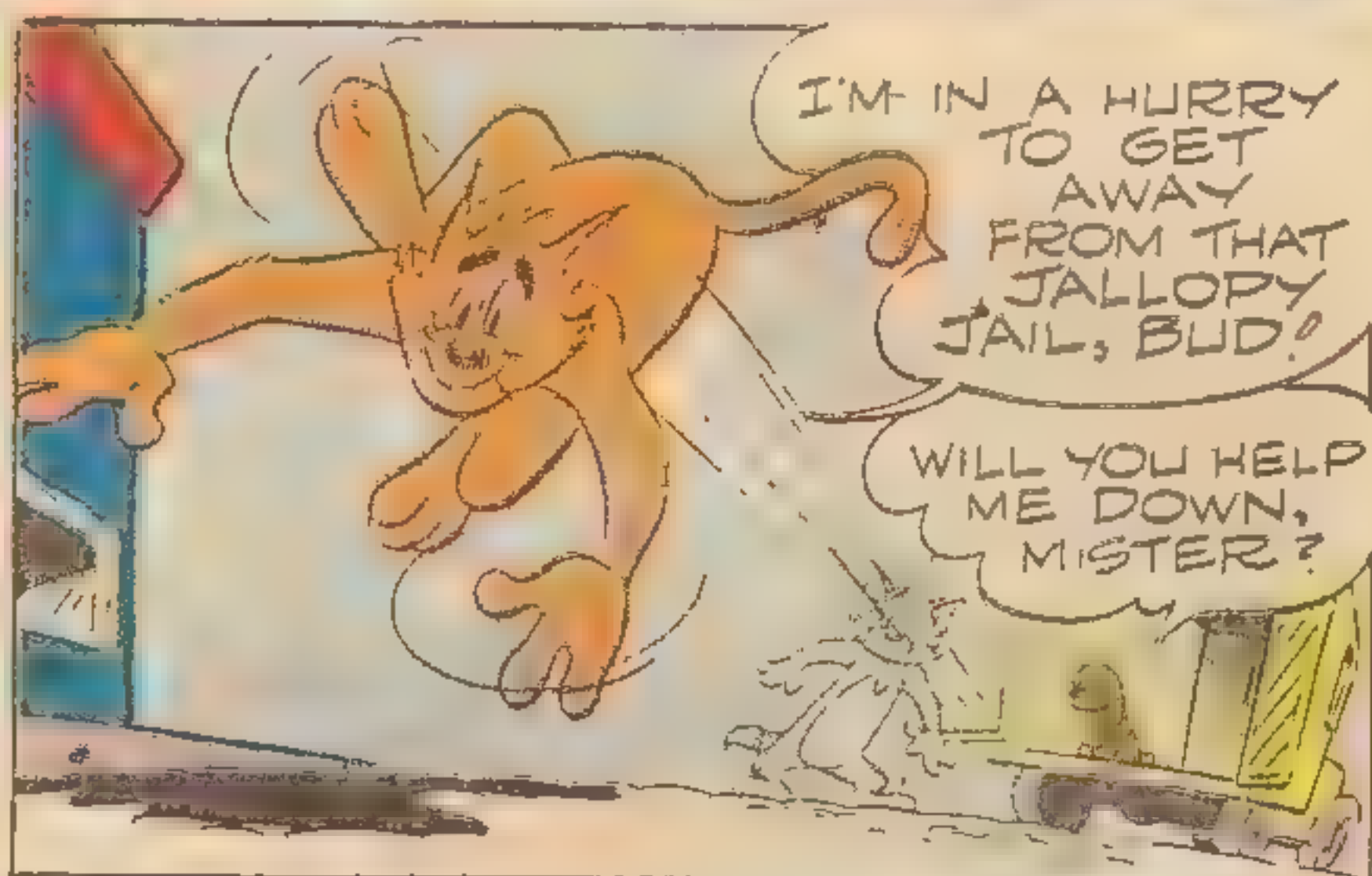
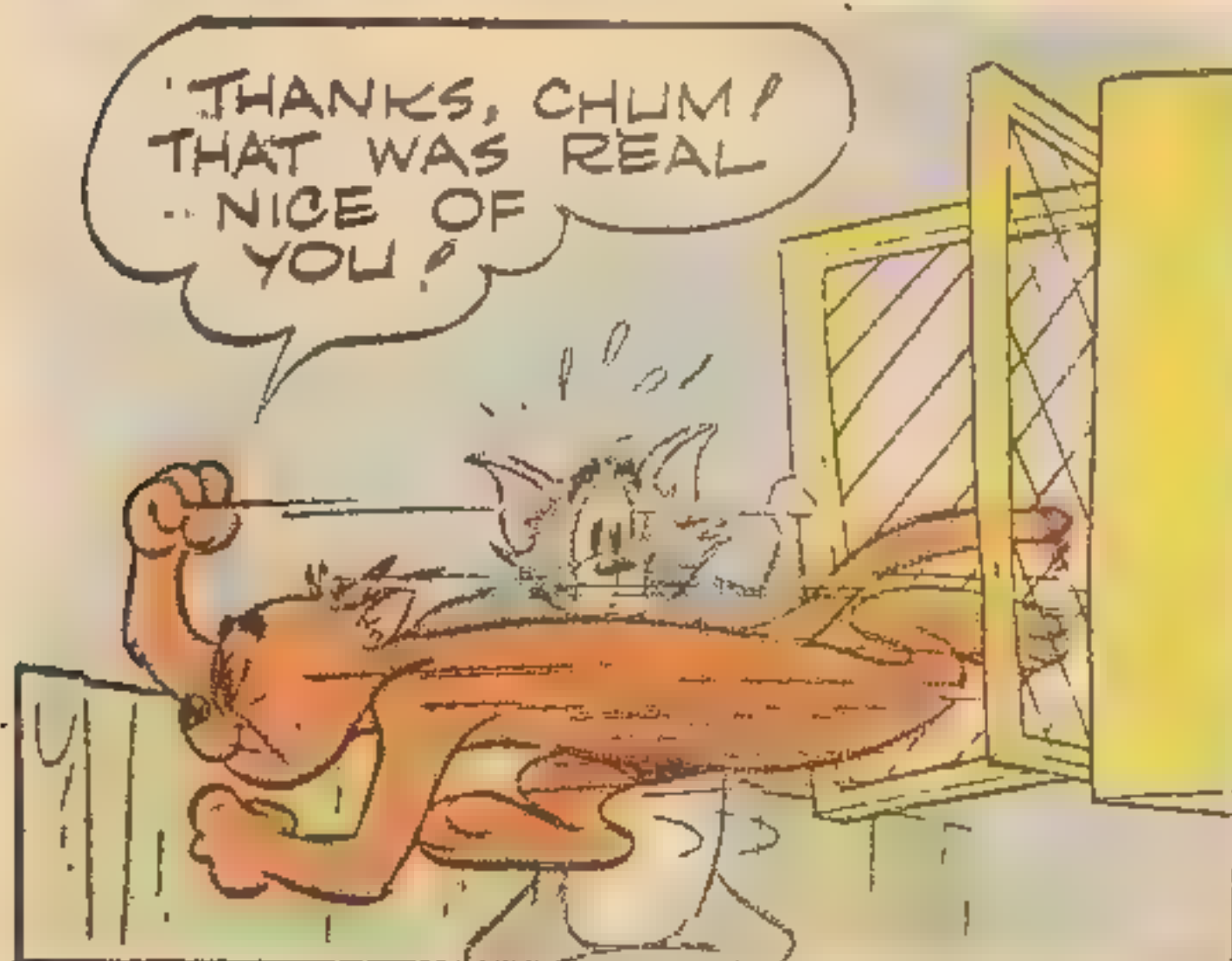
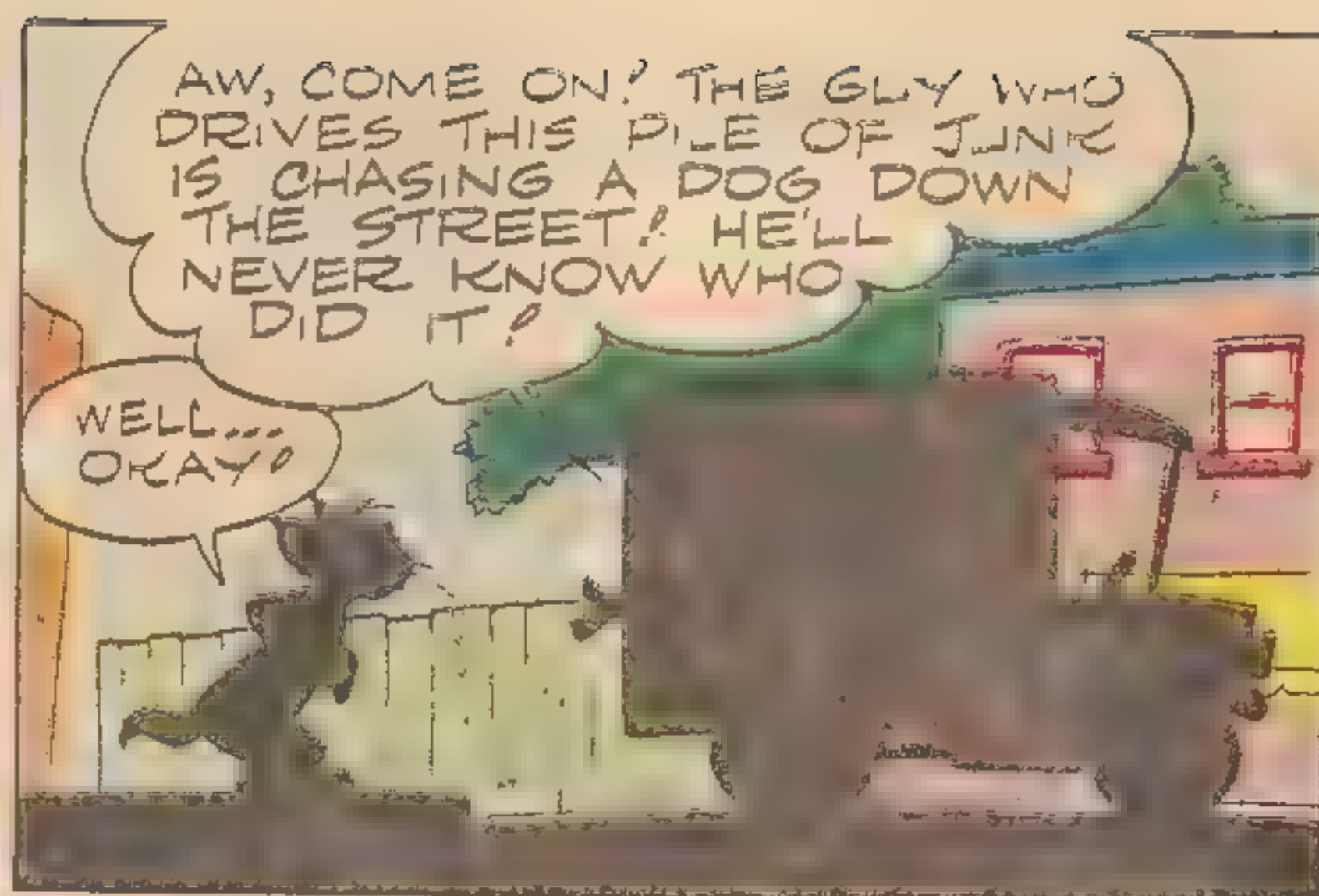
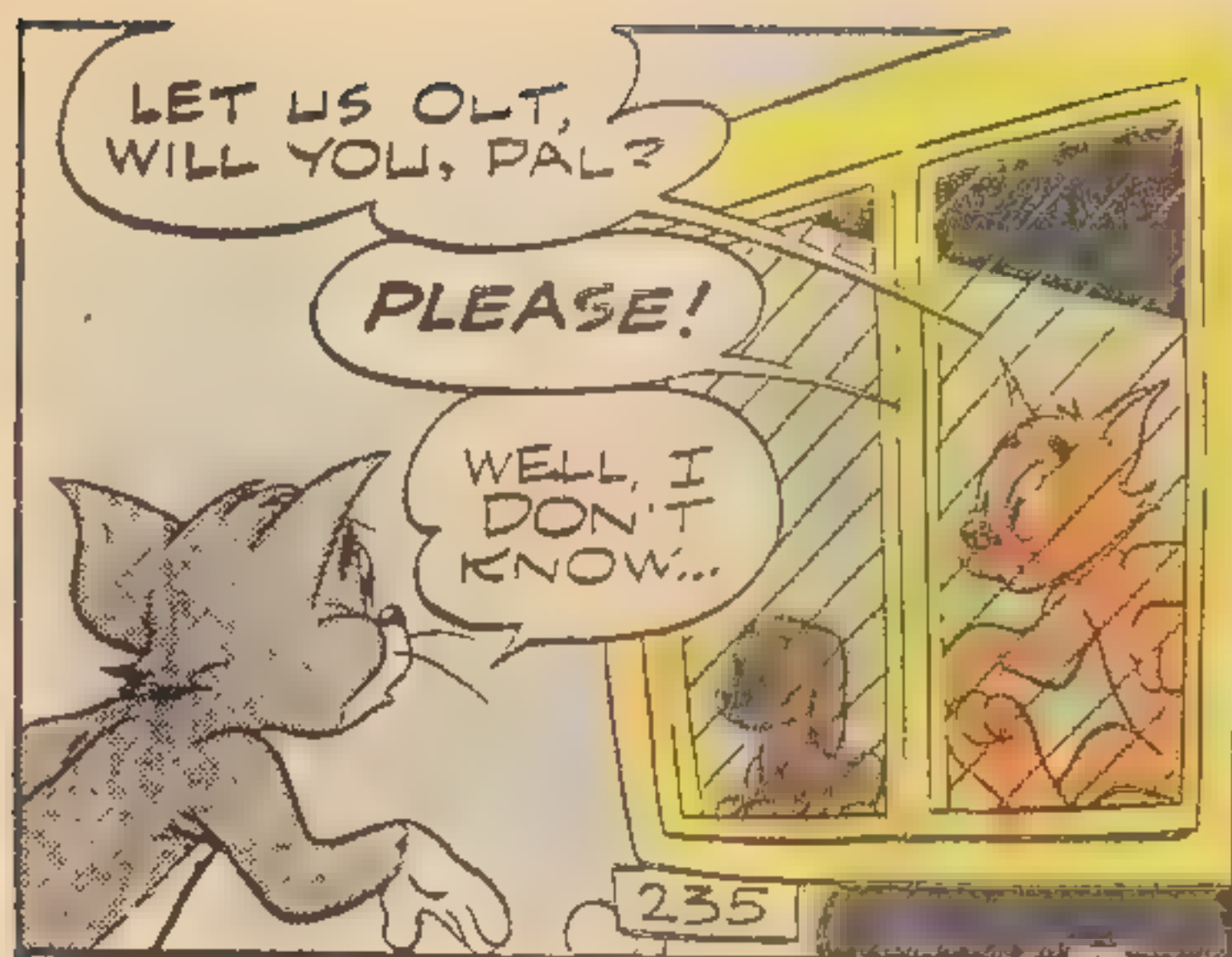




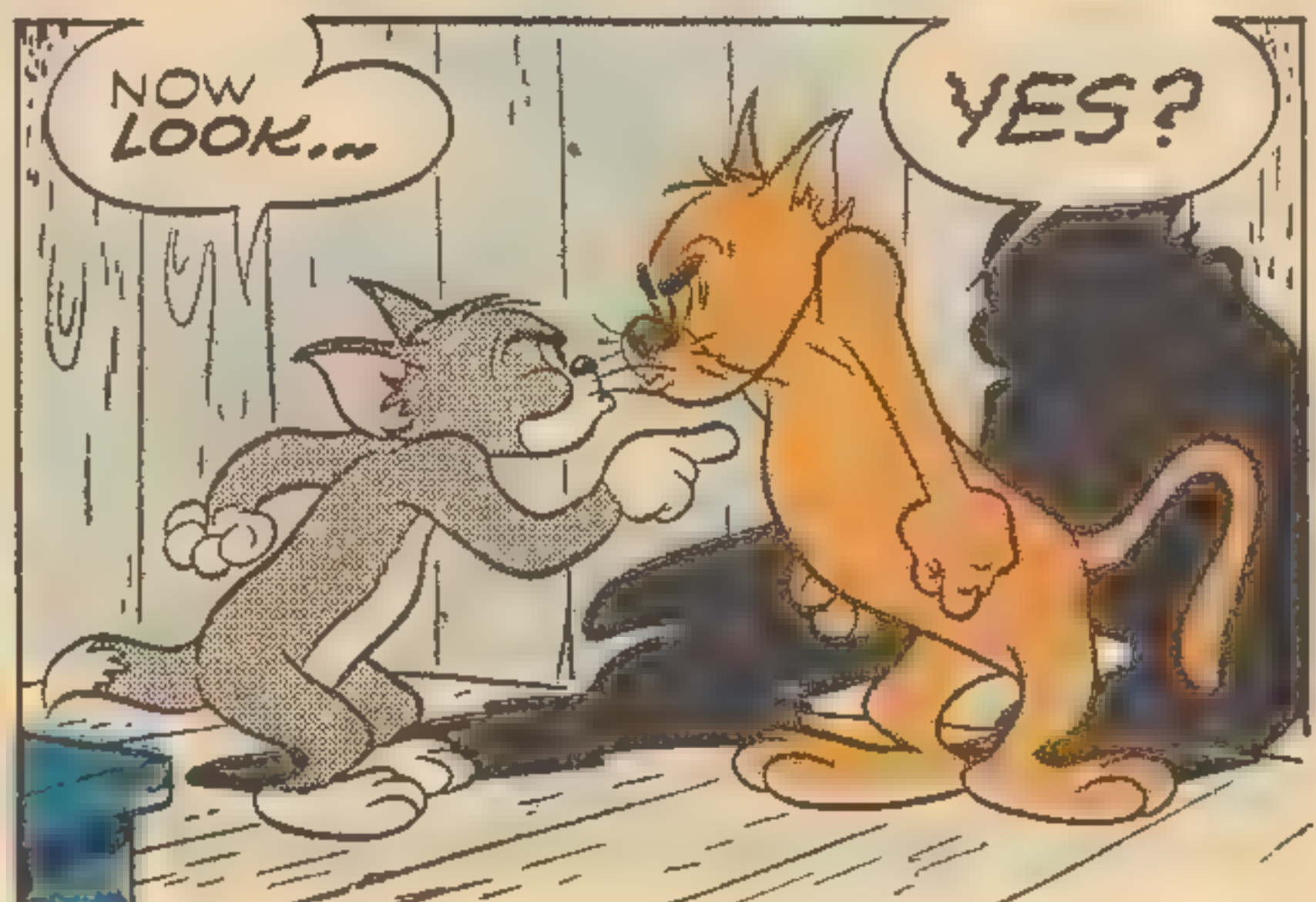
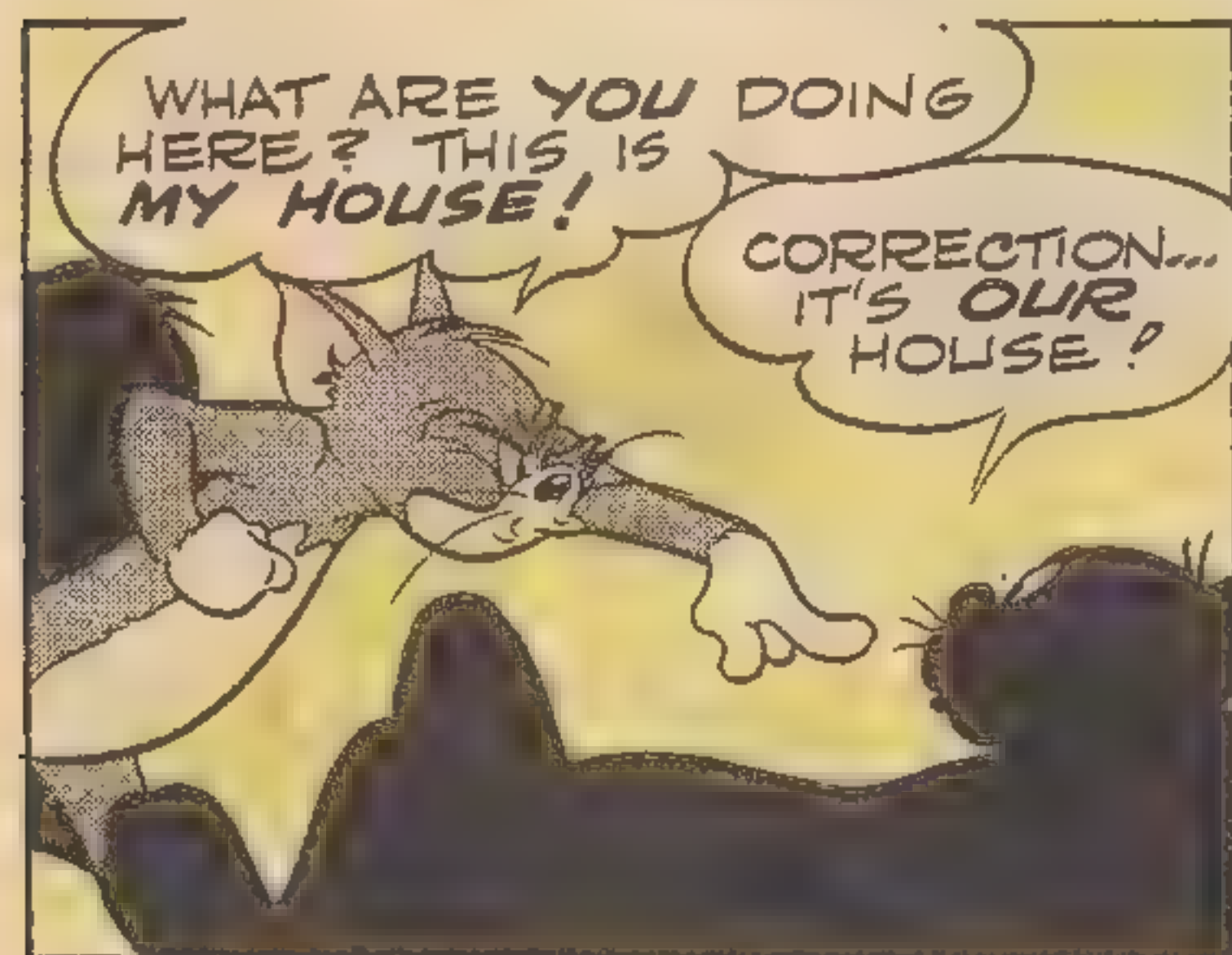
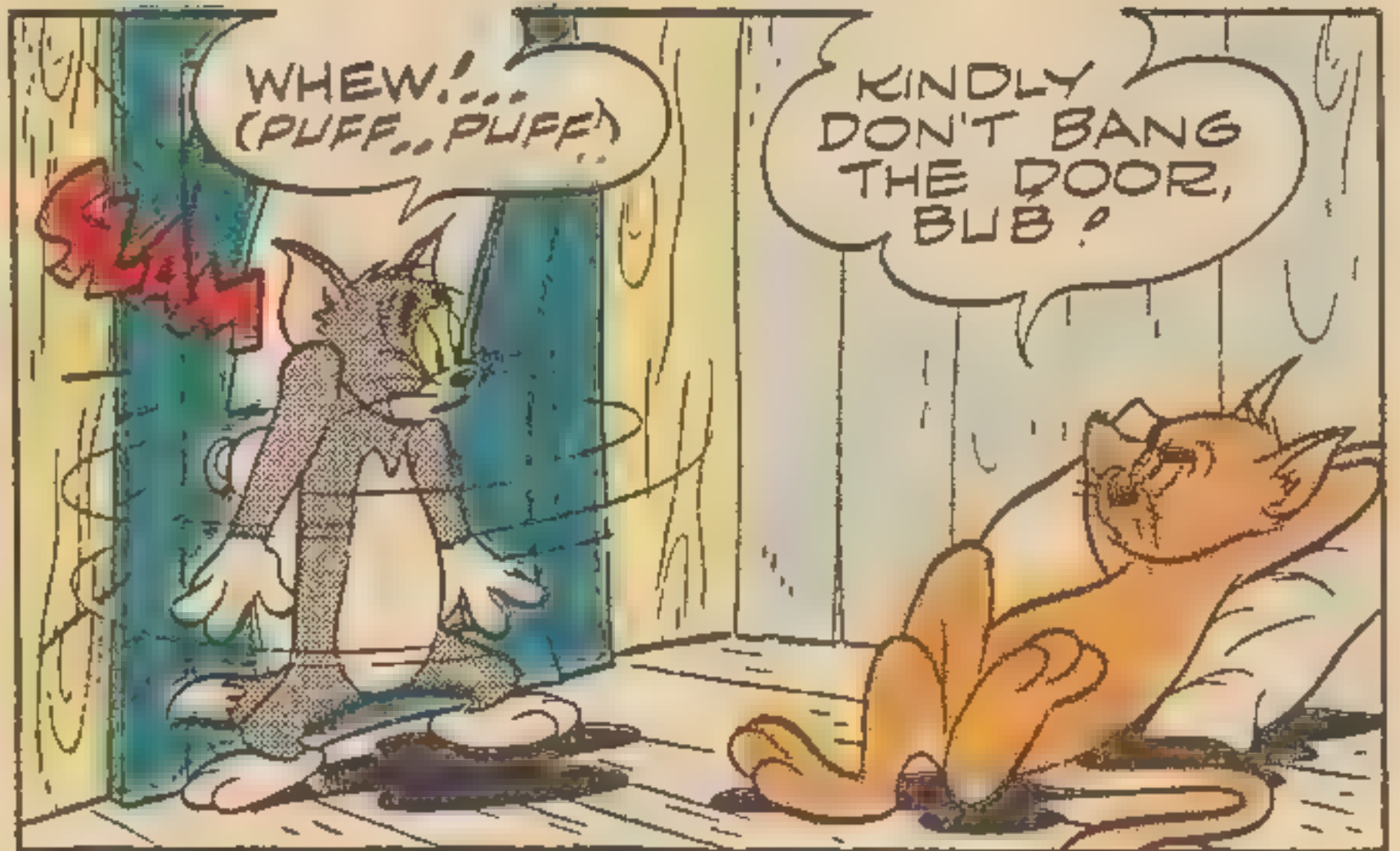
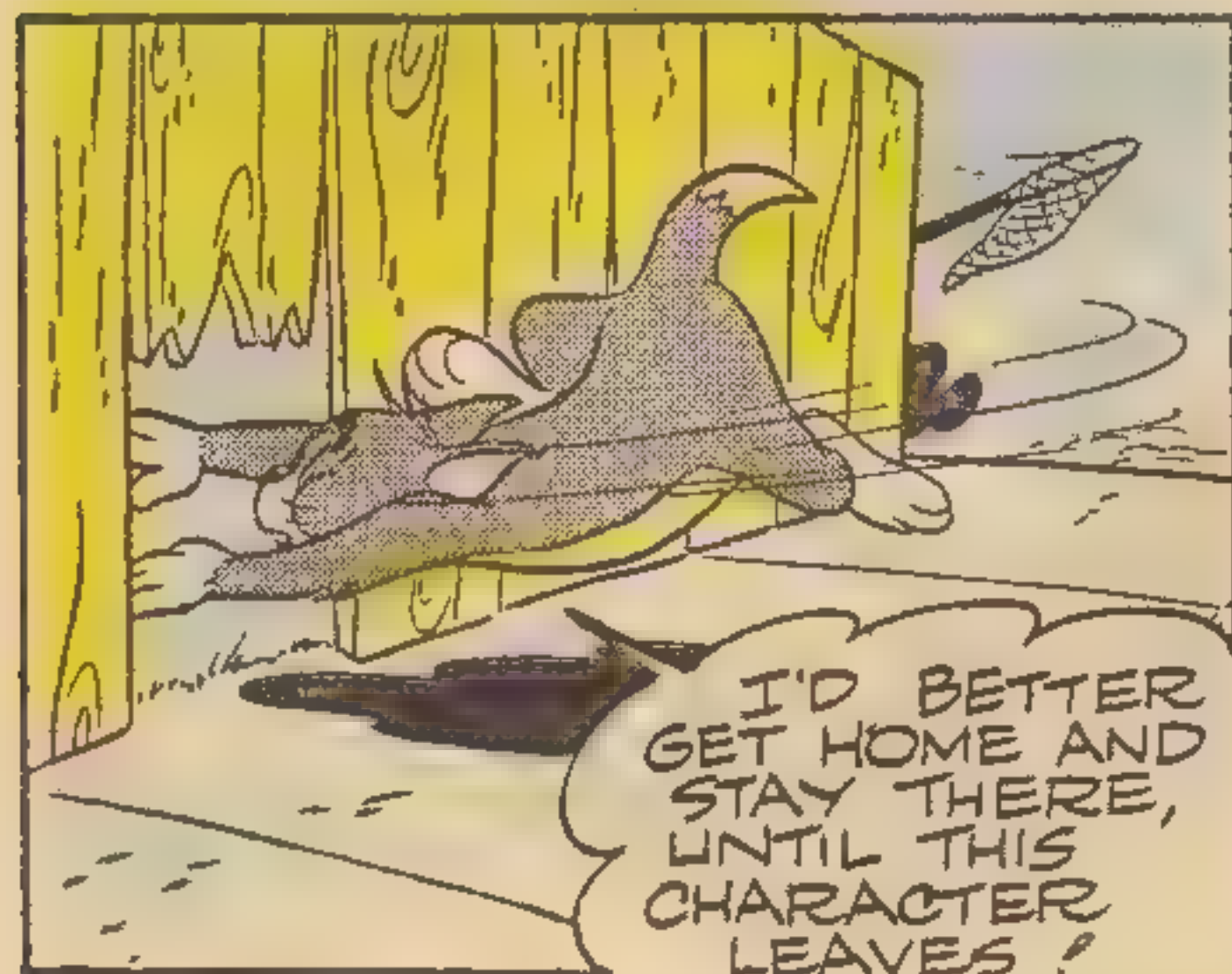
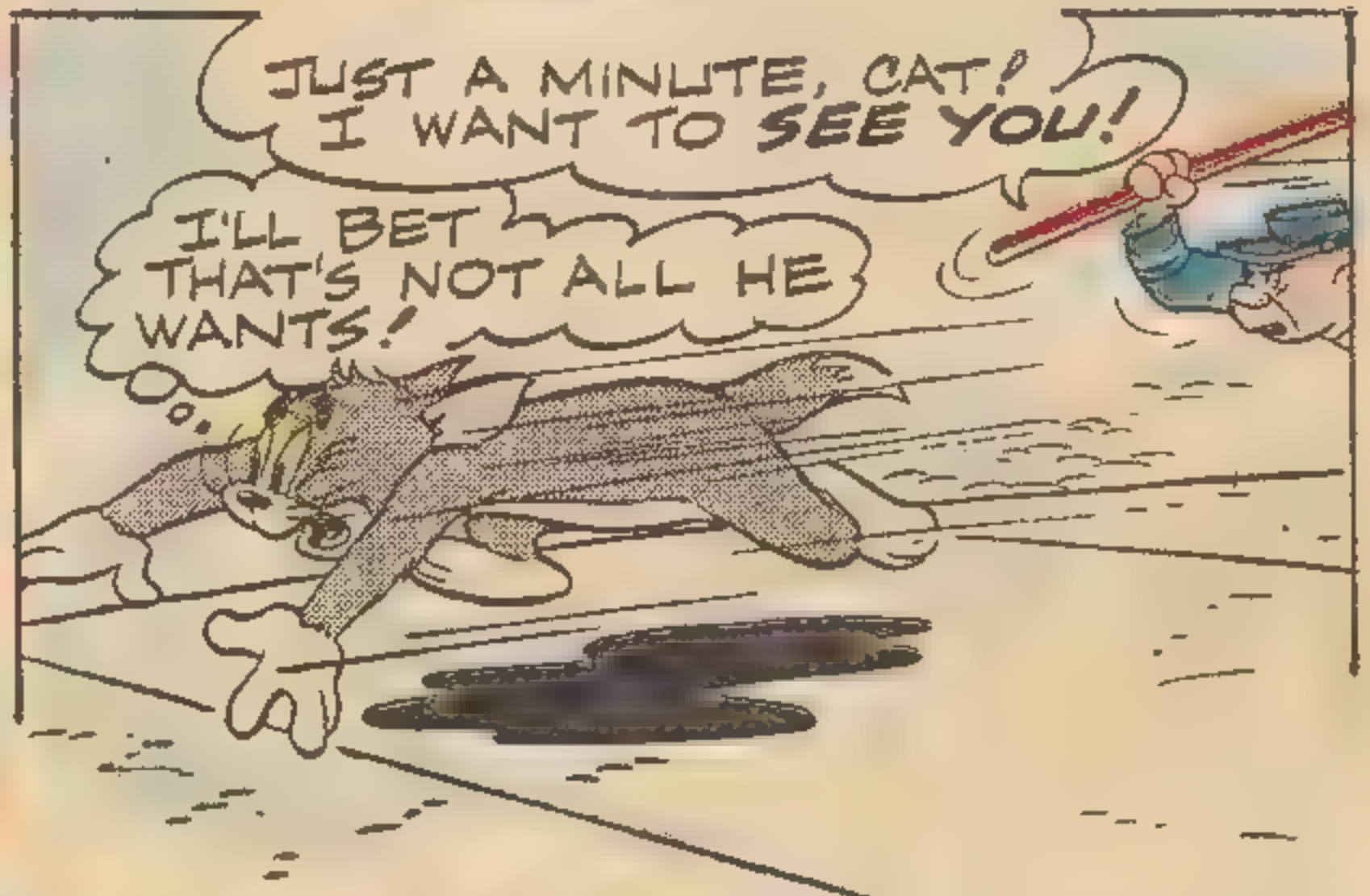
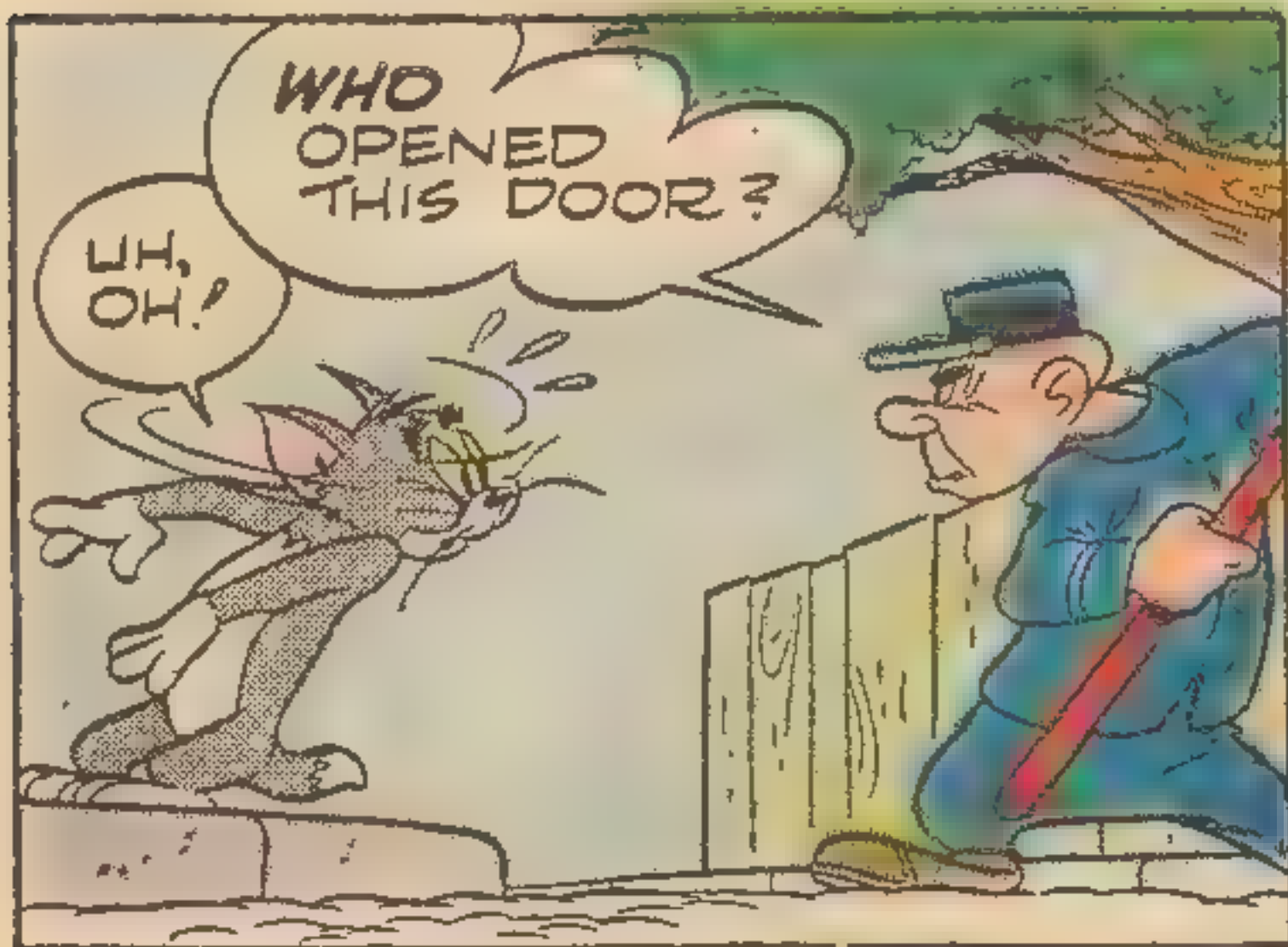
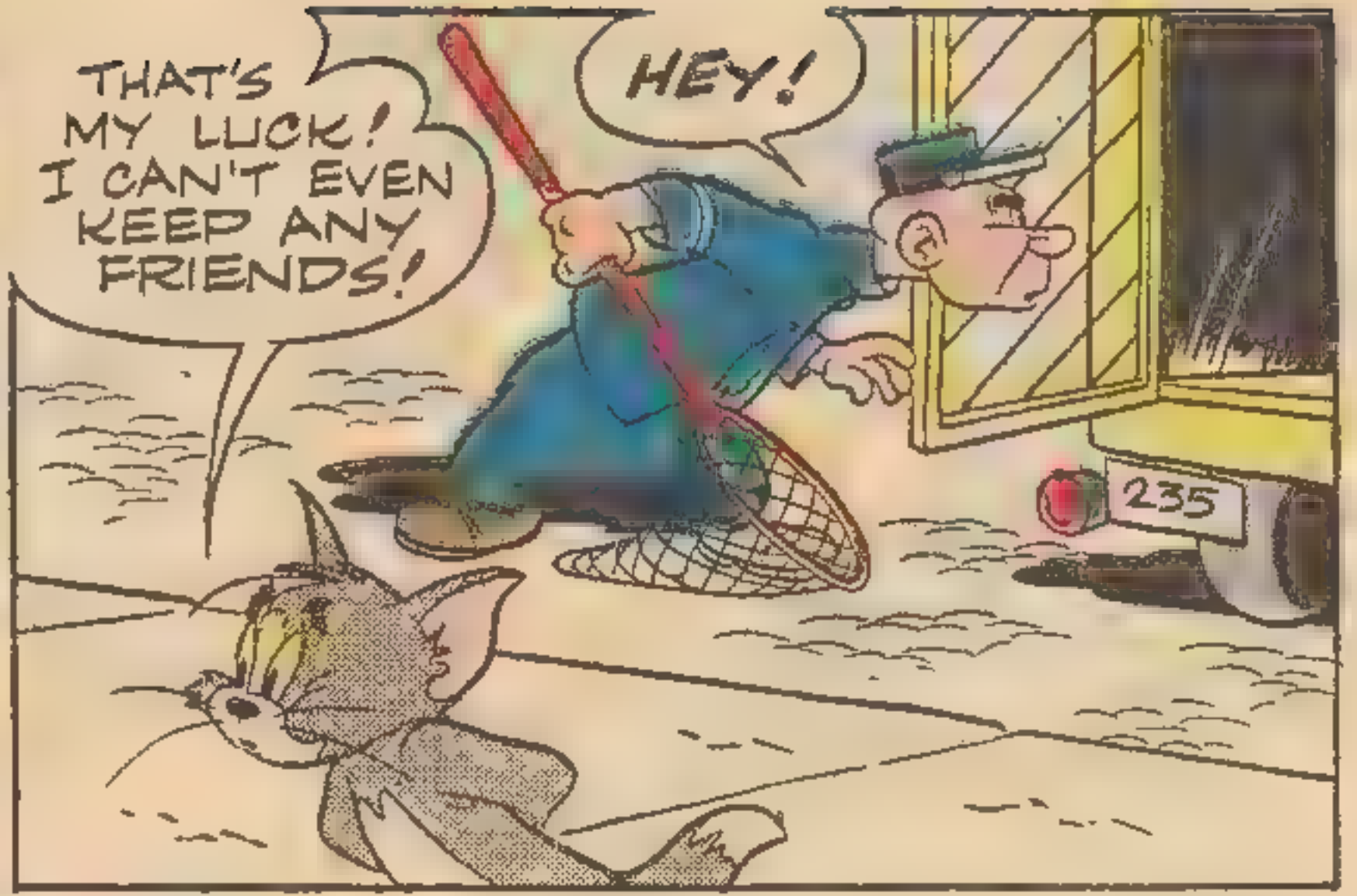
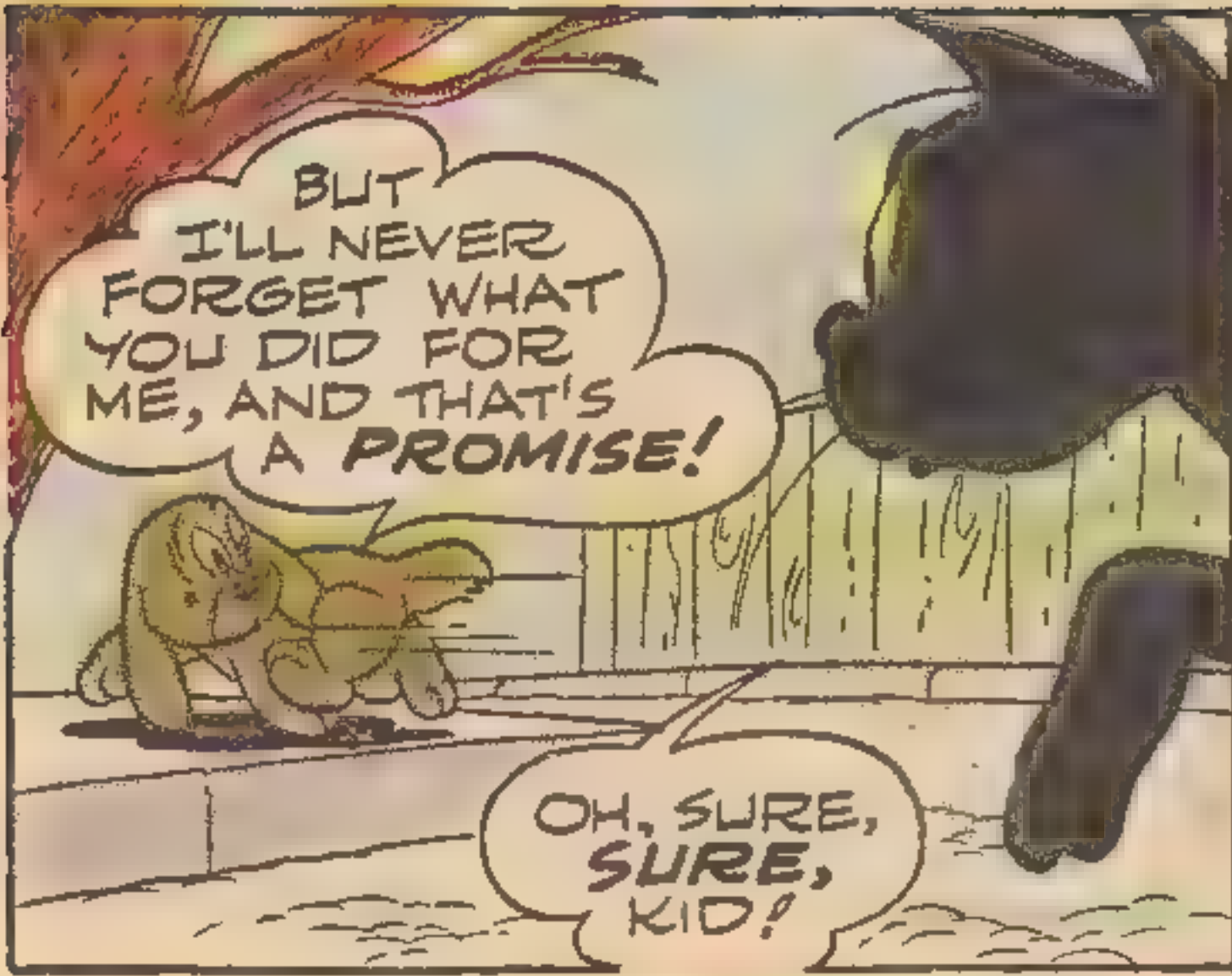
m-g-m cartoons  
*present*  
the  
adventures  
of Tom



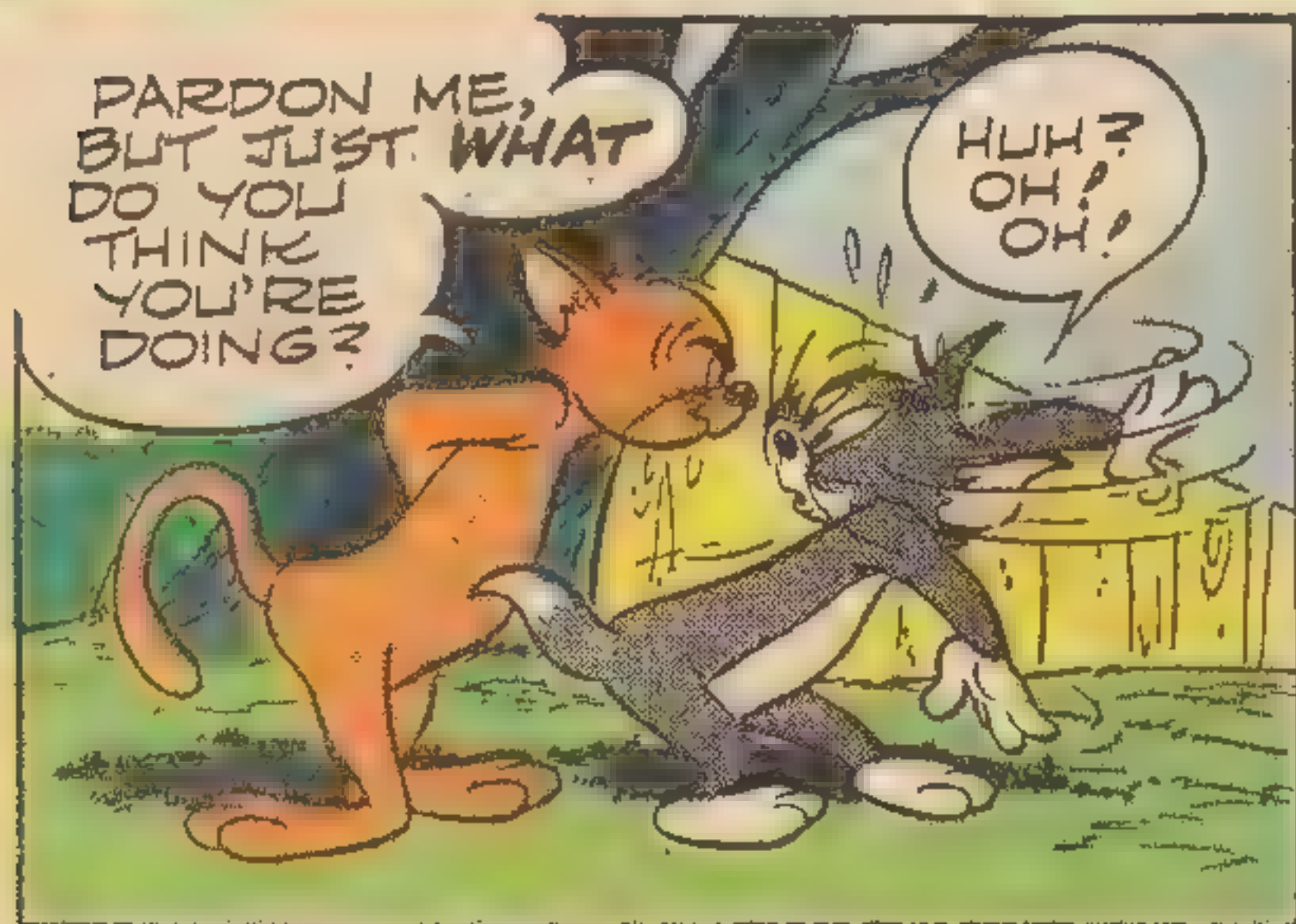
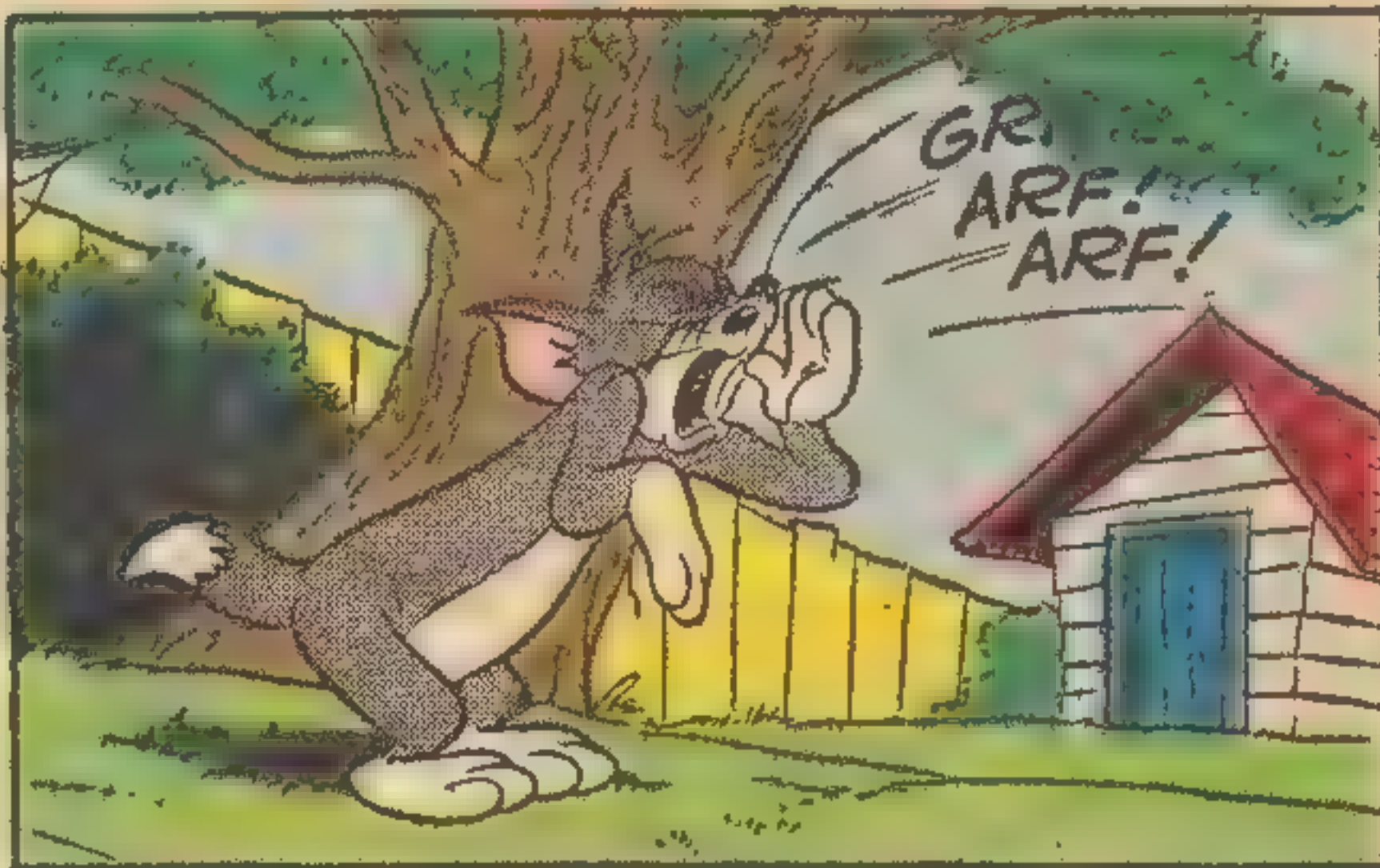
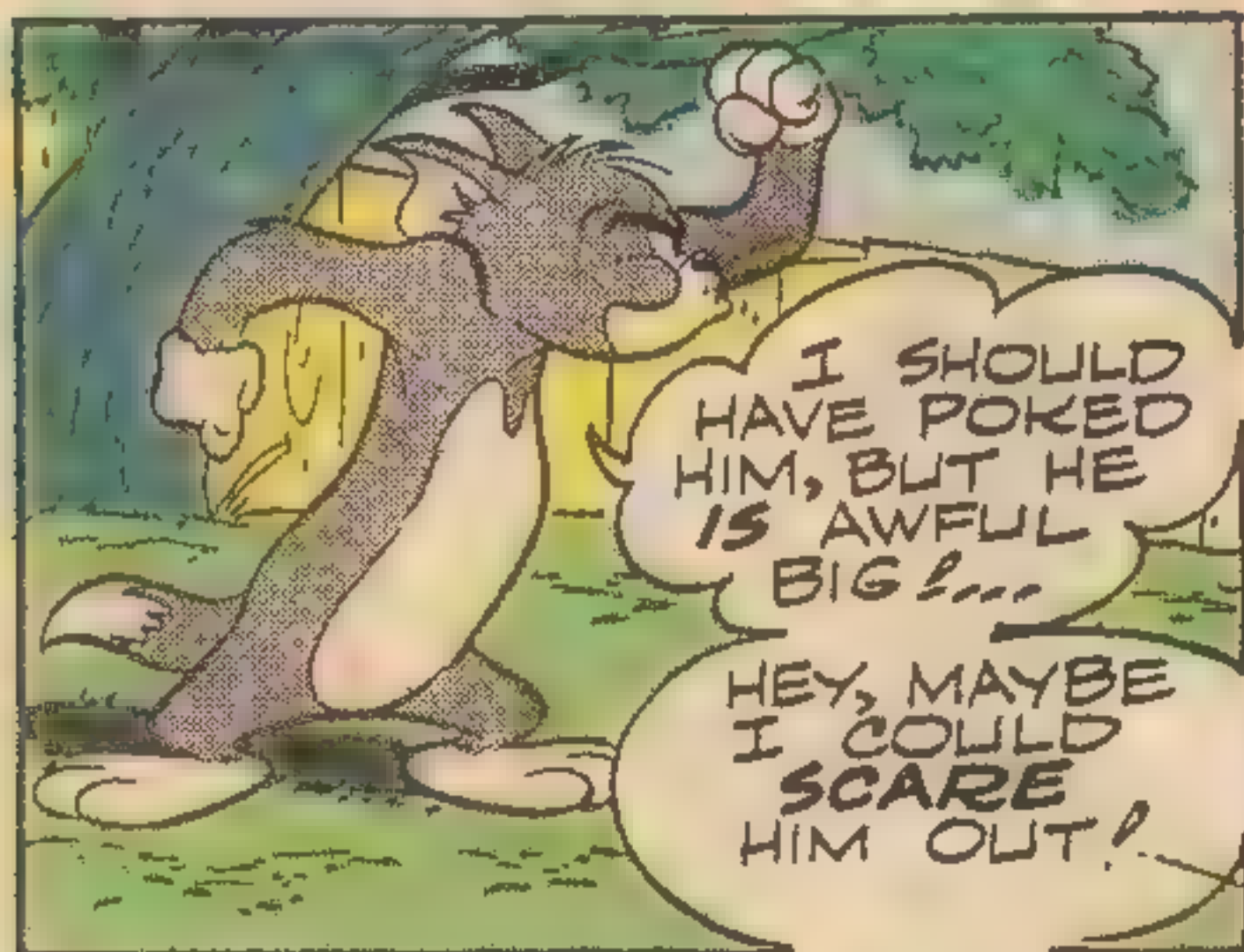
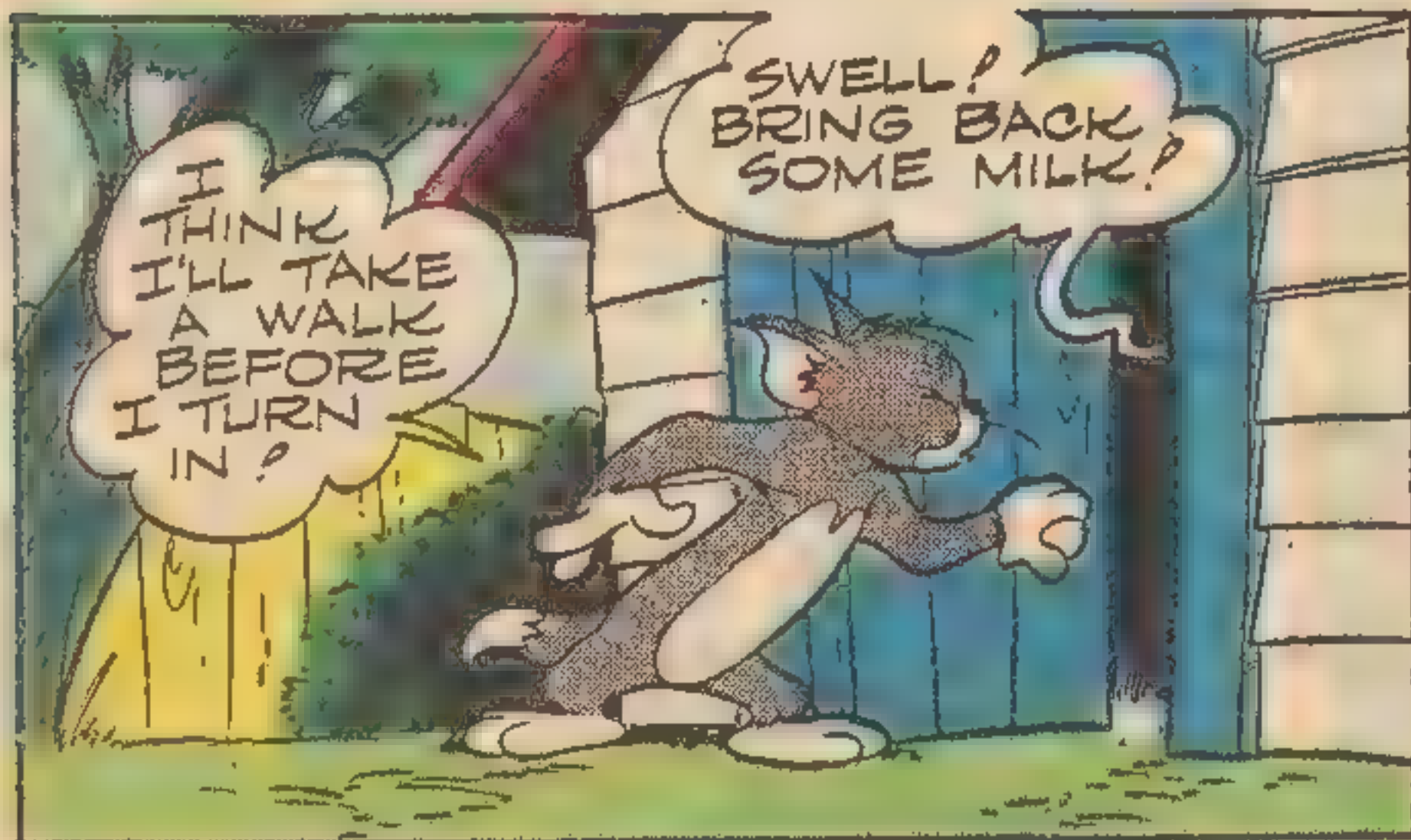
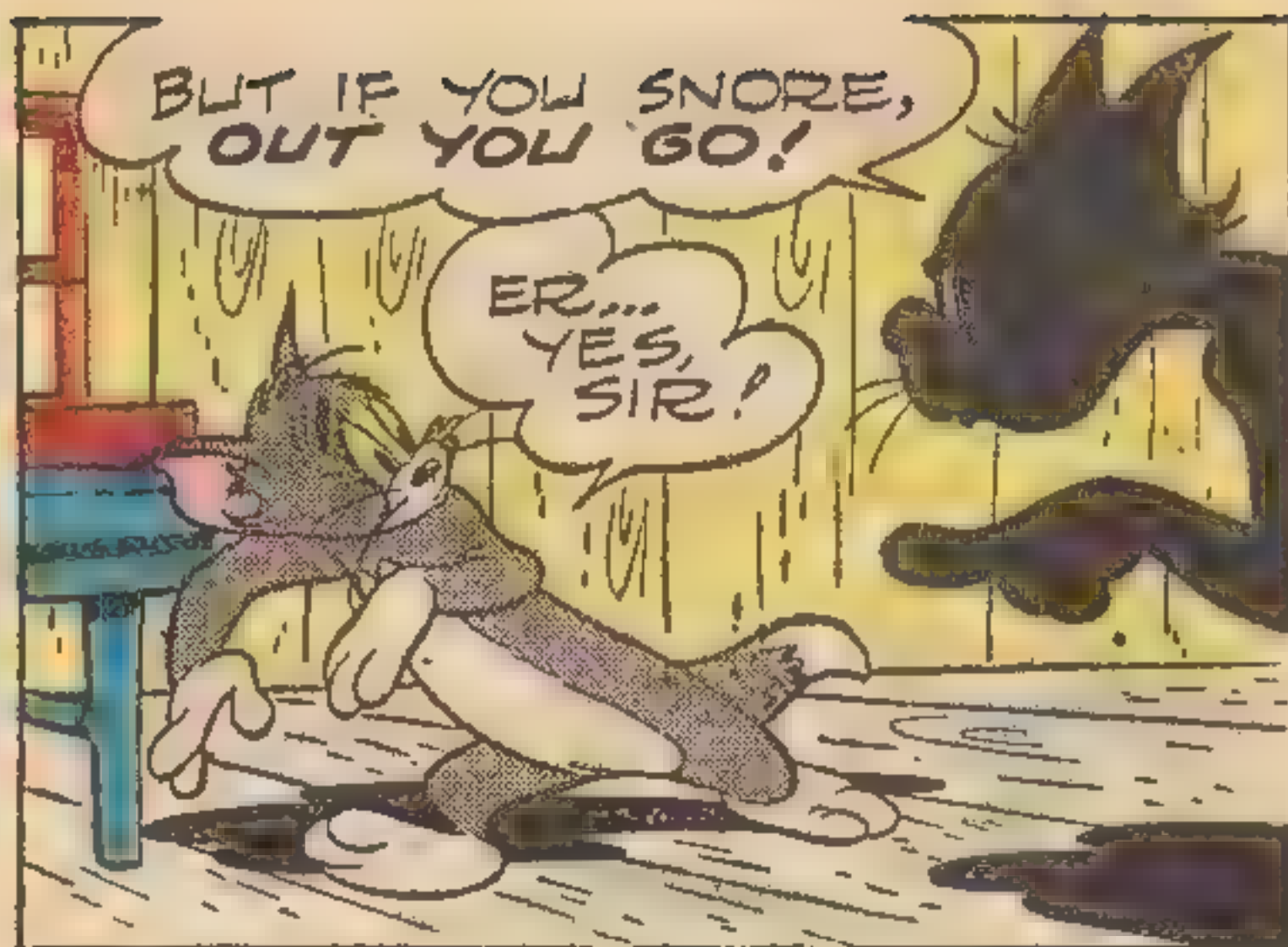
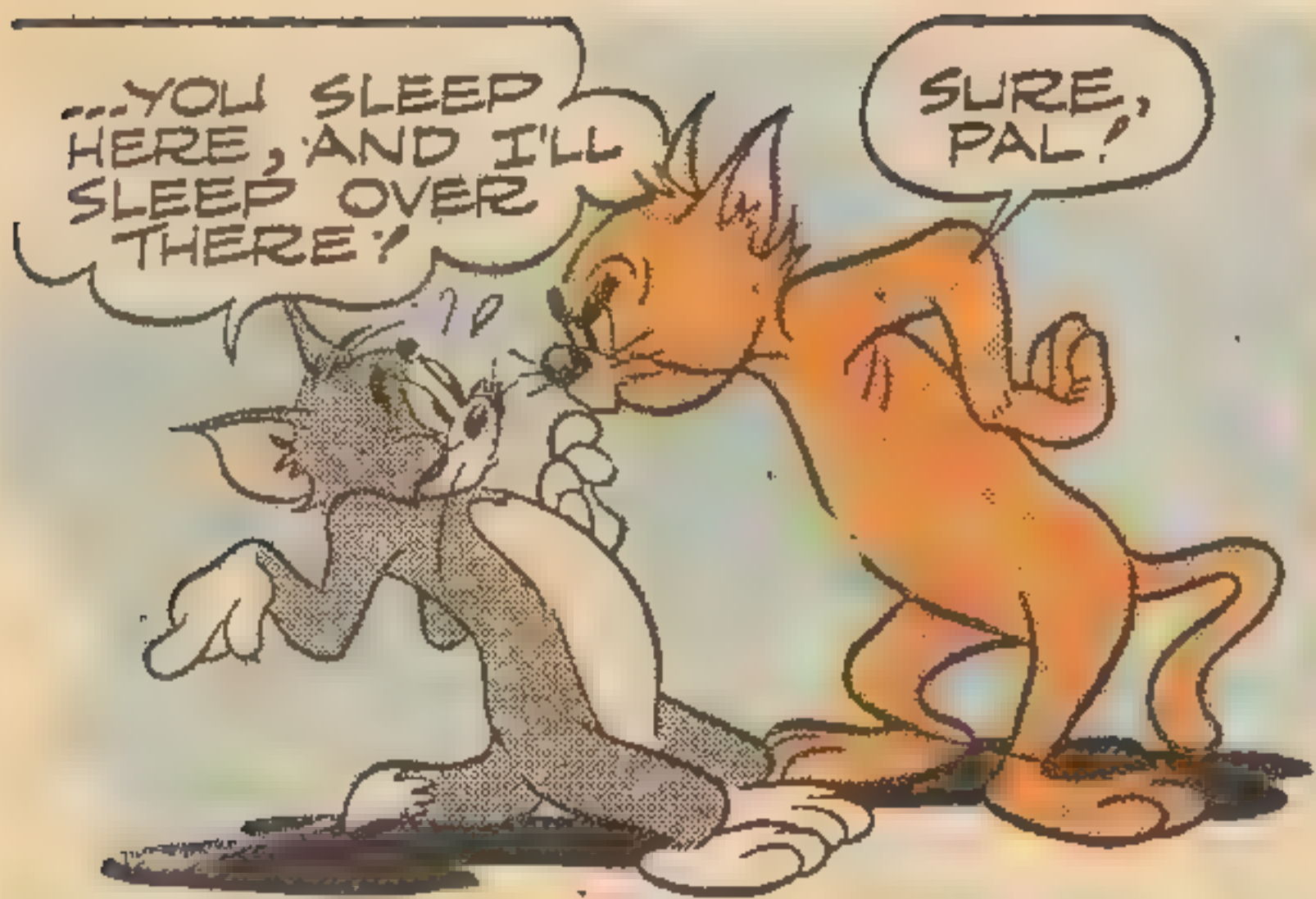




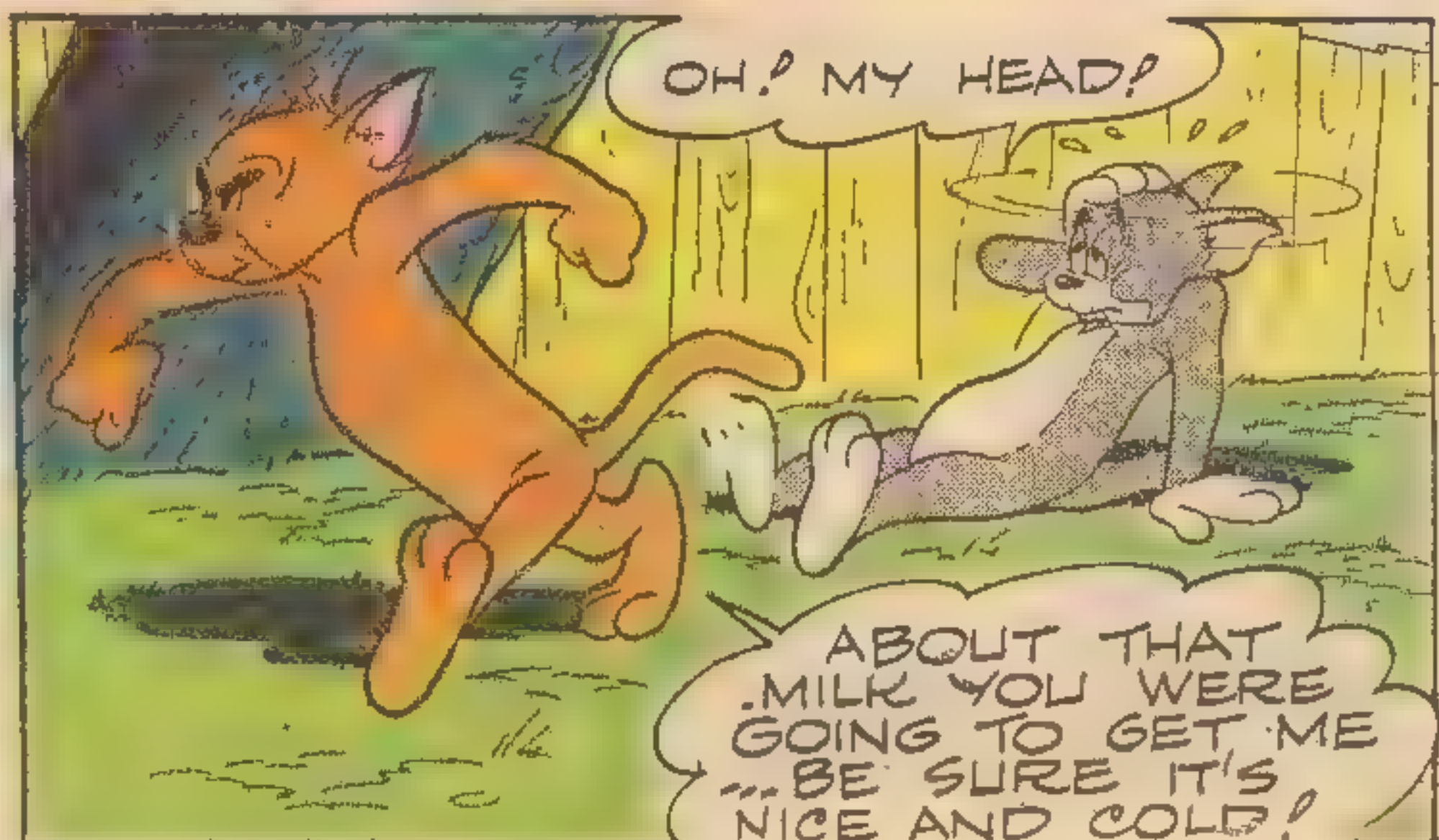
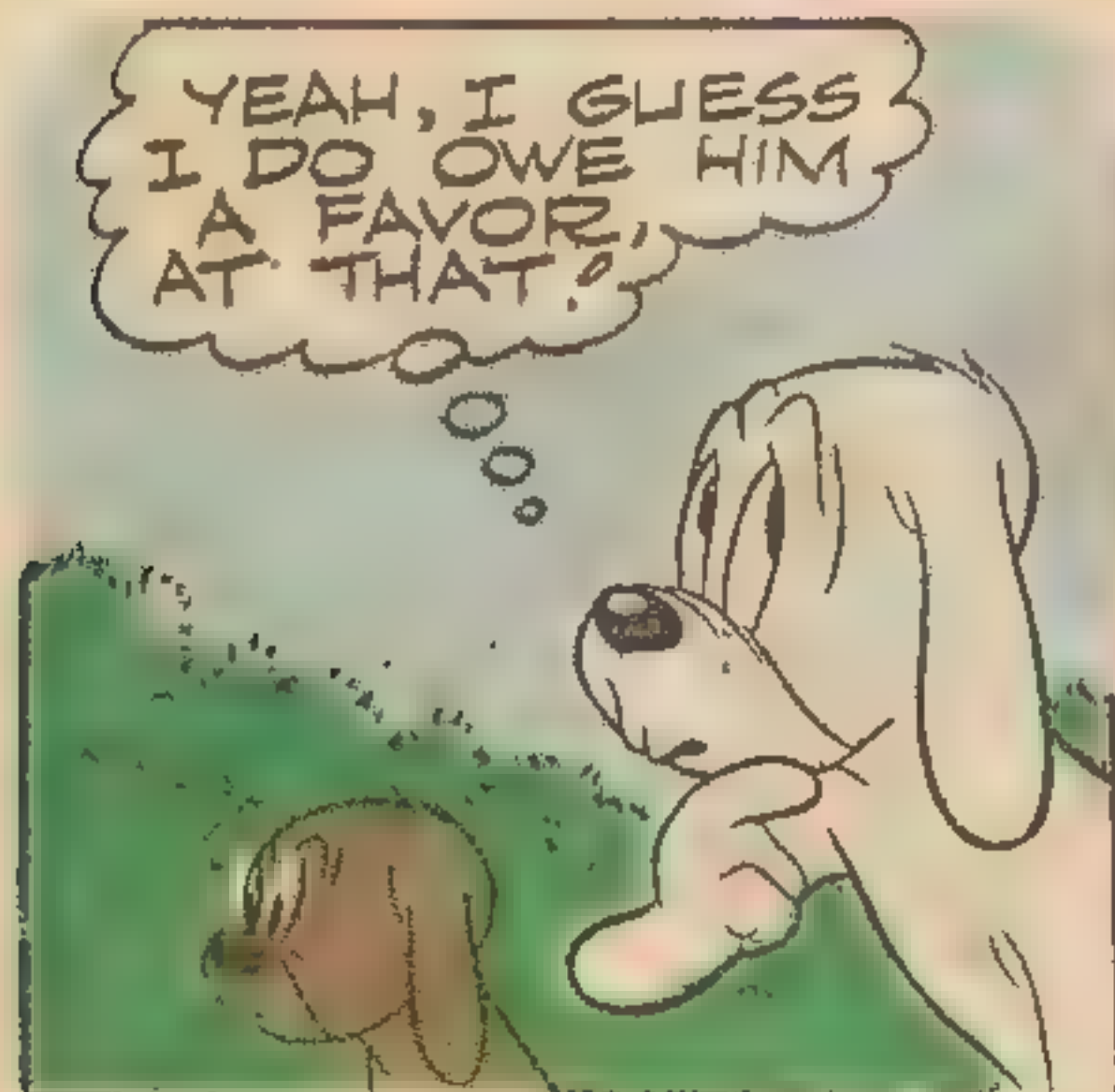
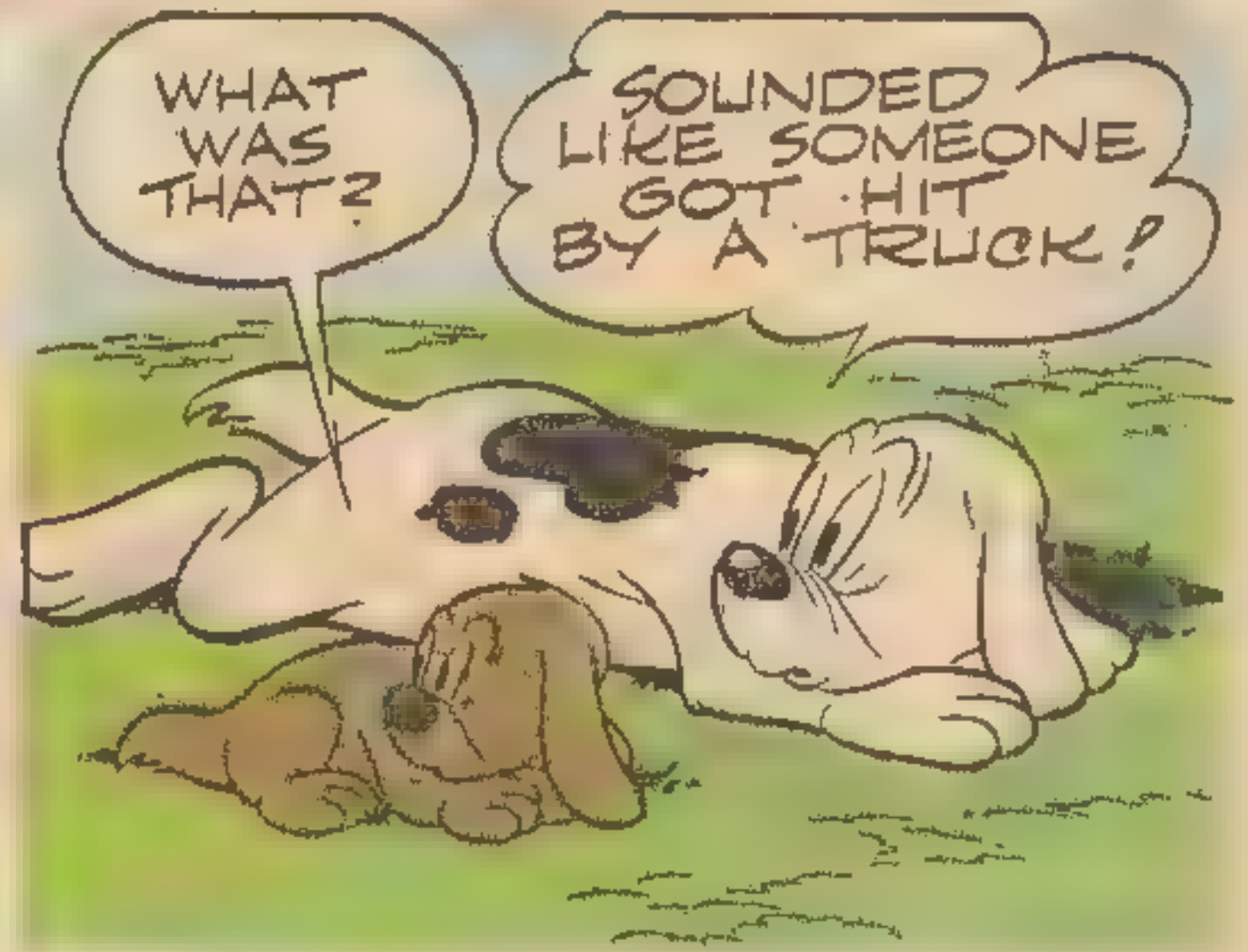
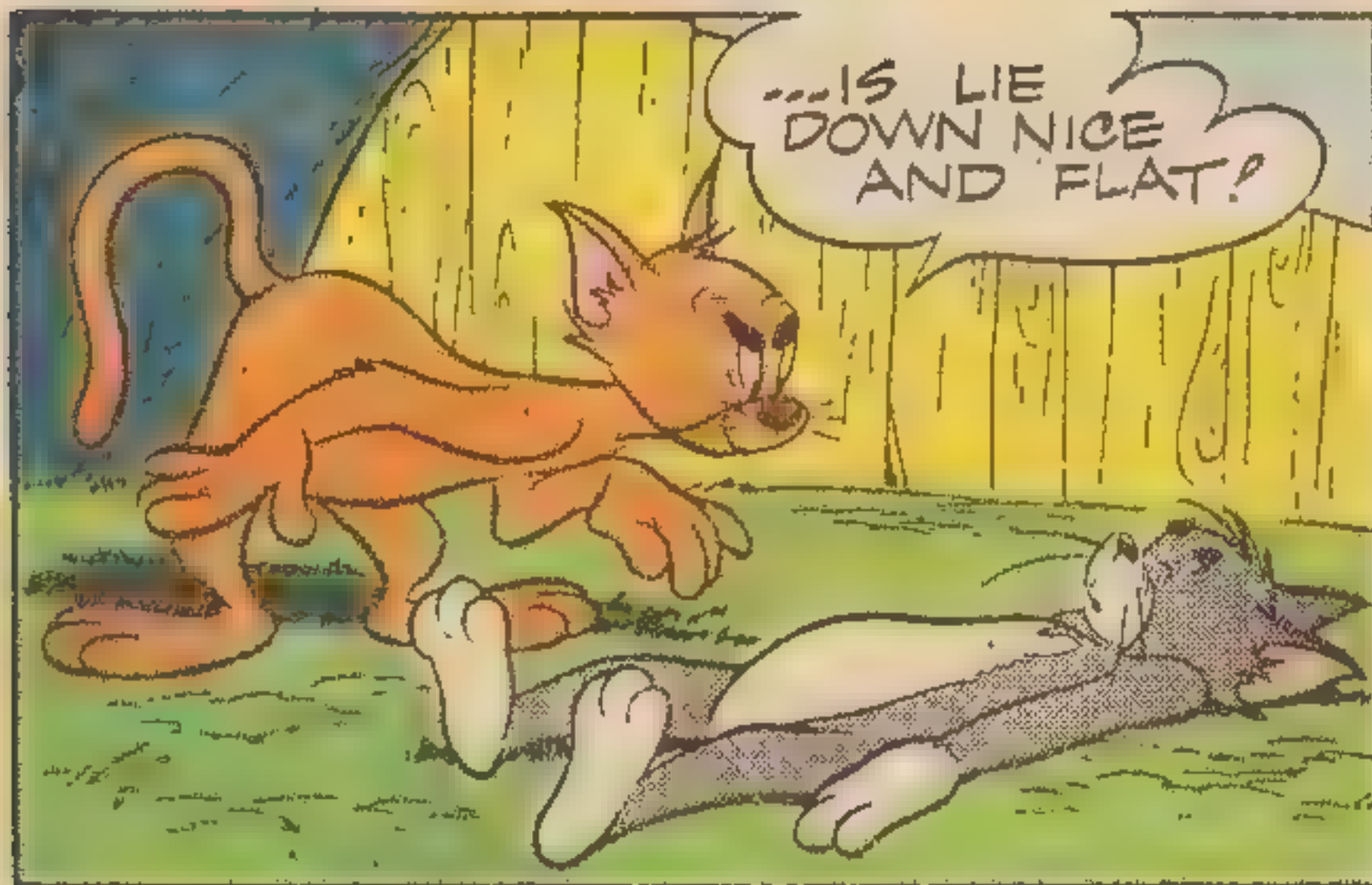
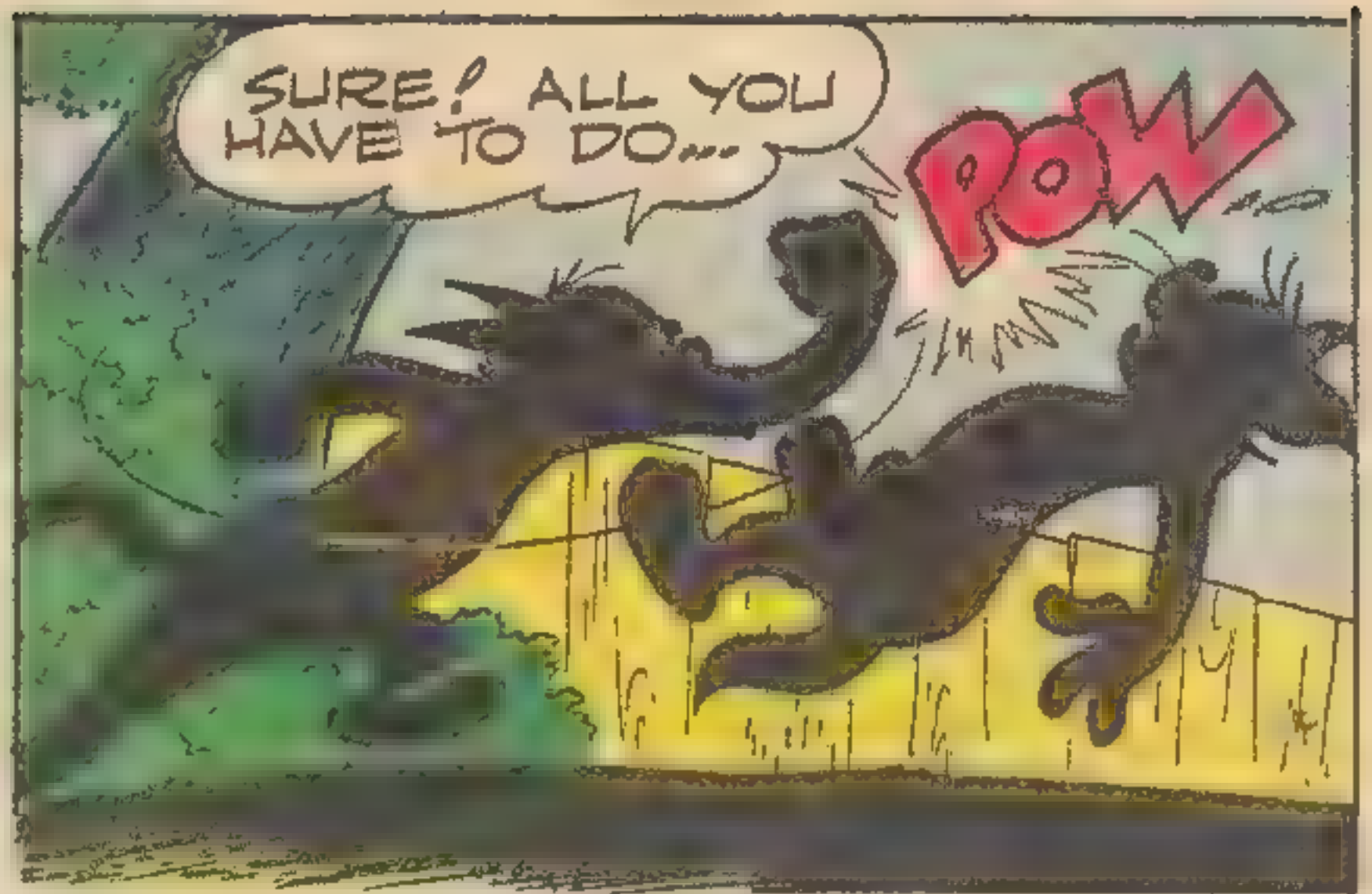
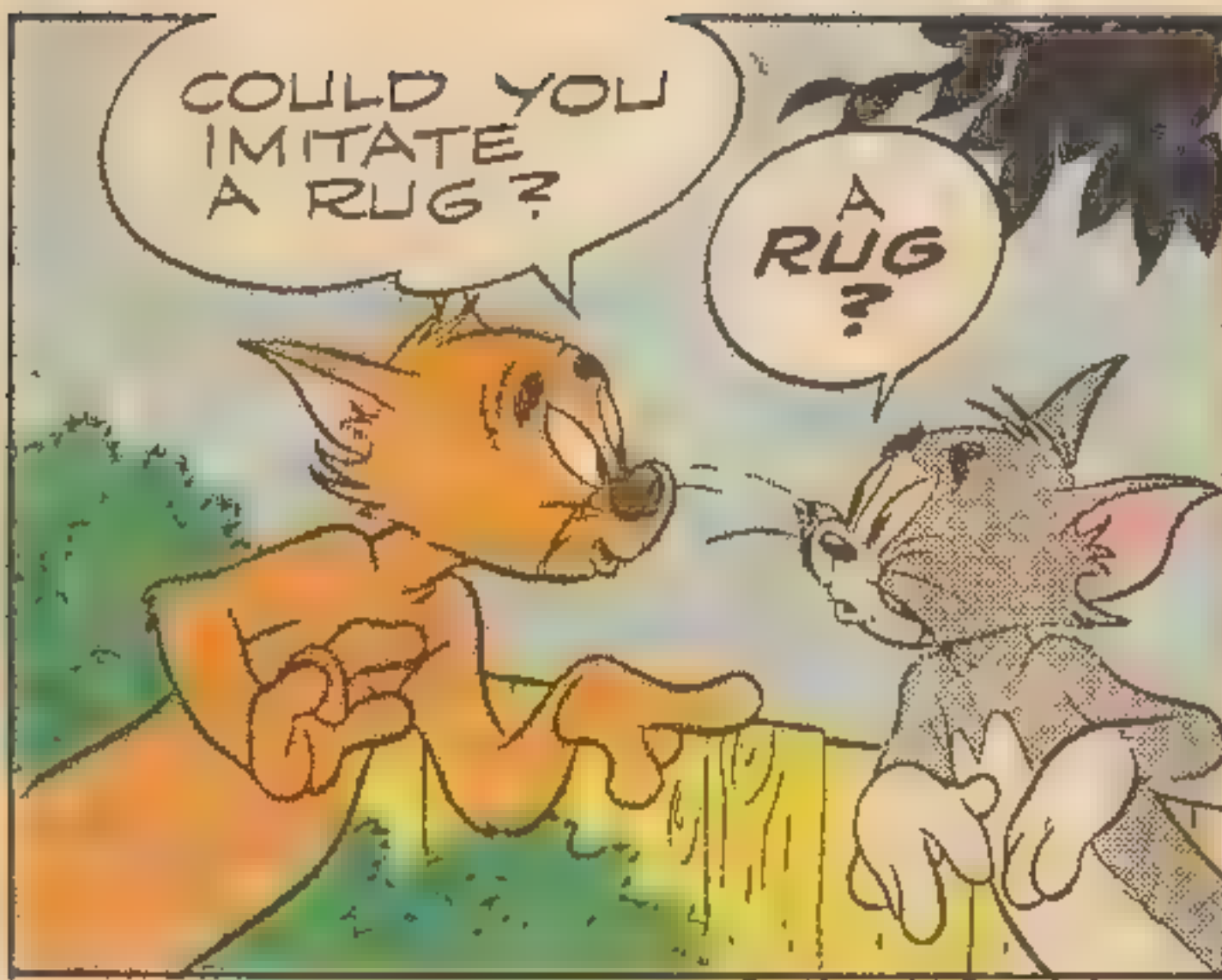




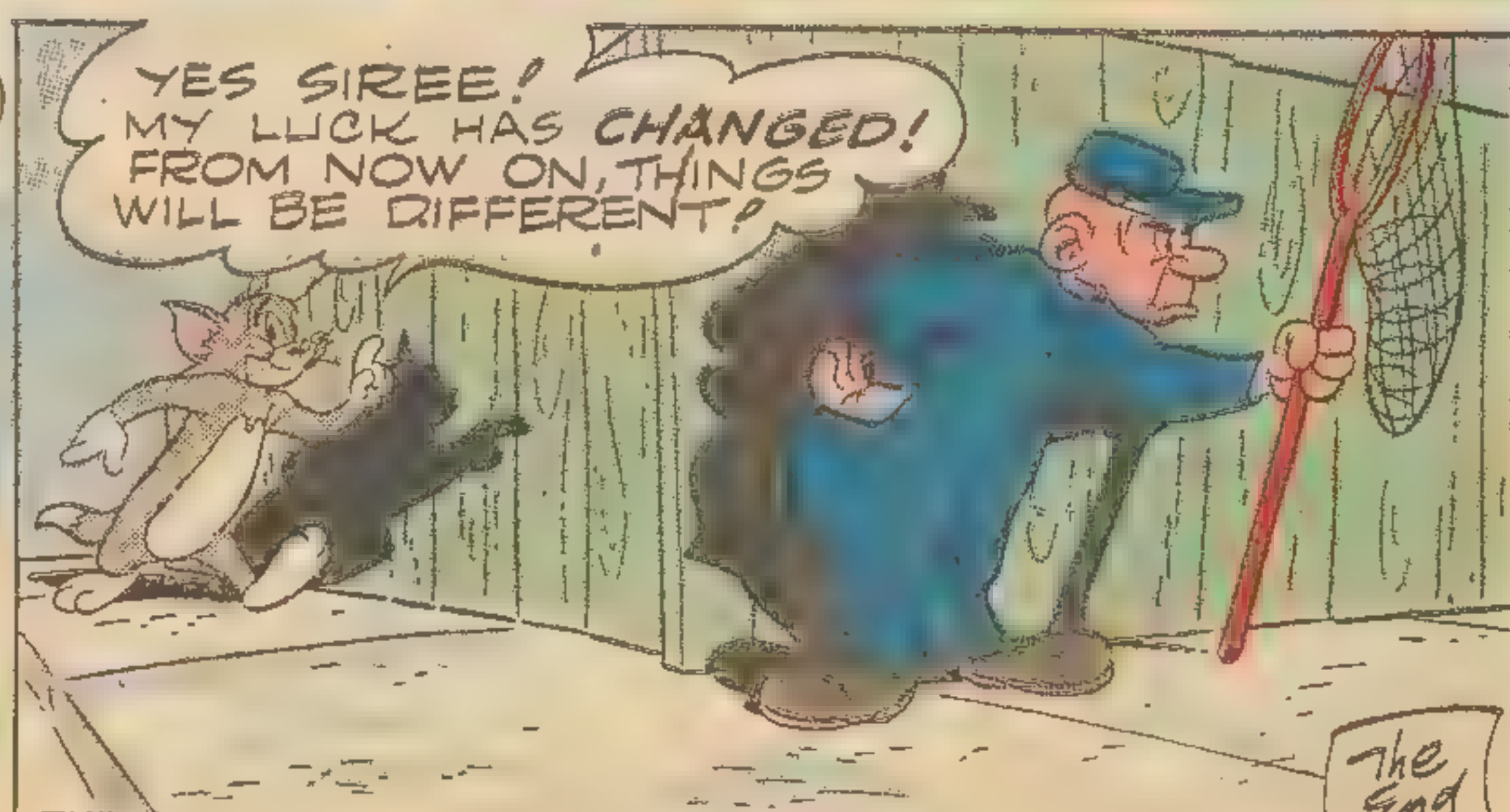
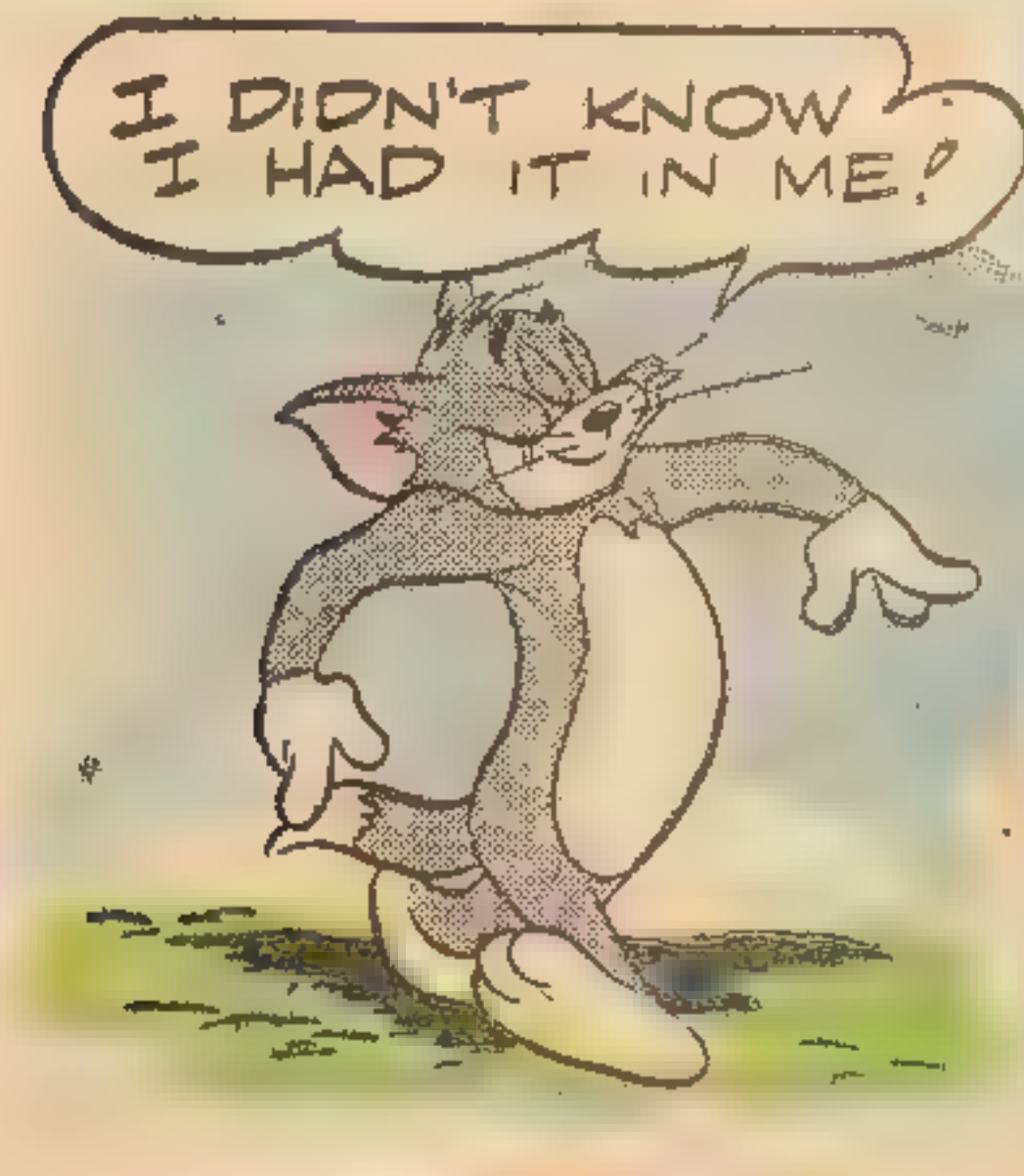
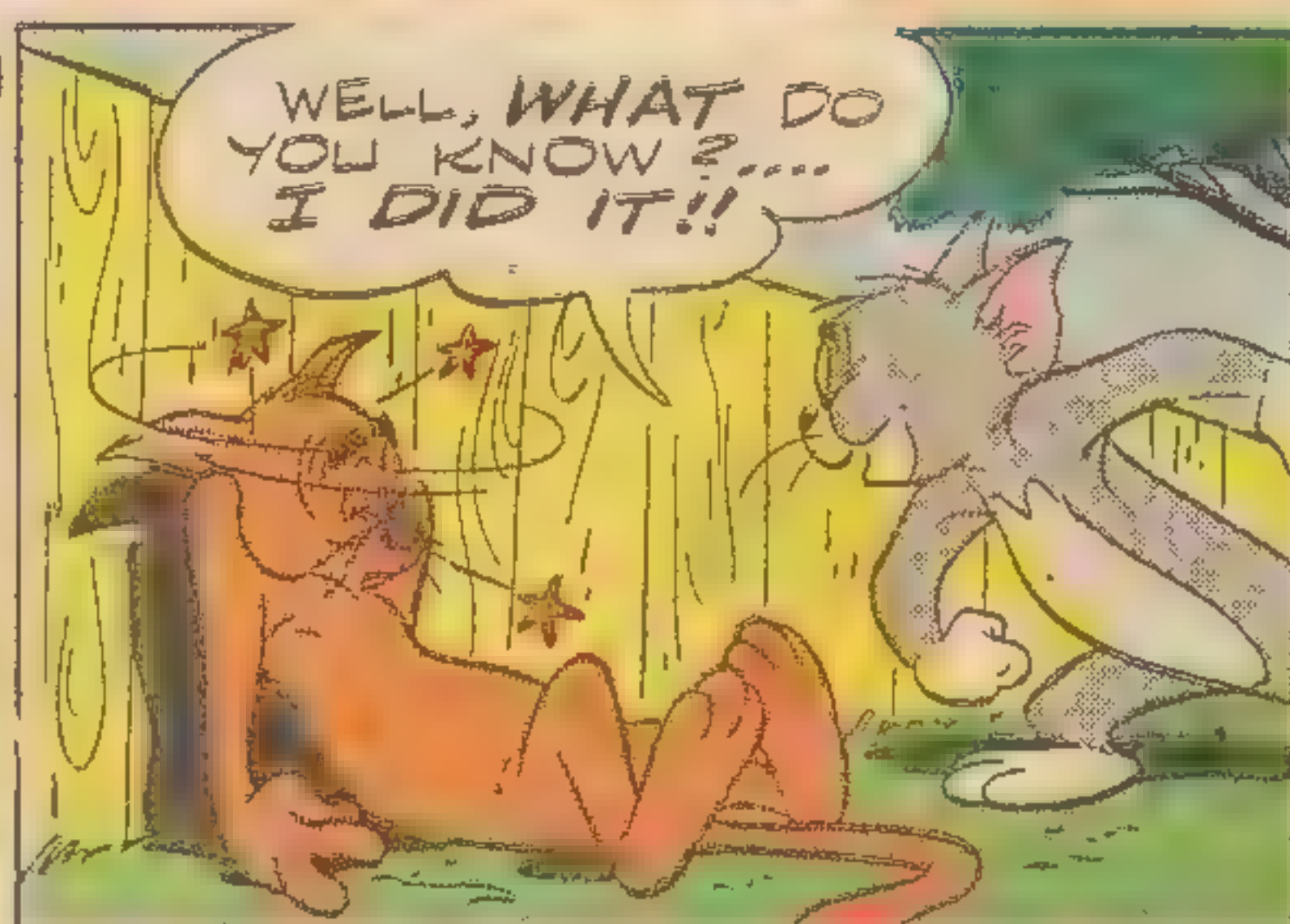
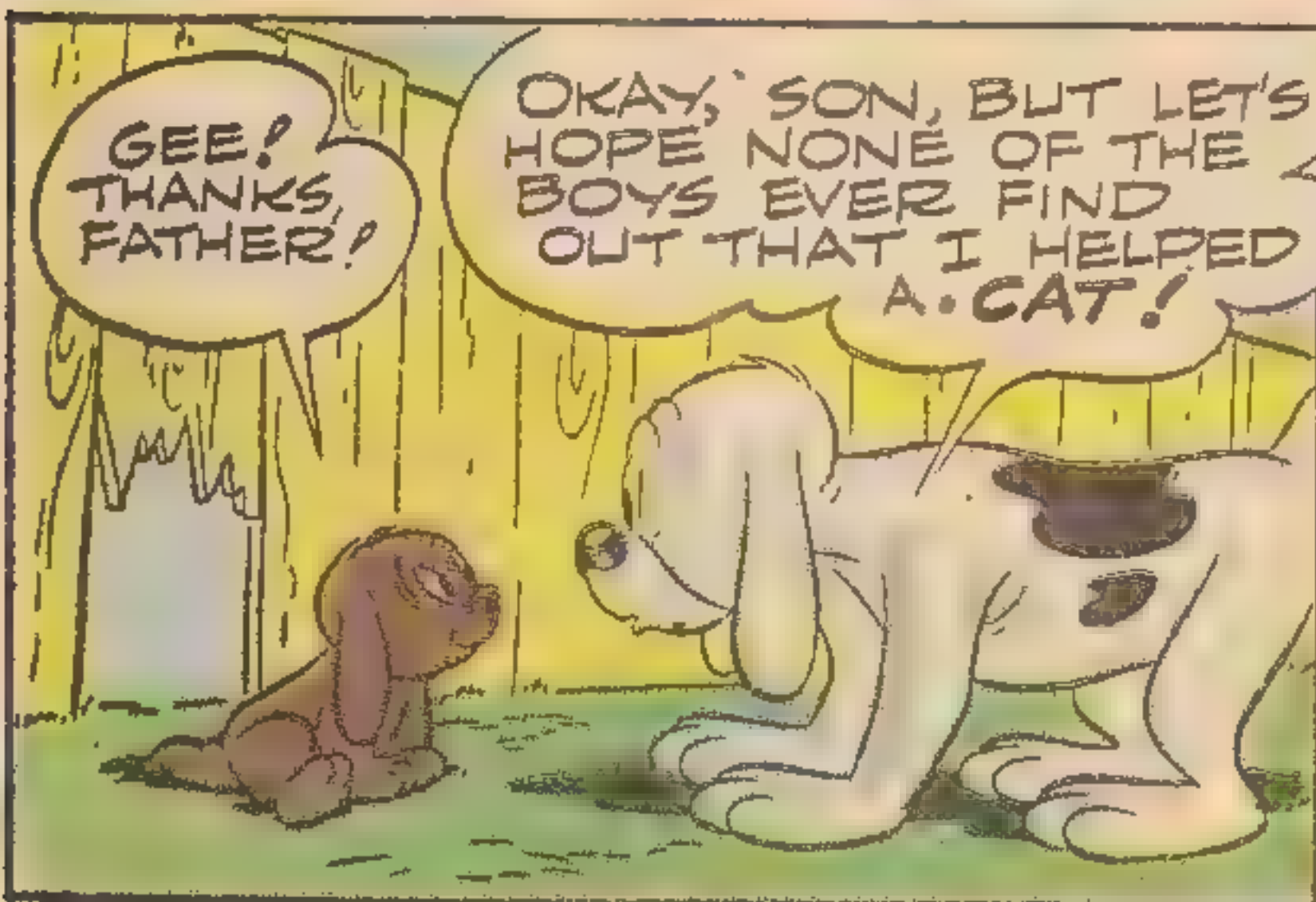
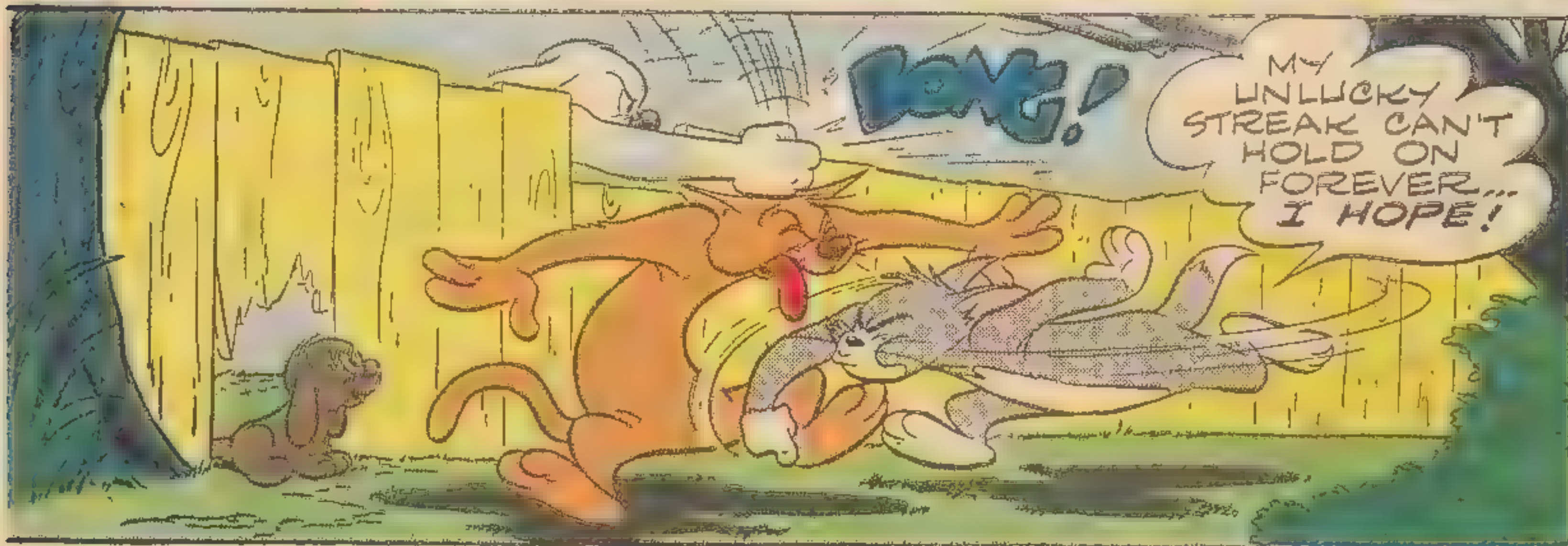
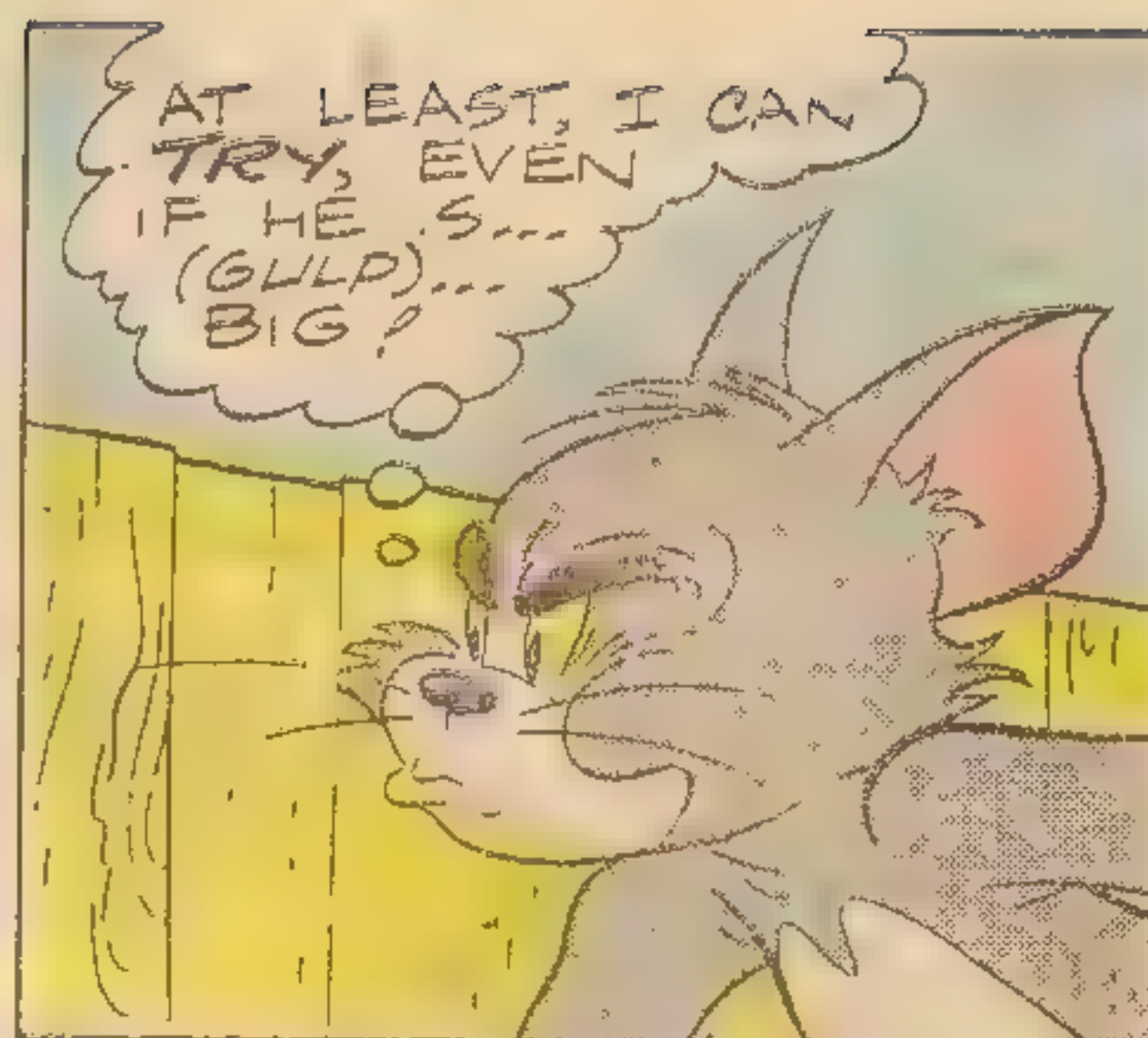
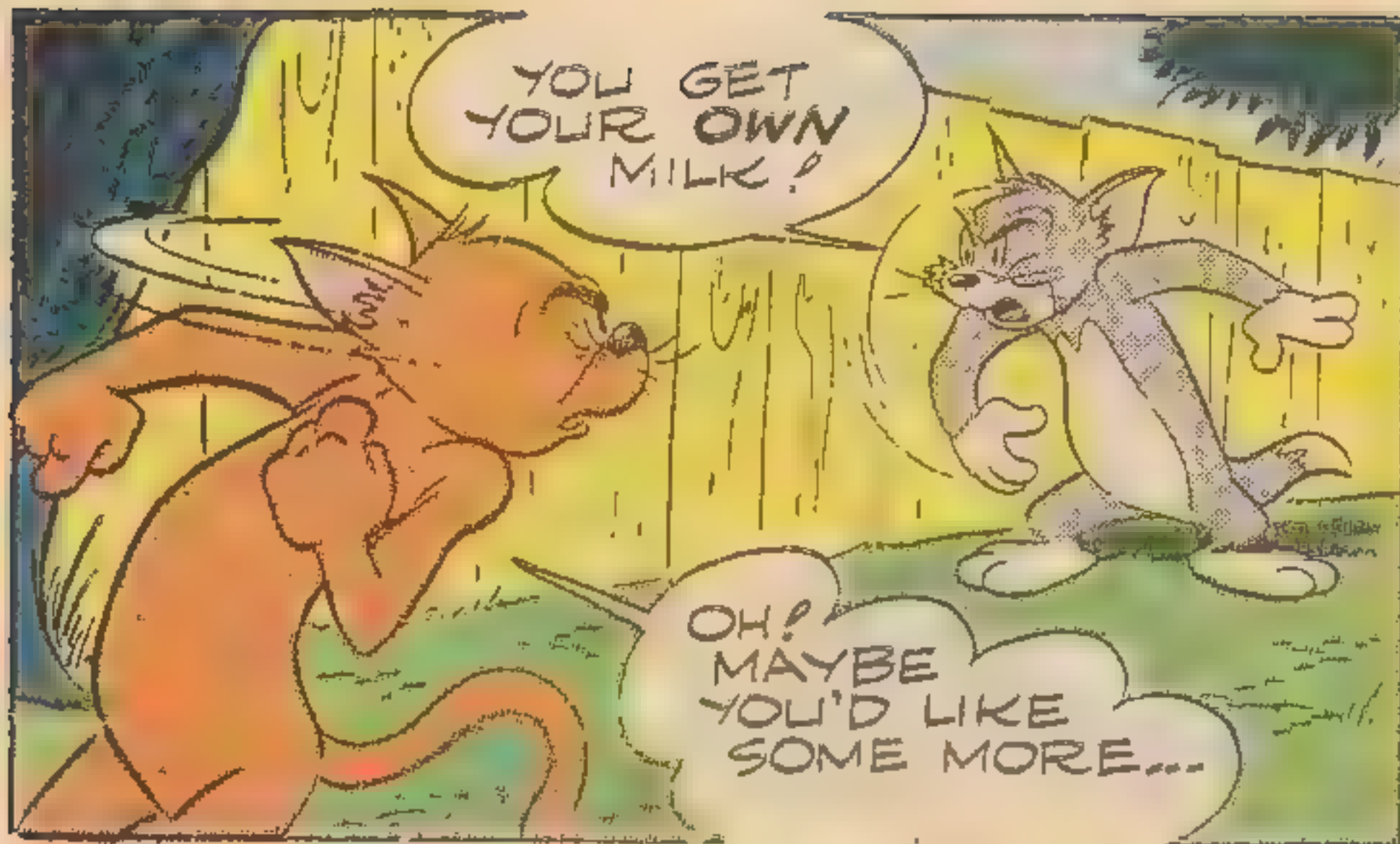






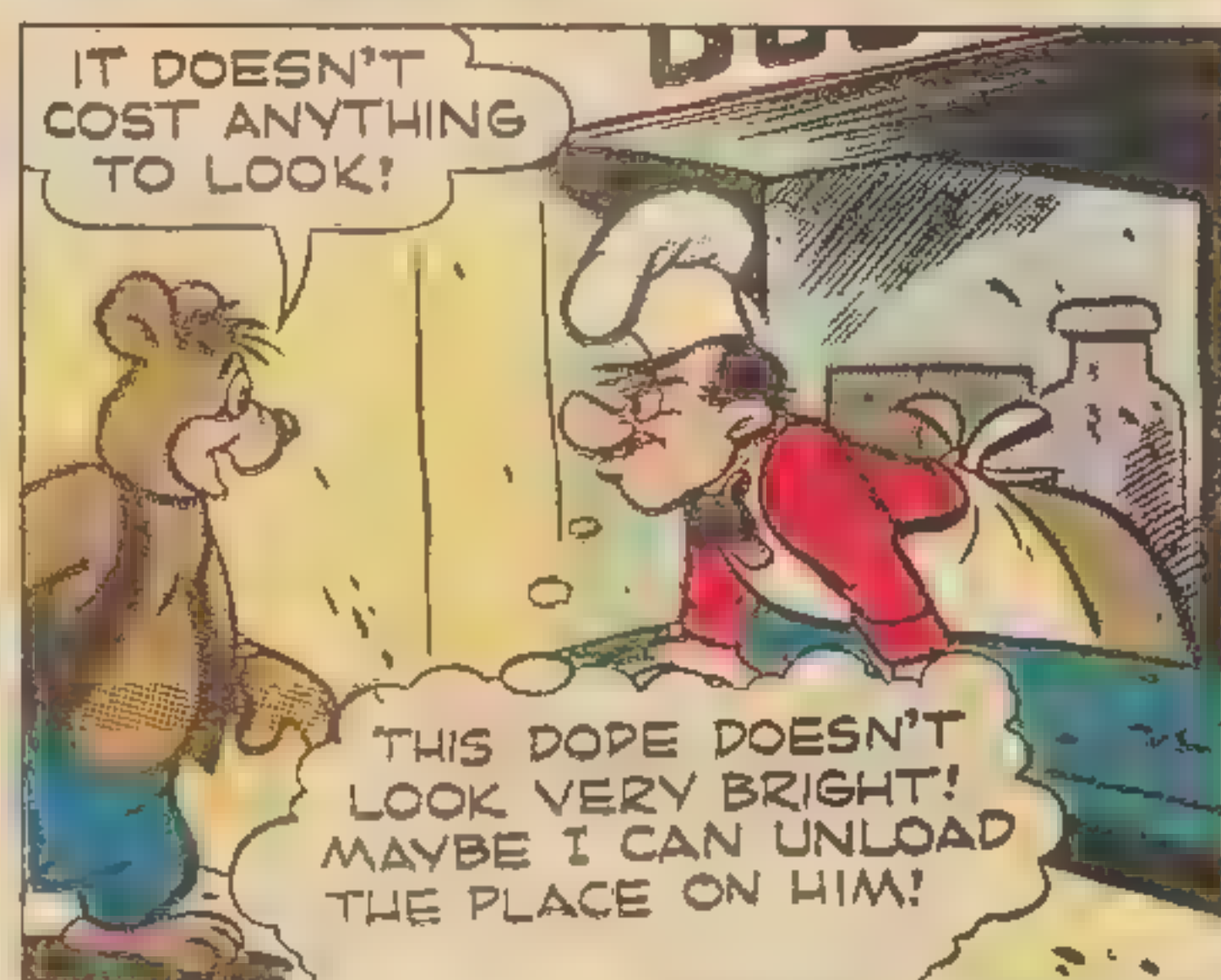
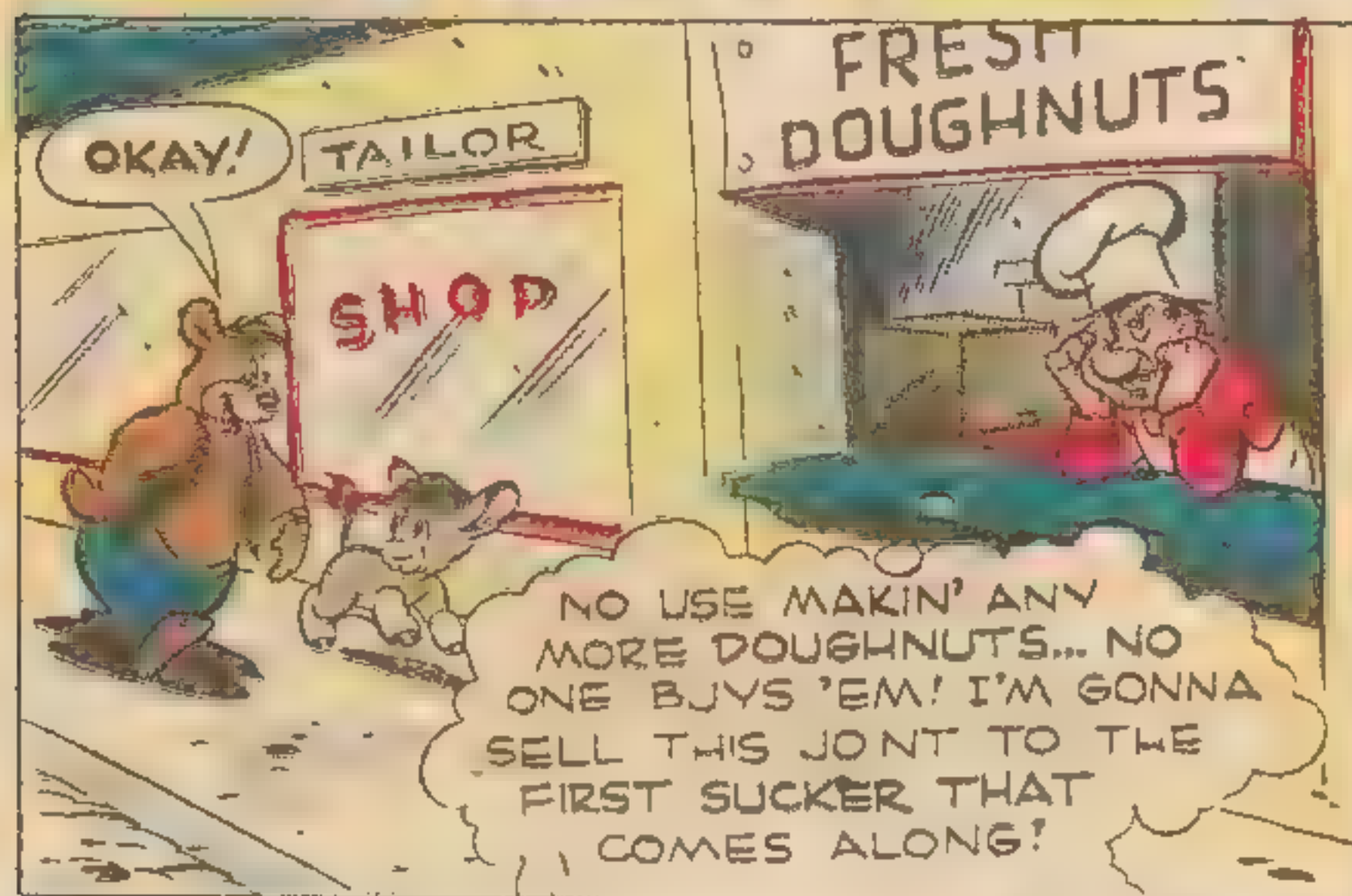
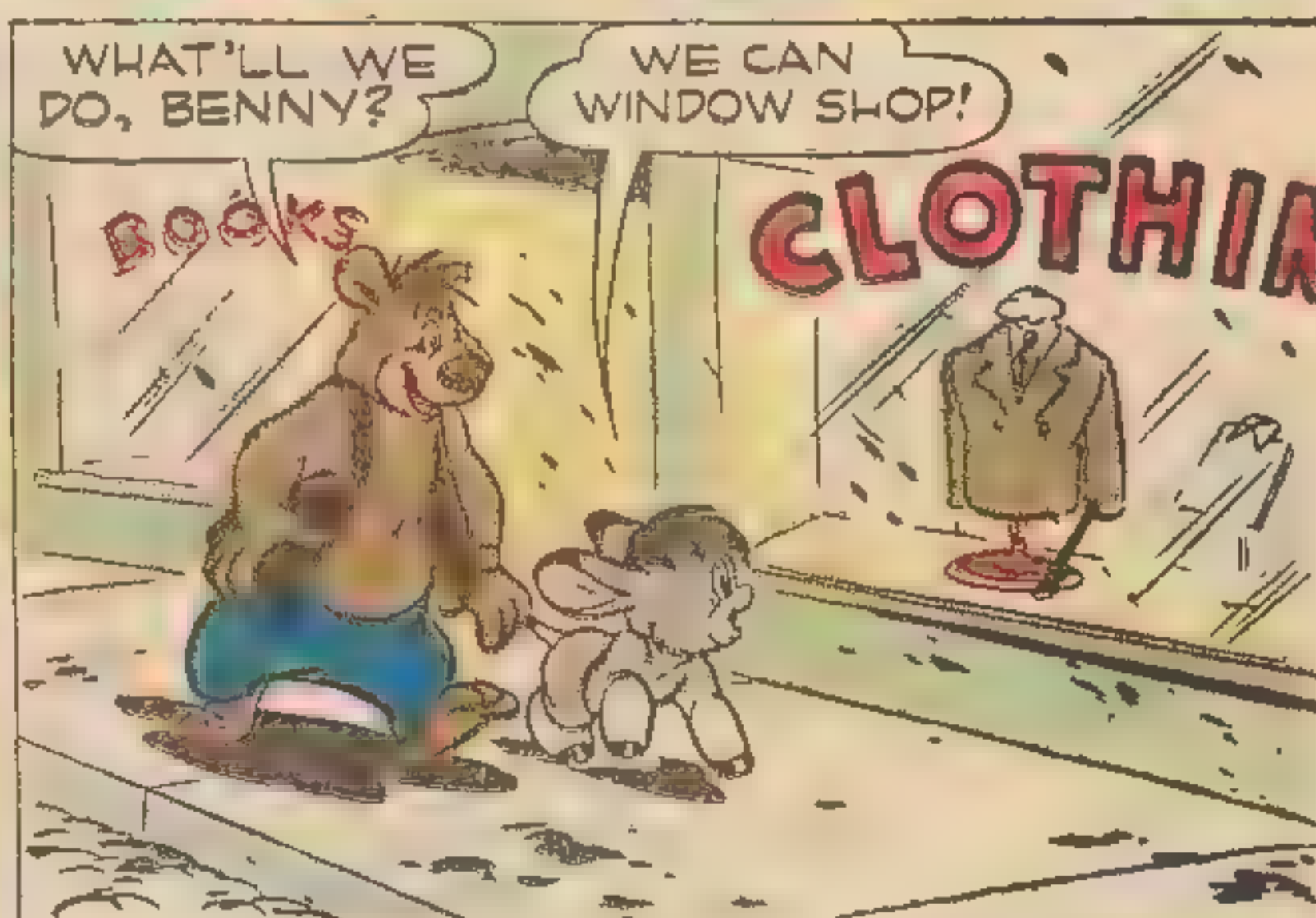
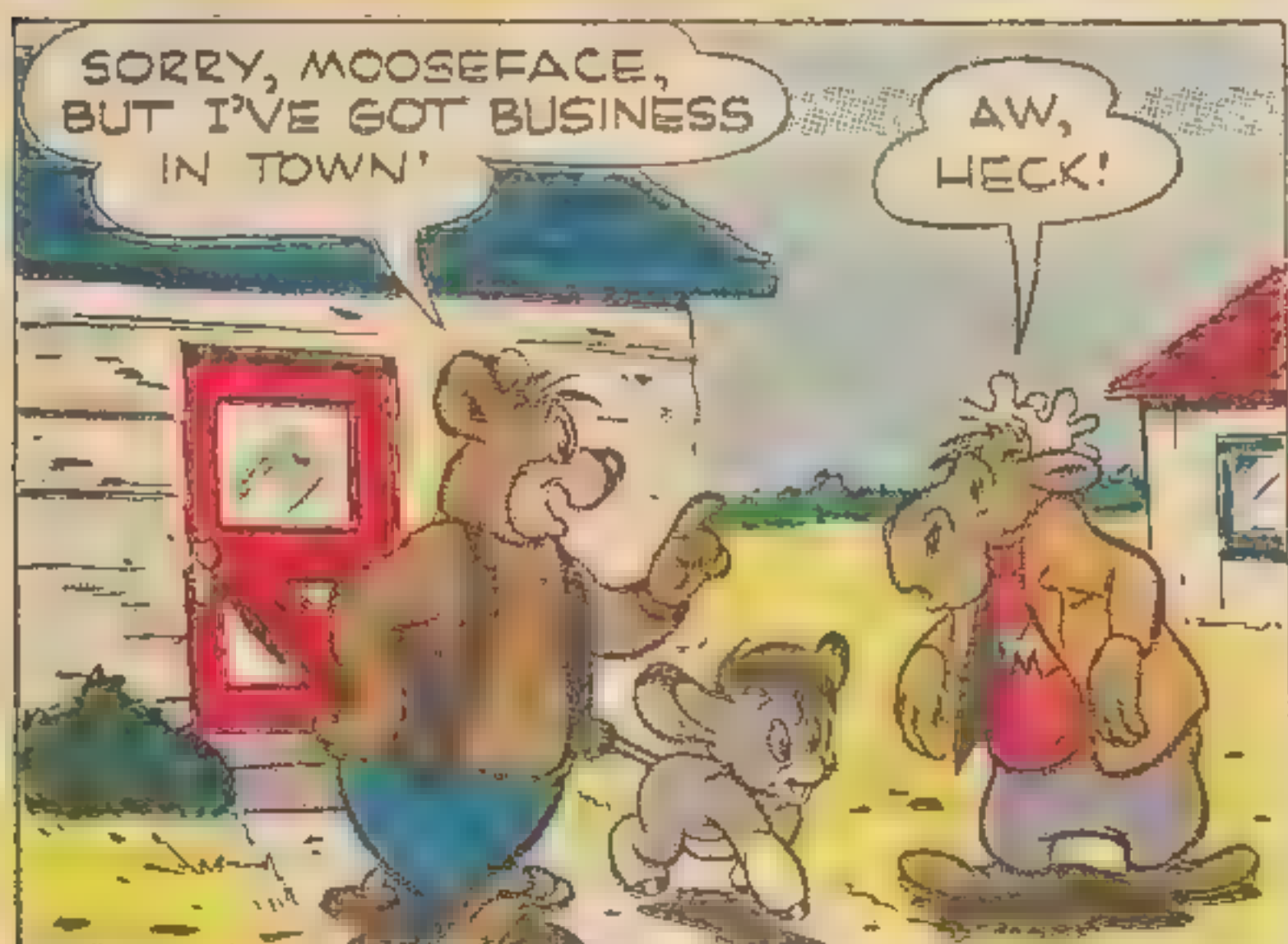
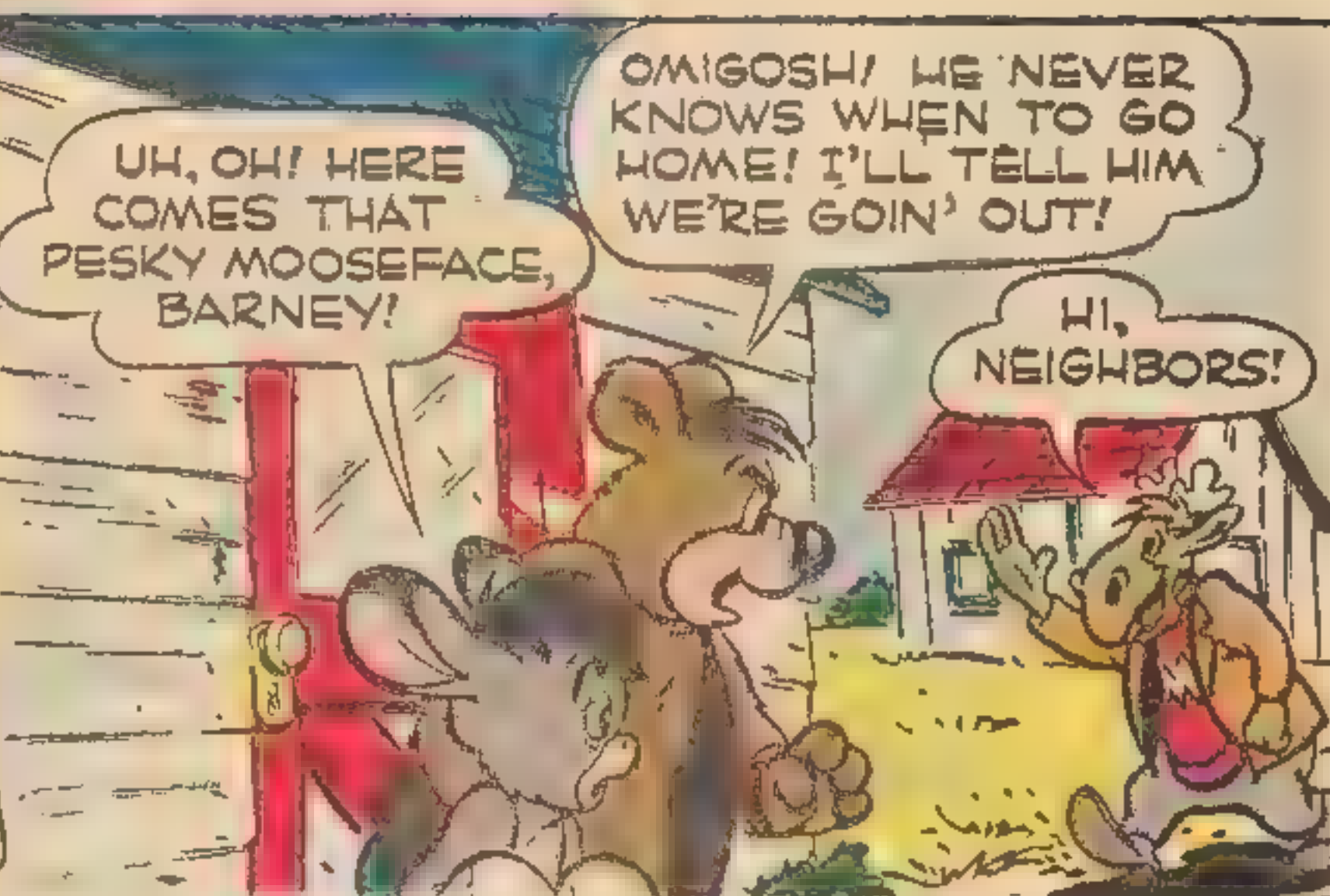
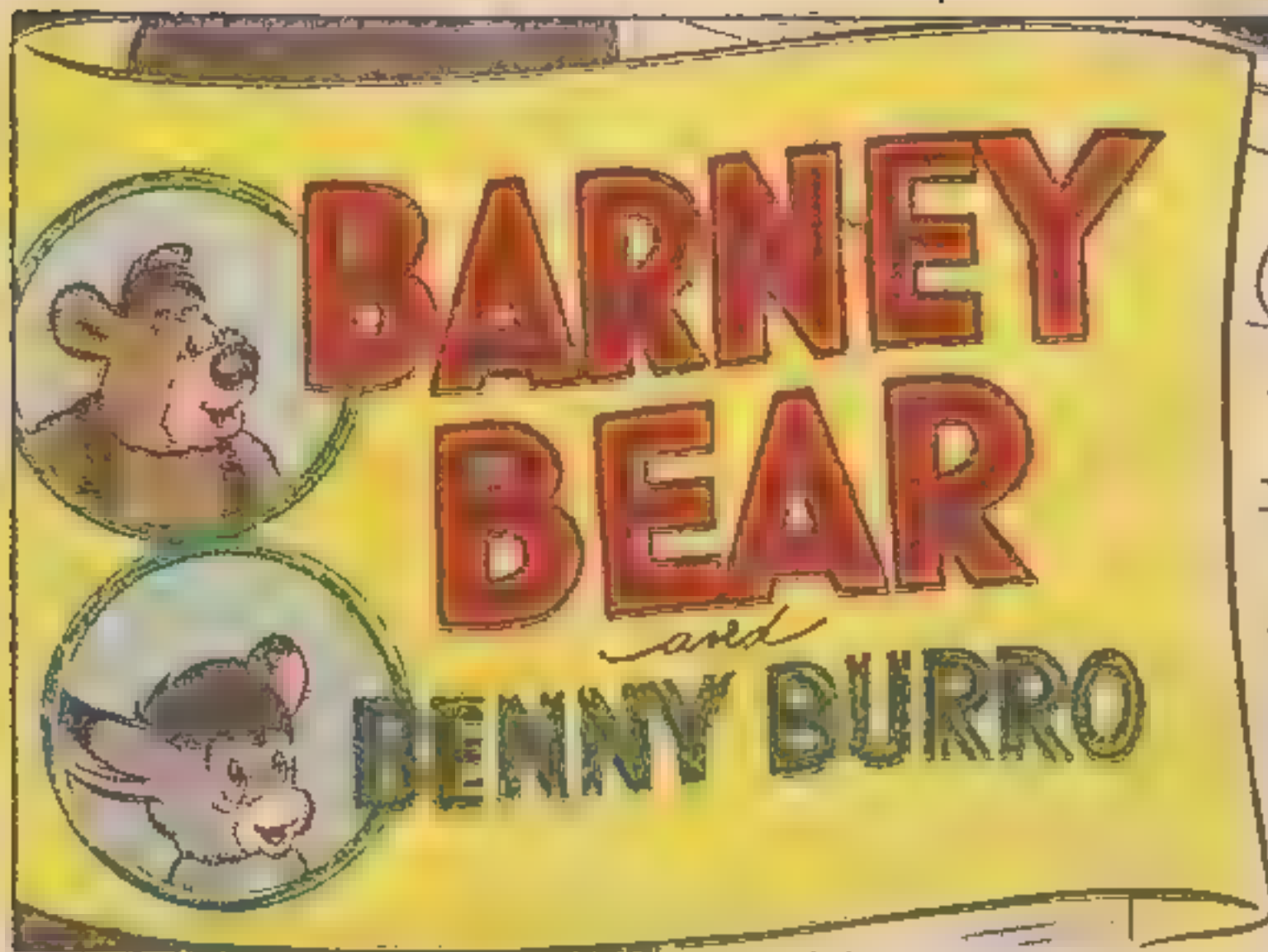




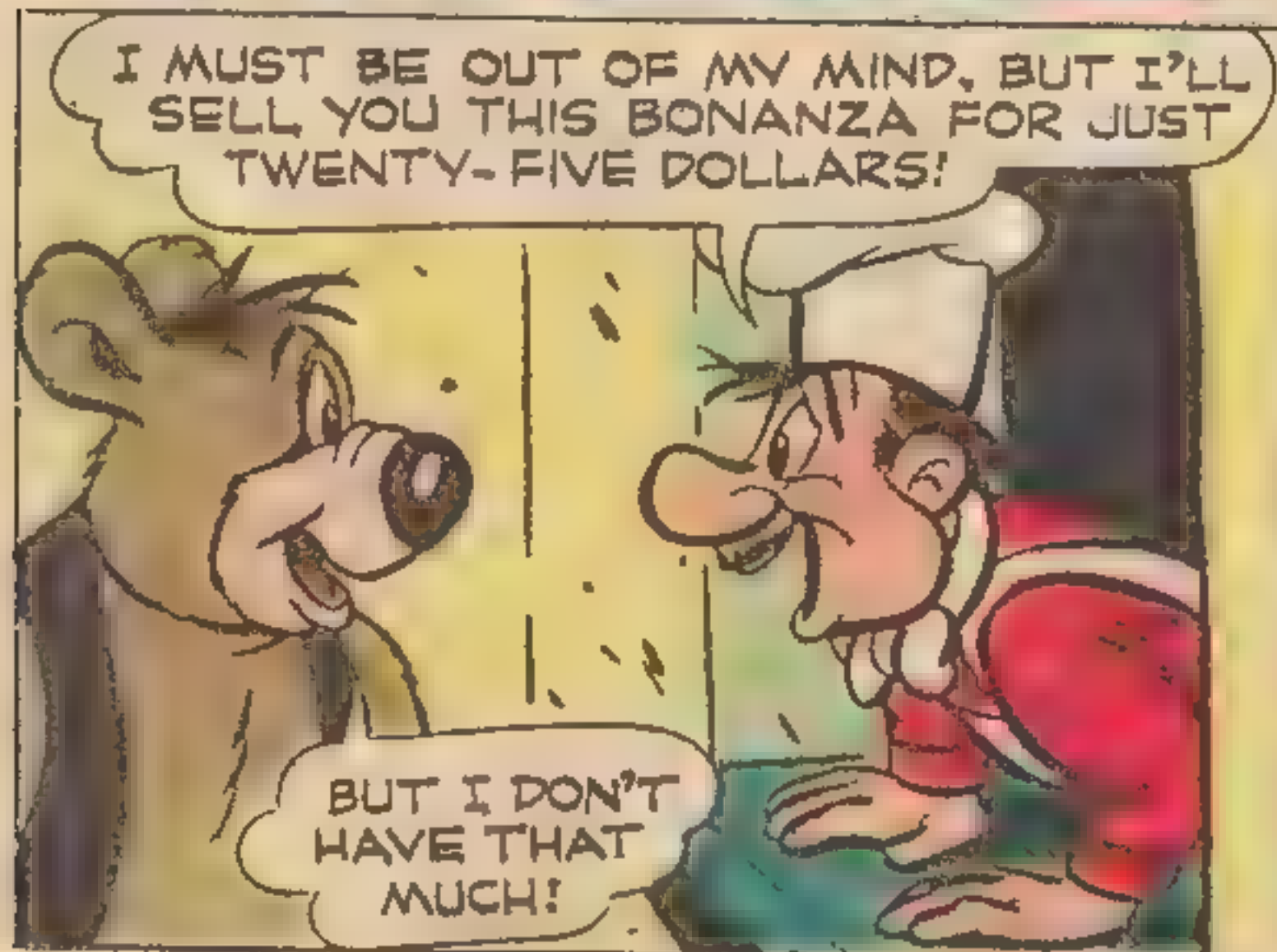
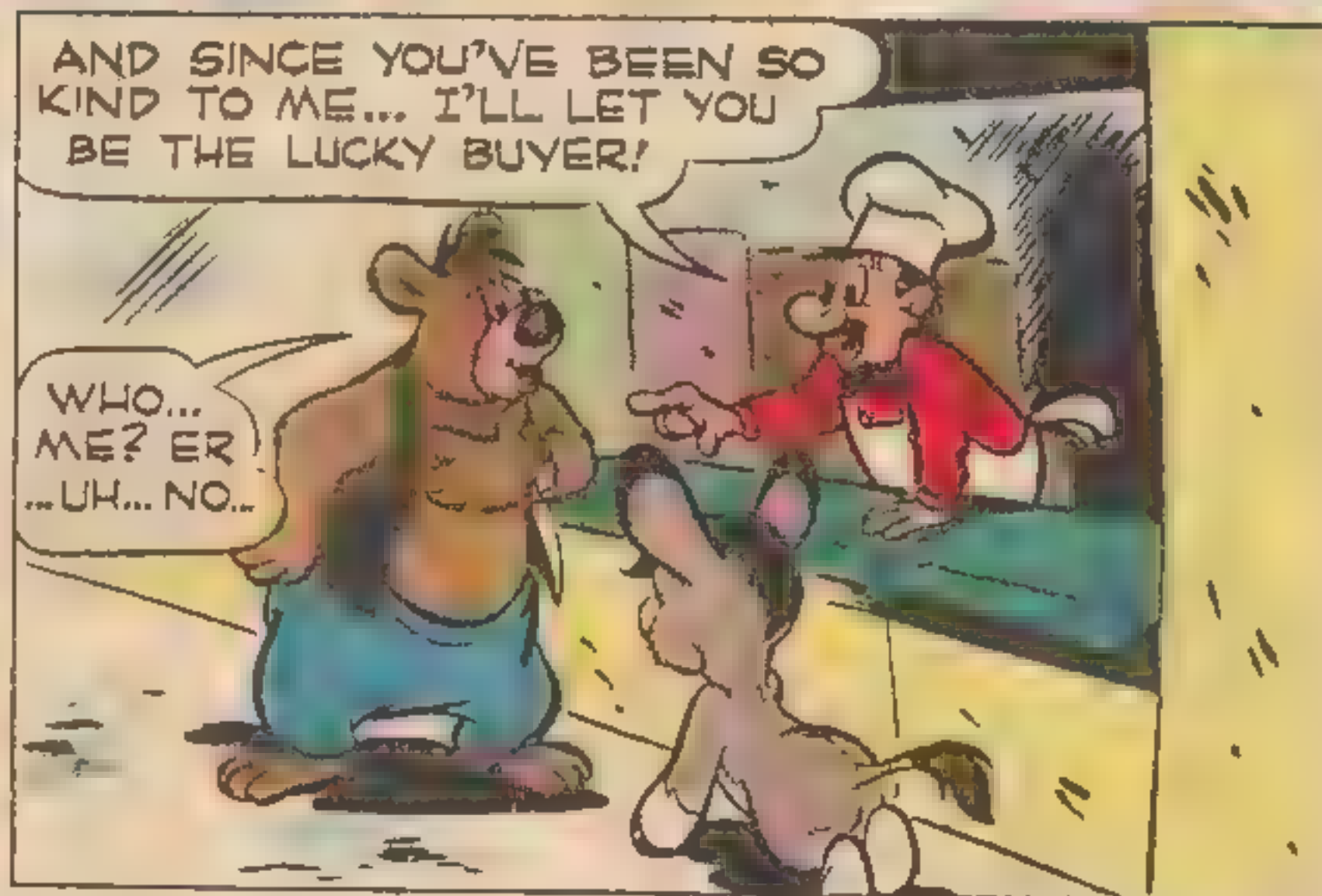
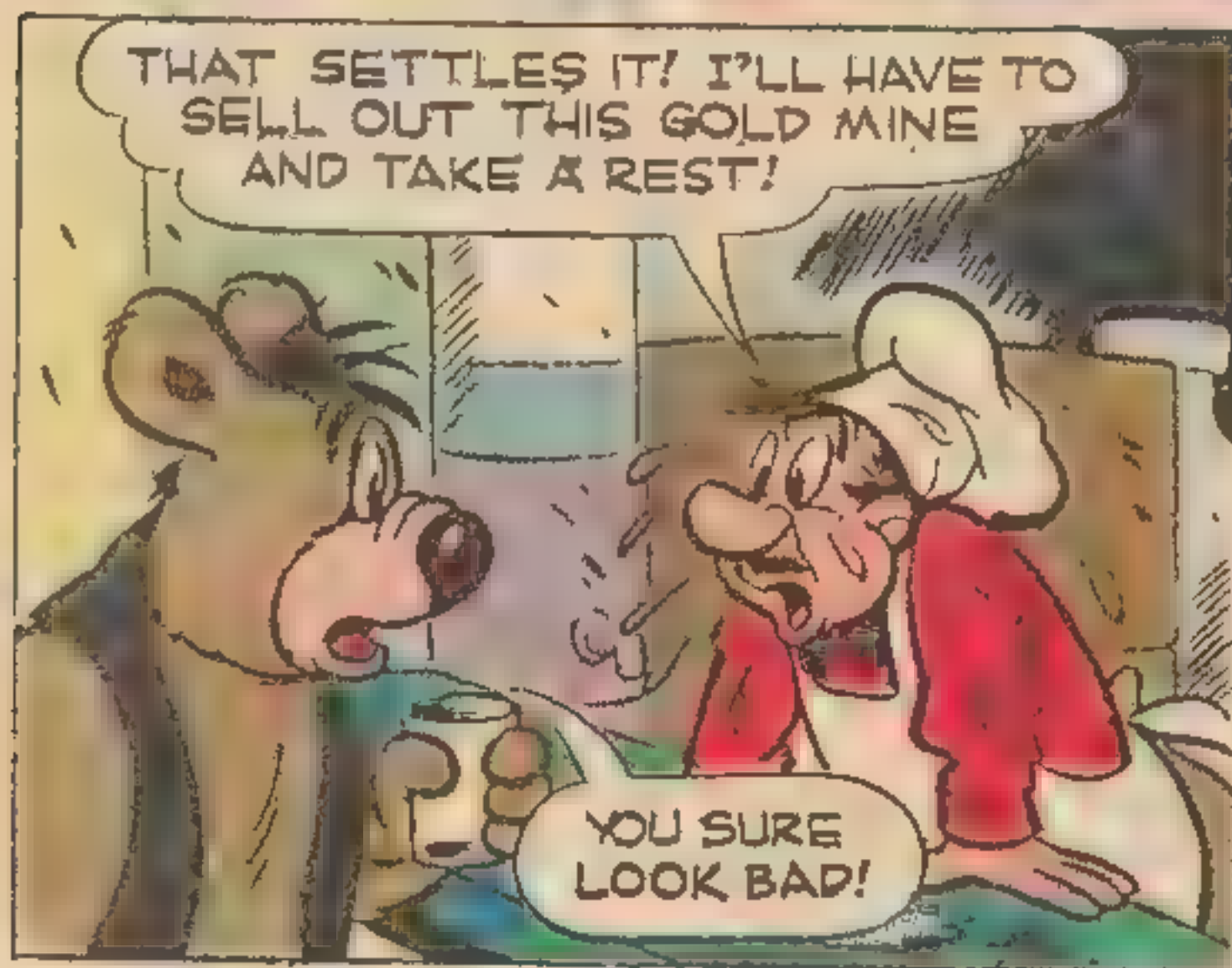
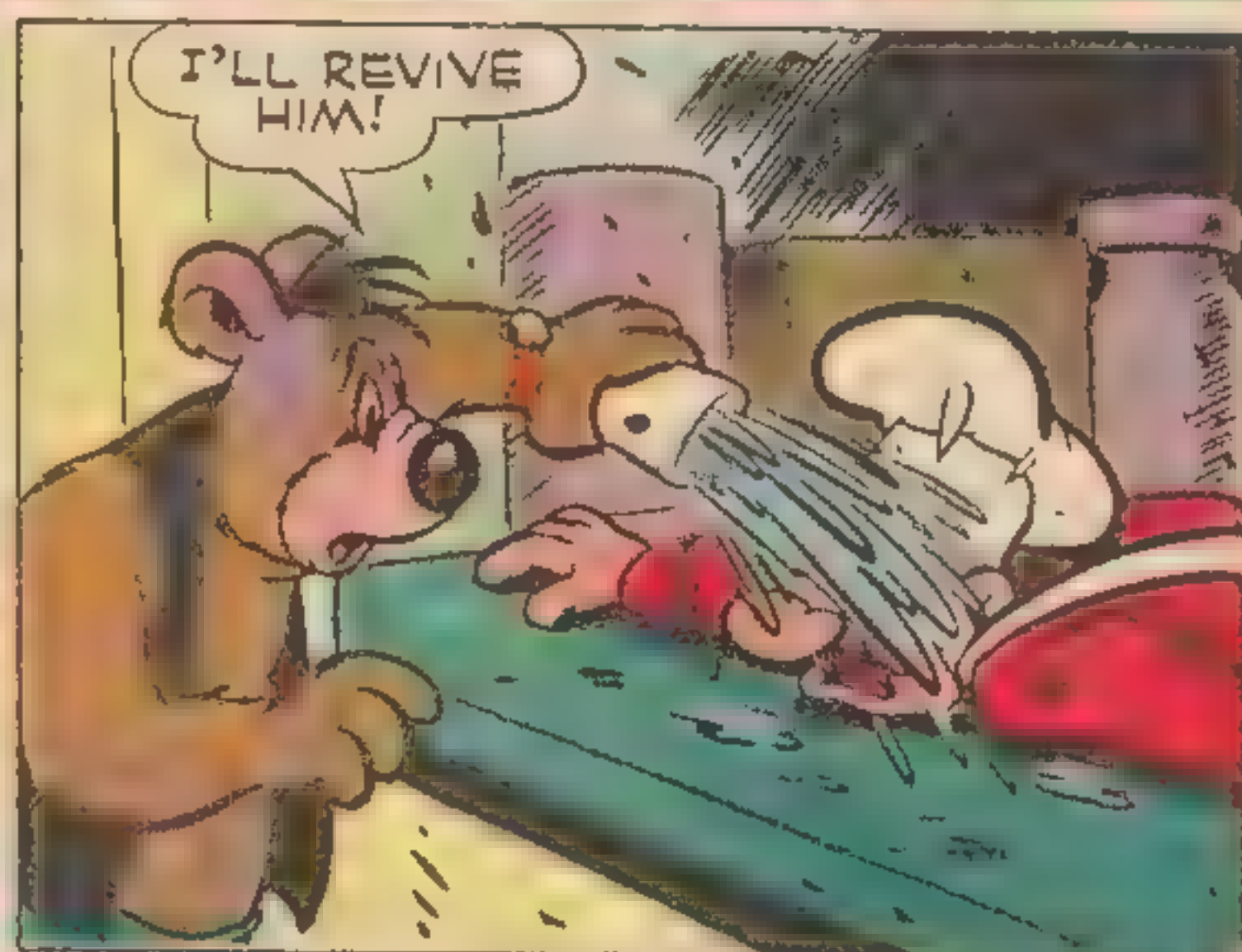
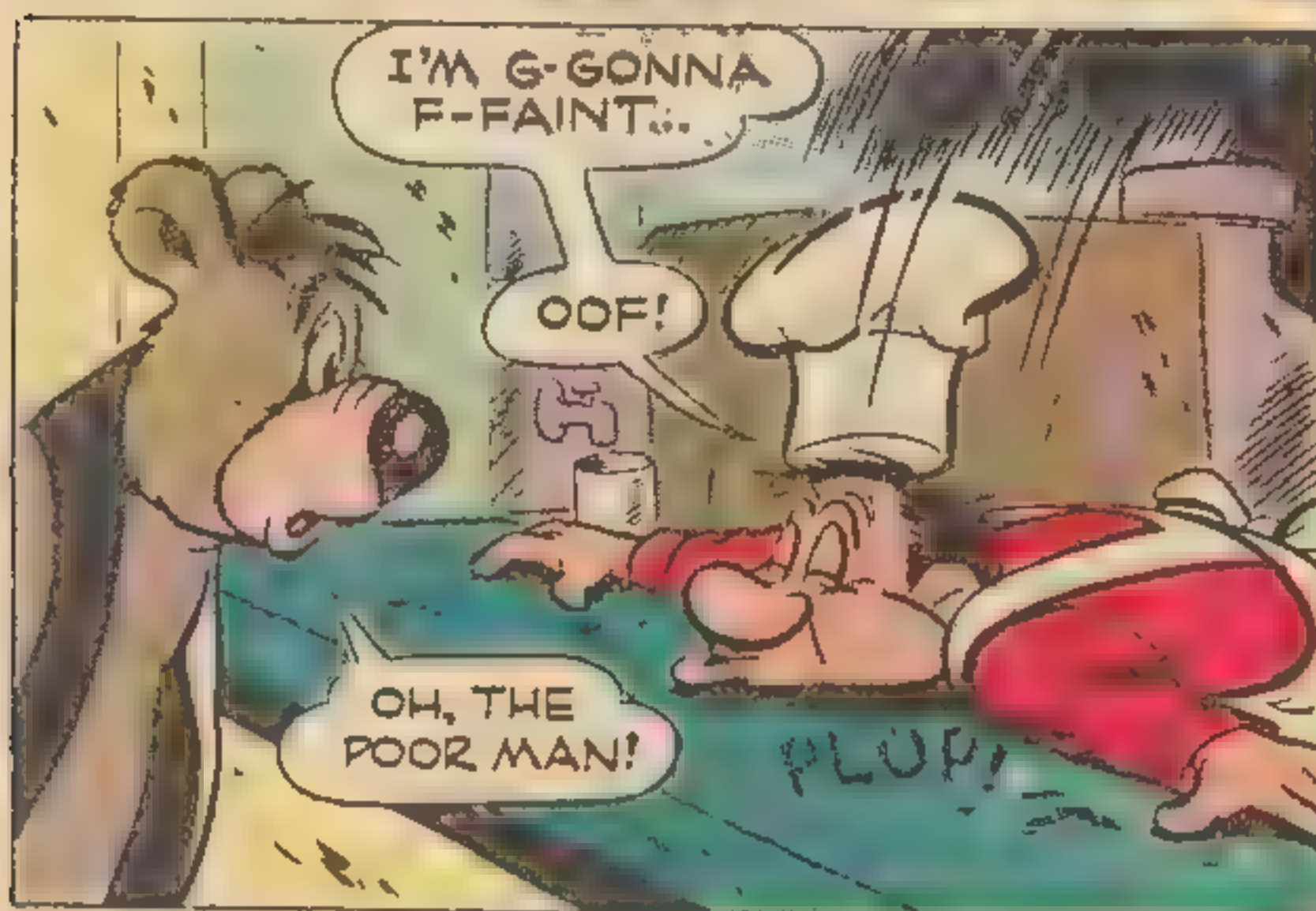
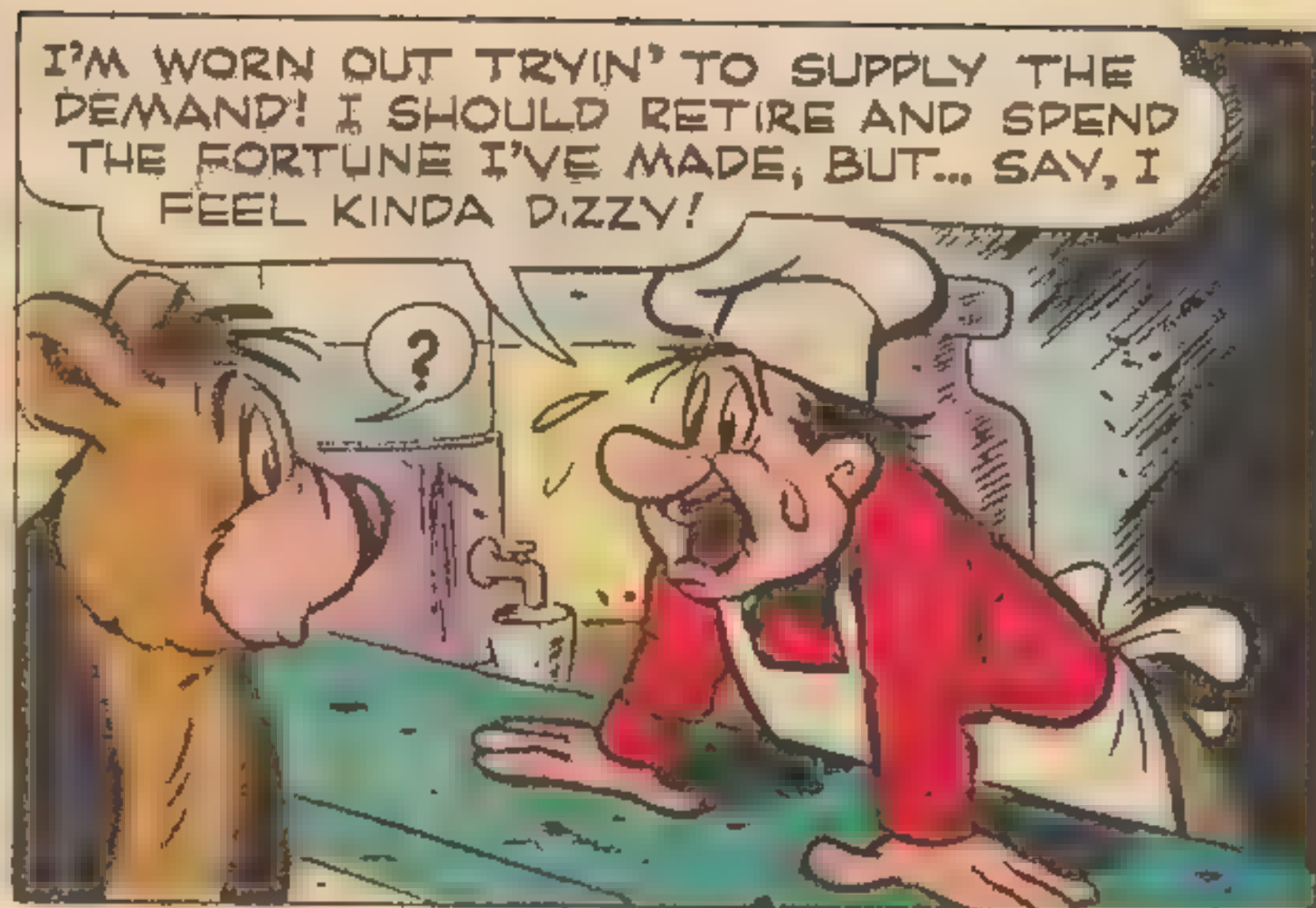
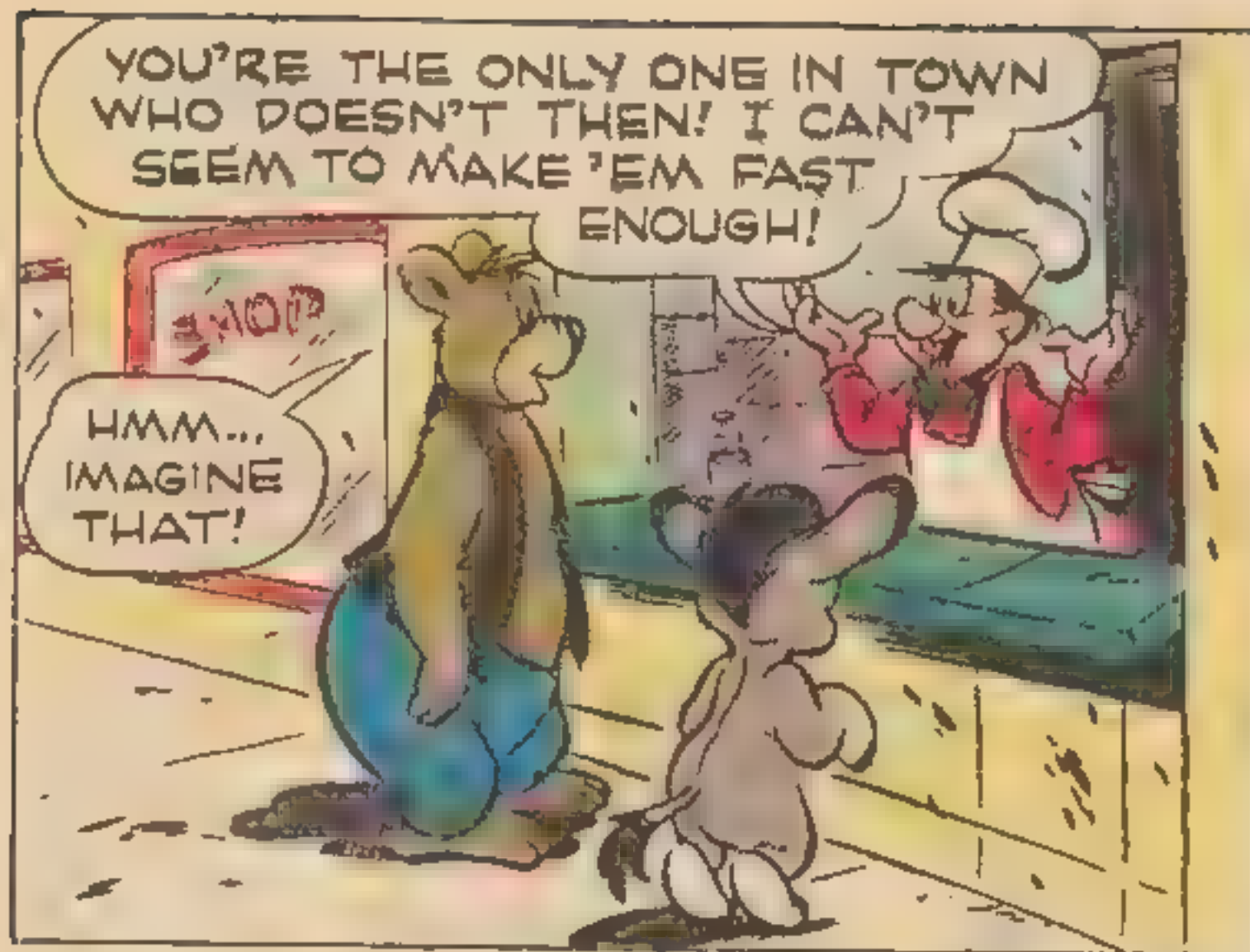


The End

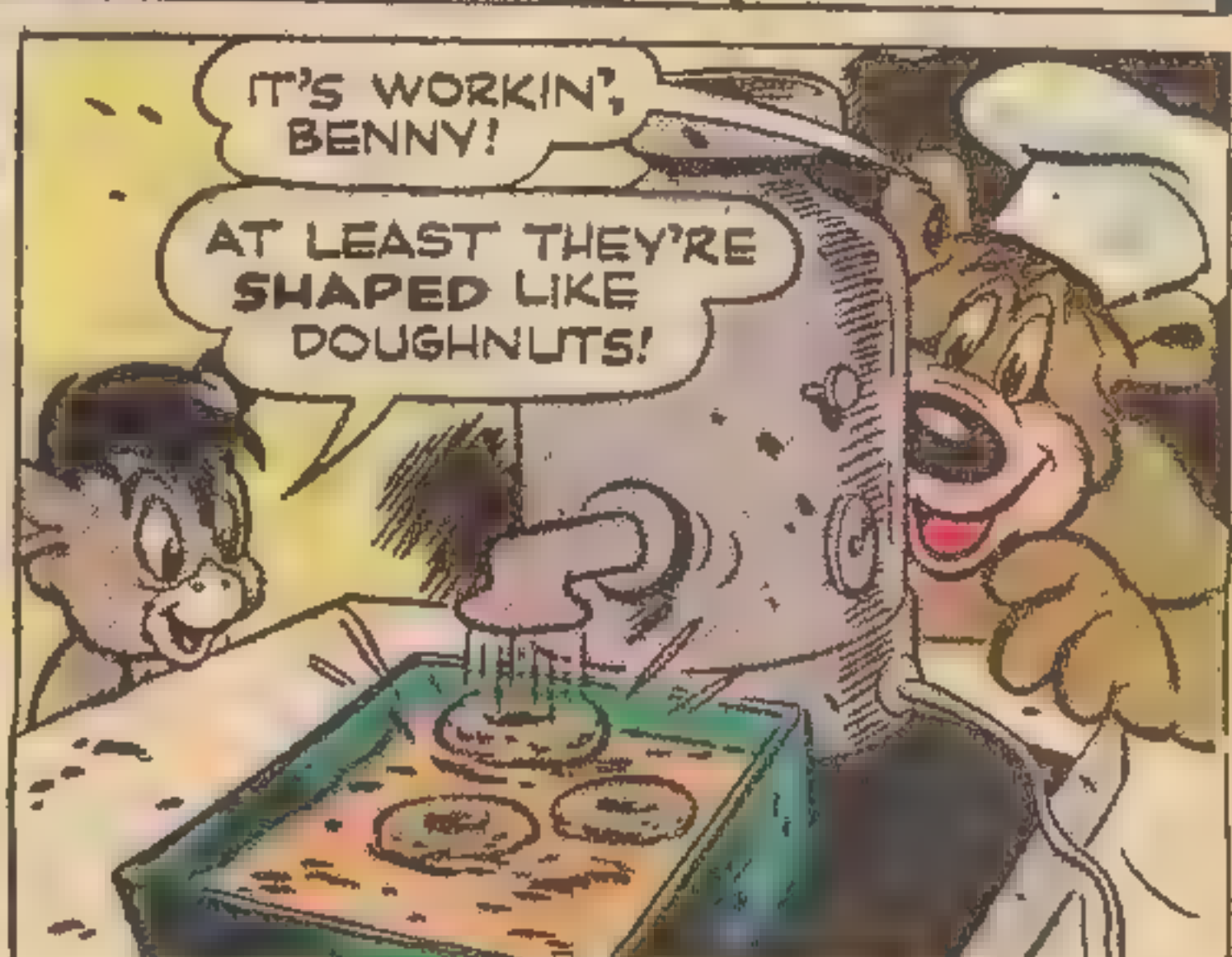
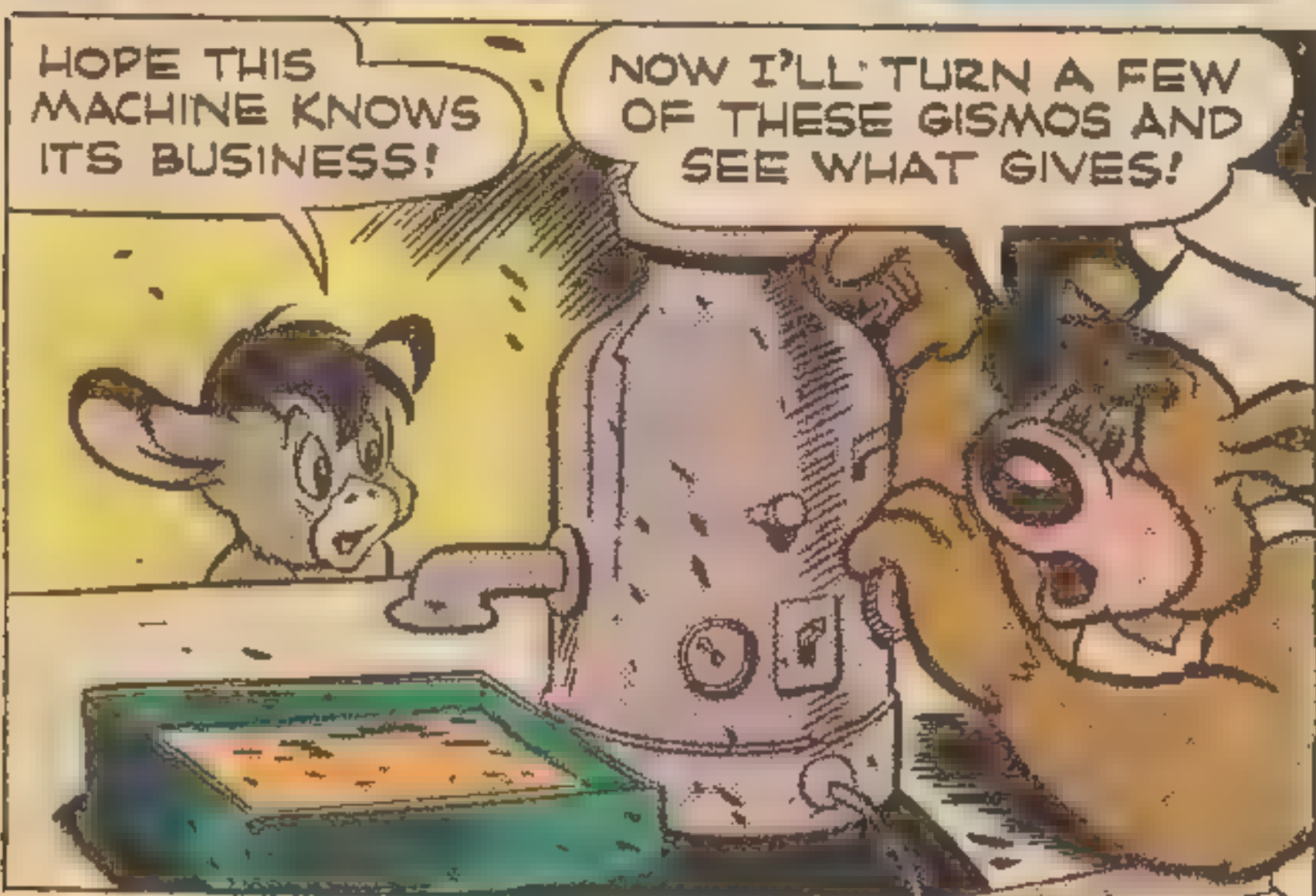
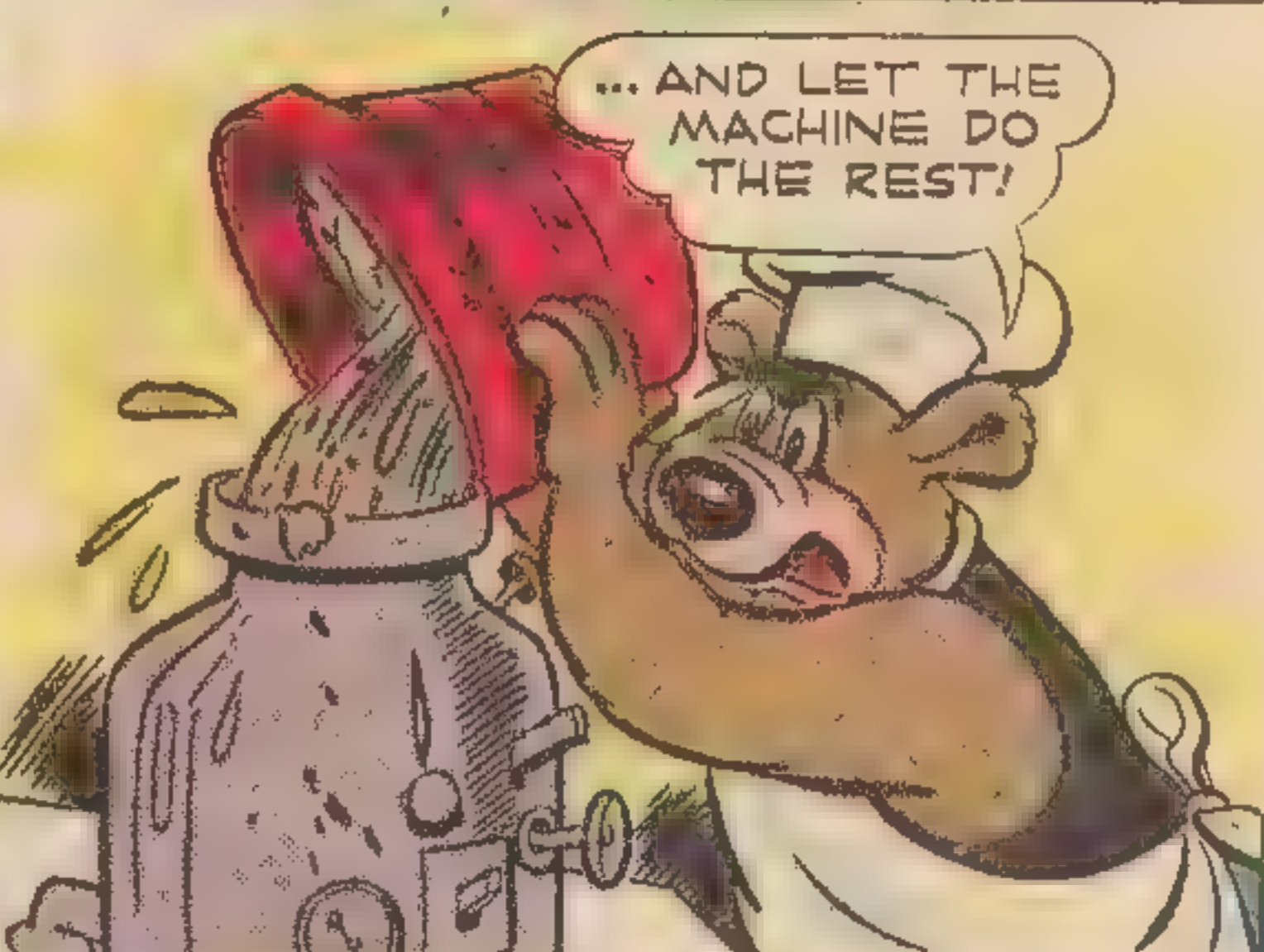
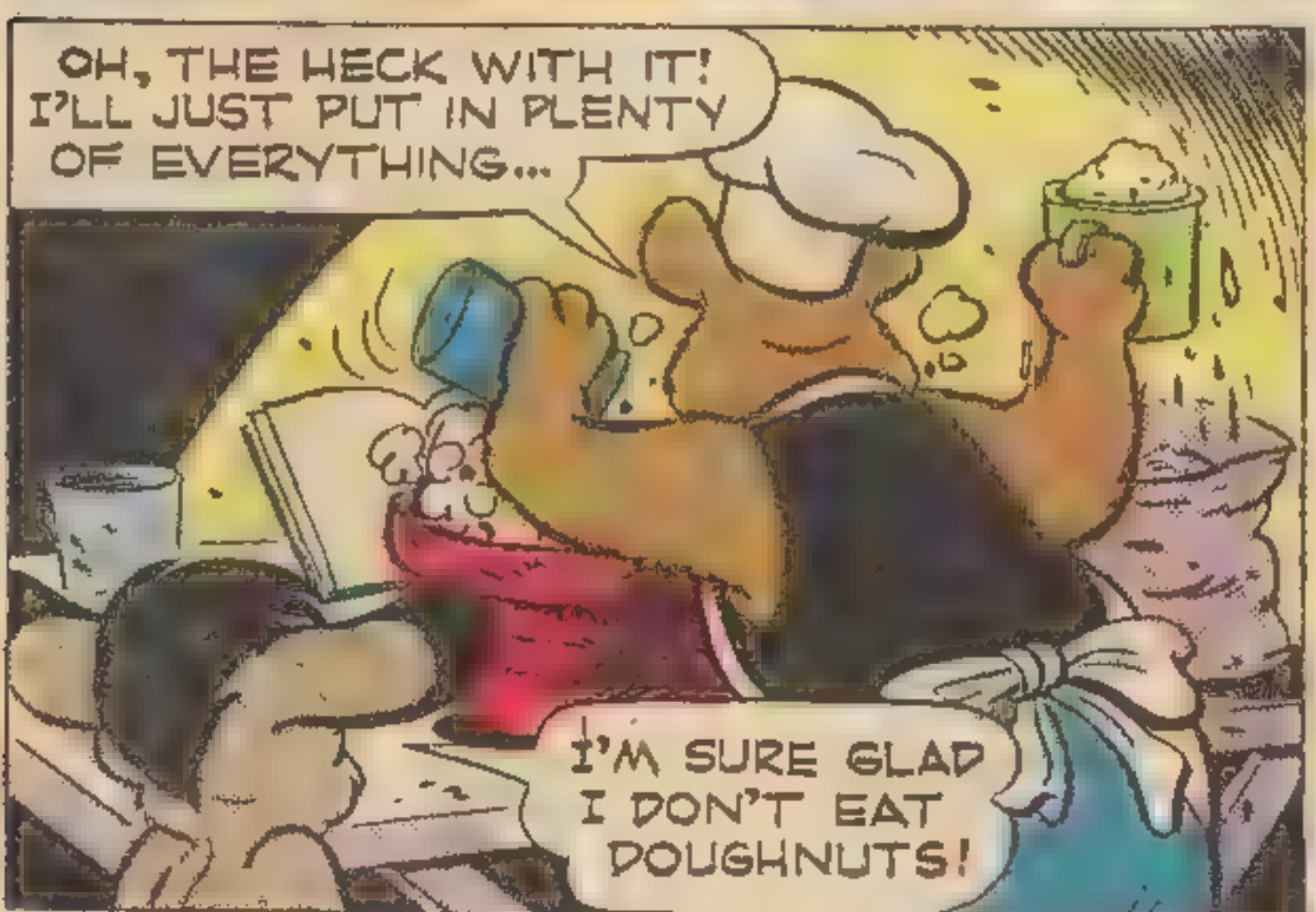
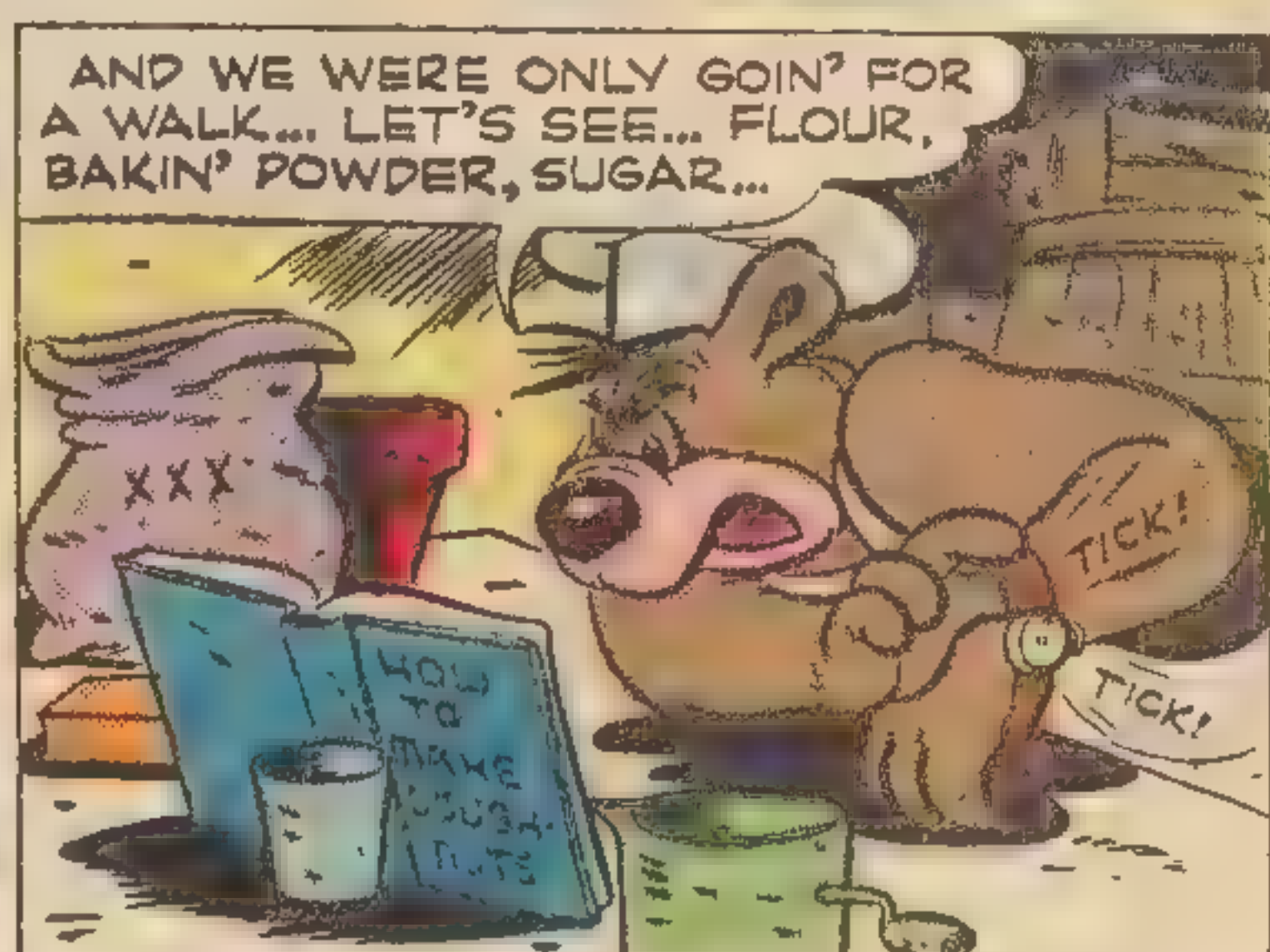
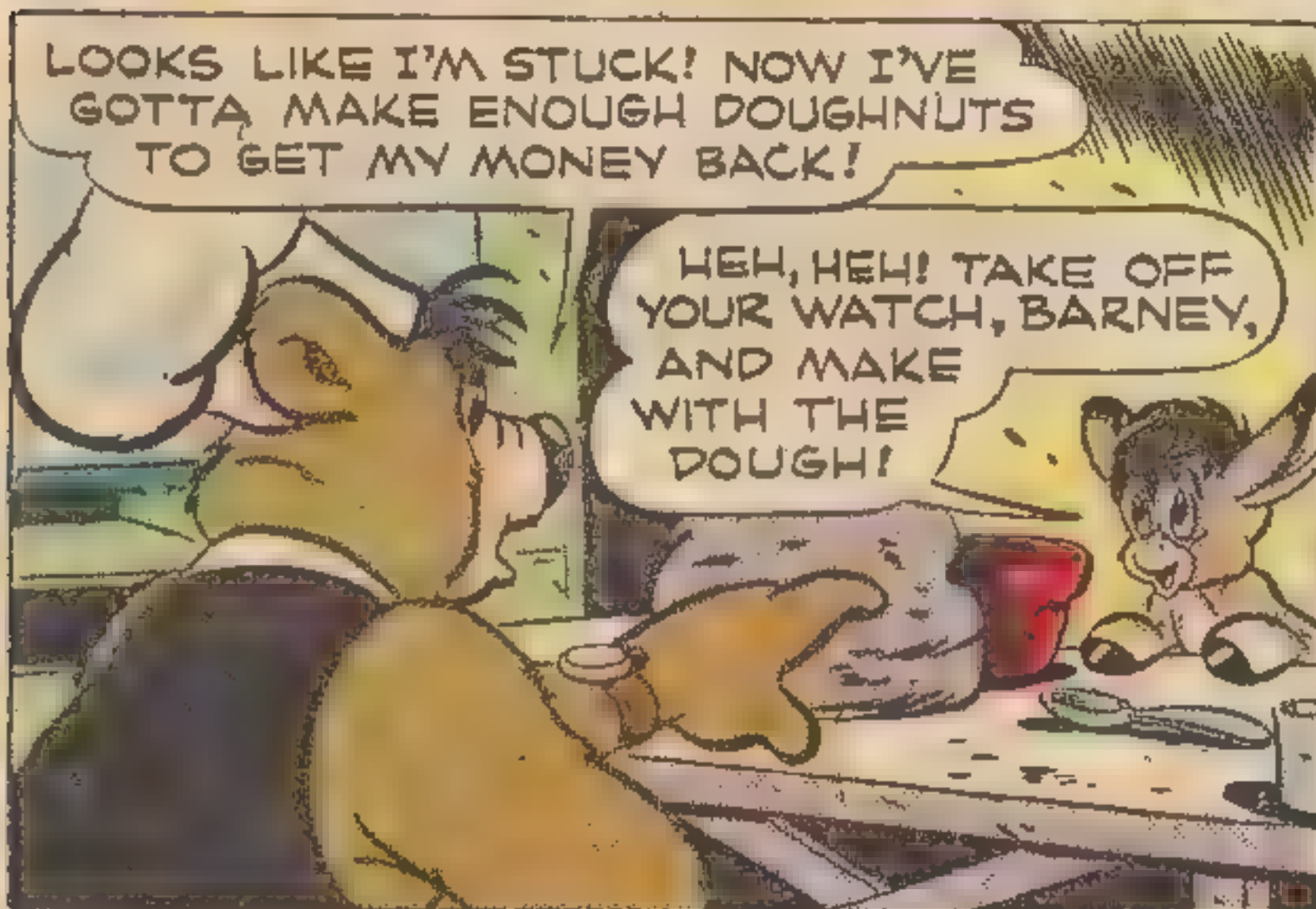
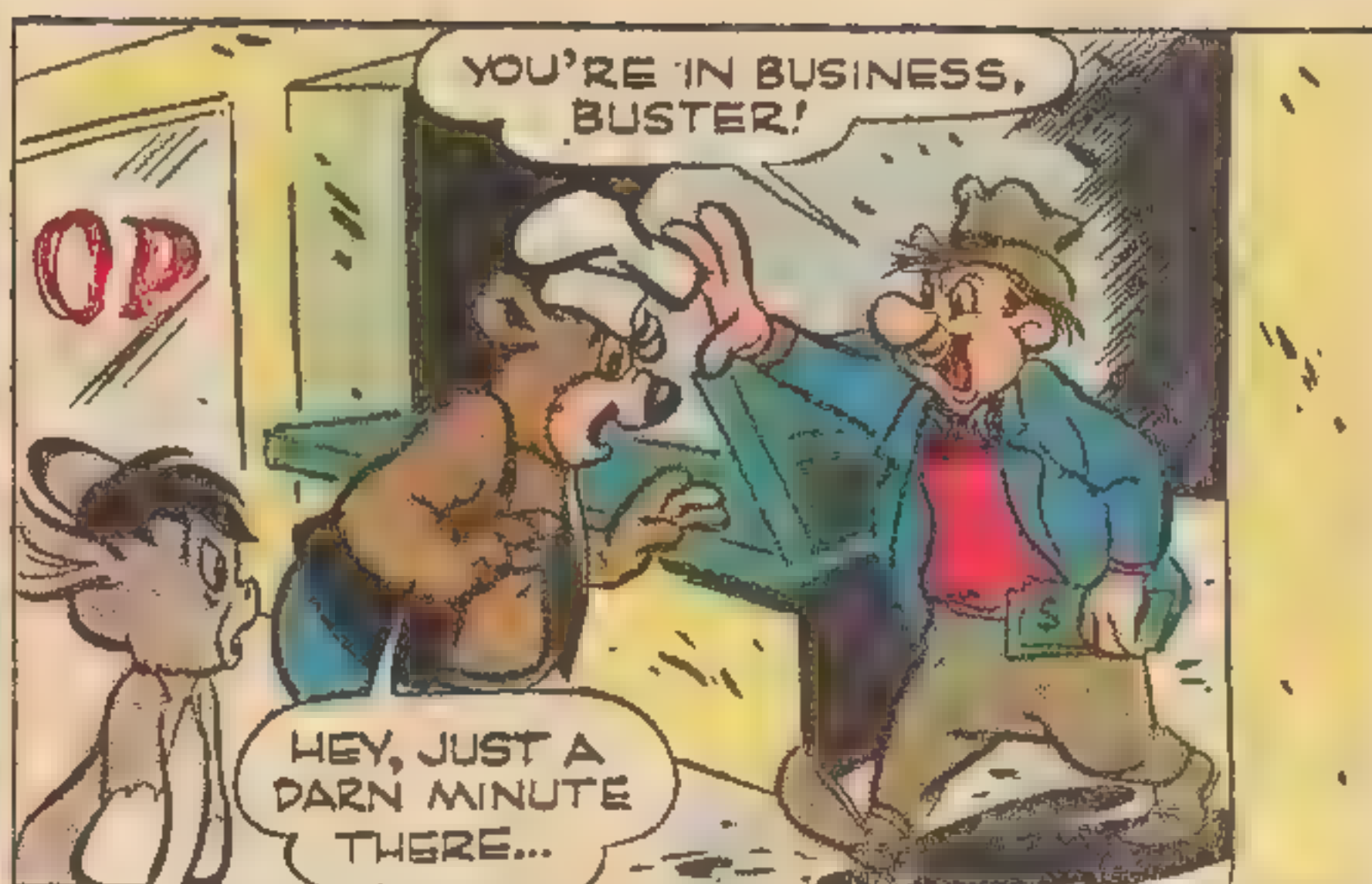




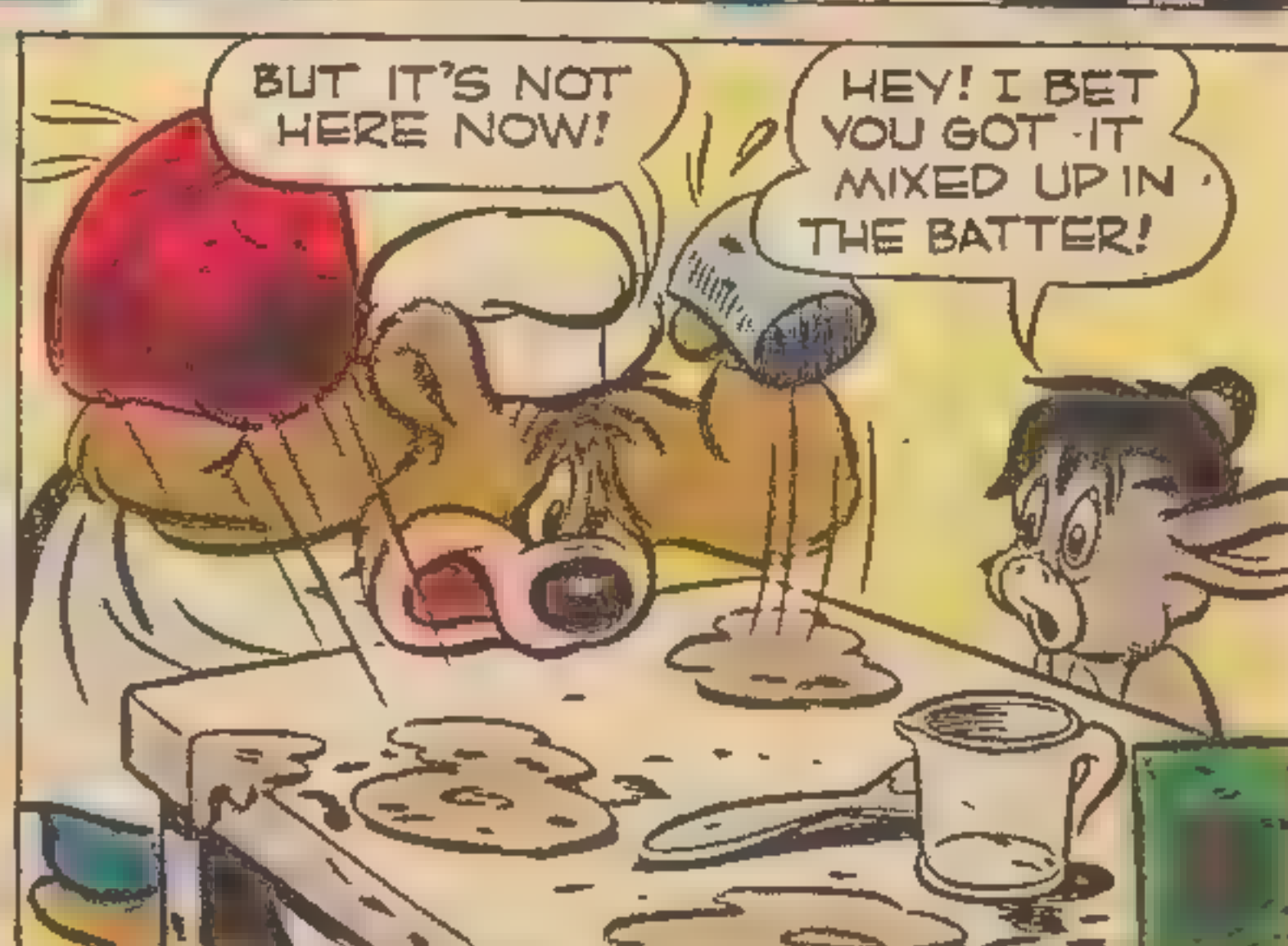
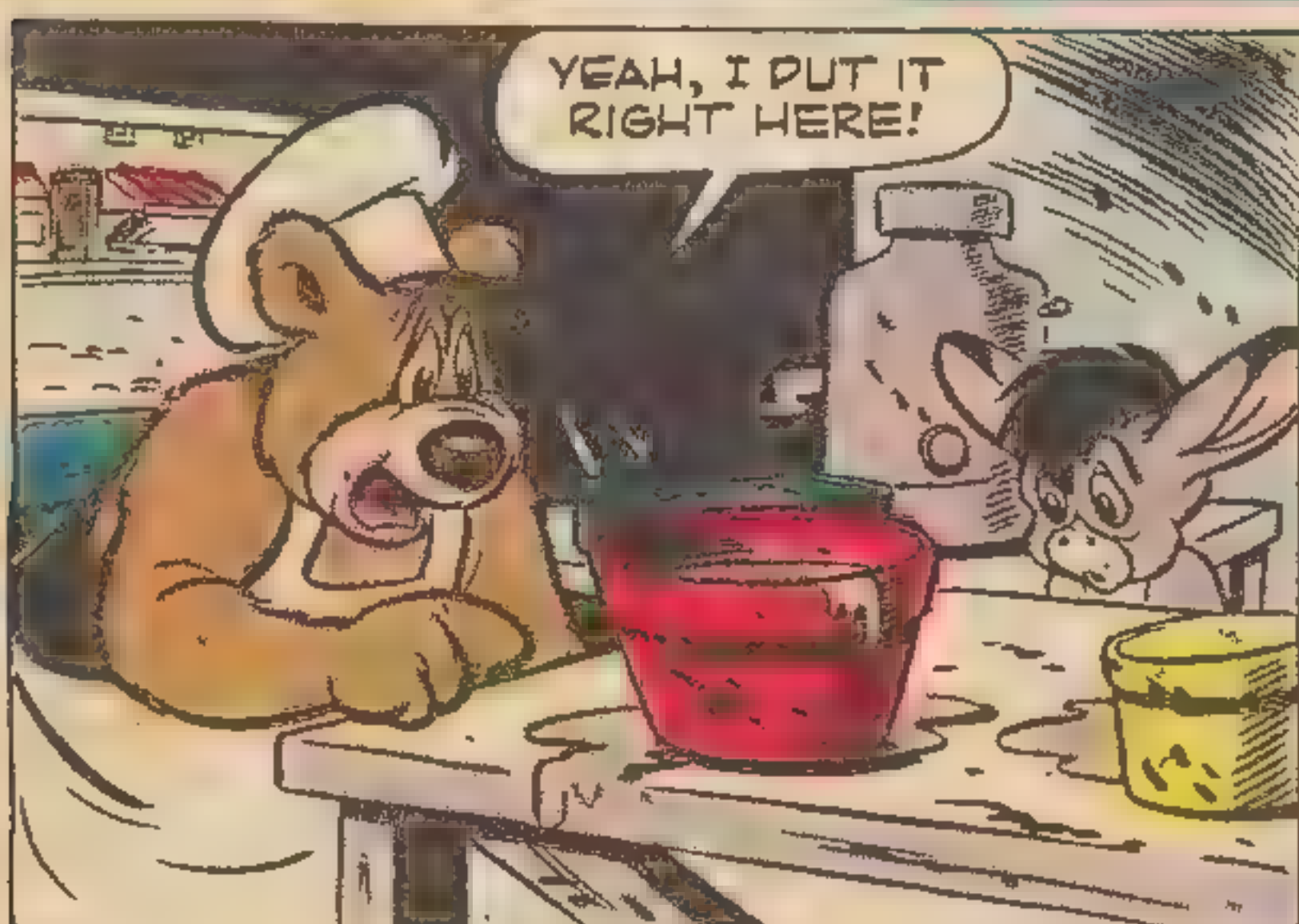
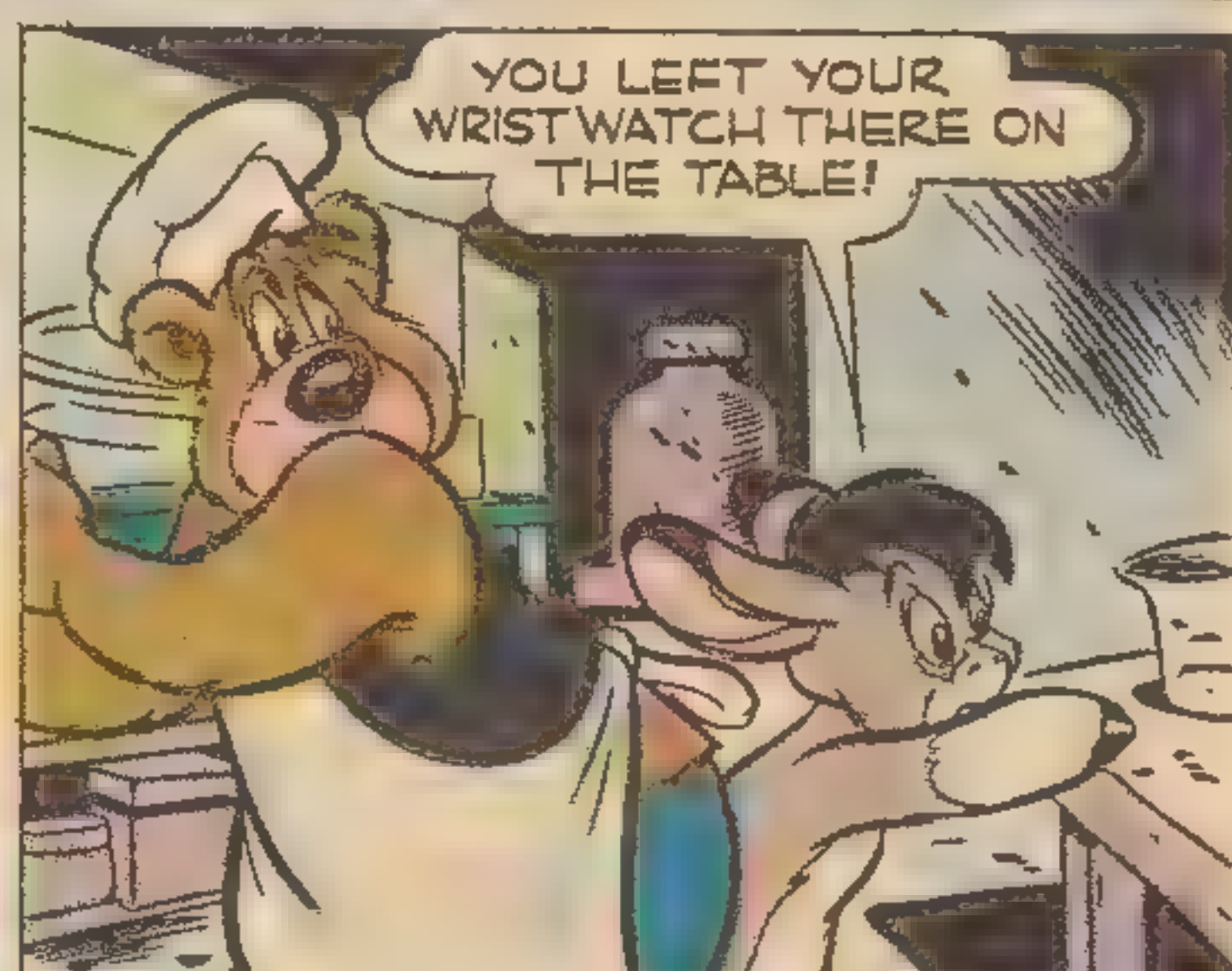
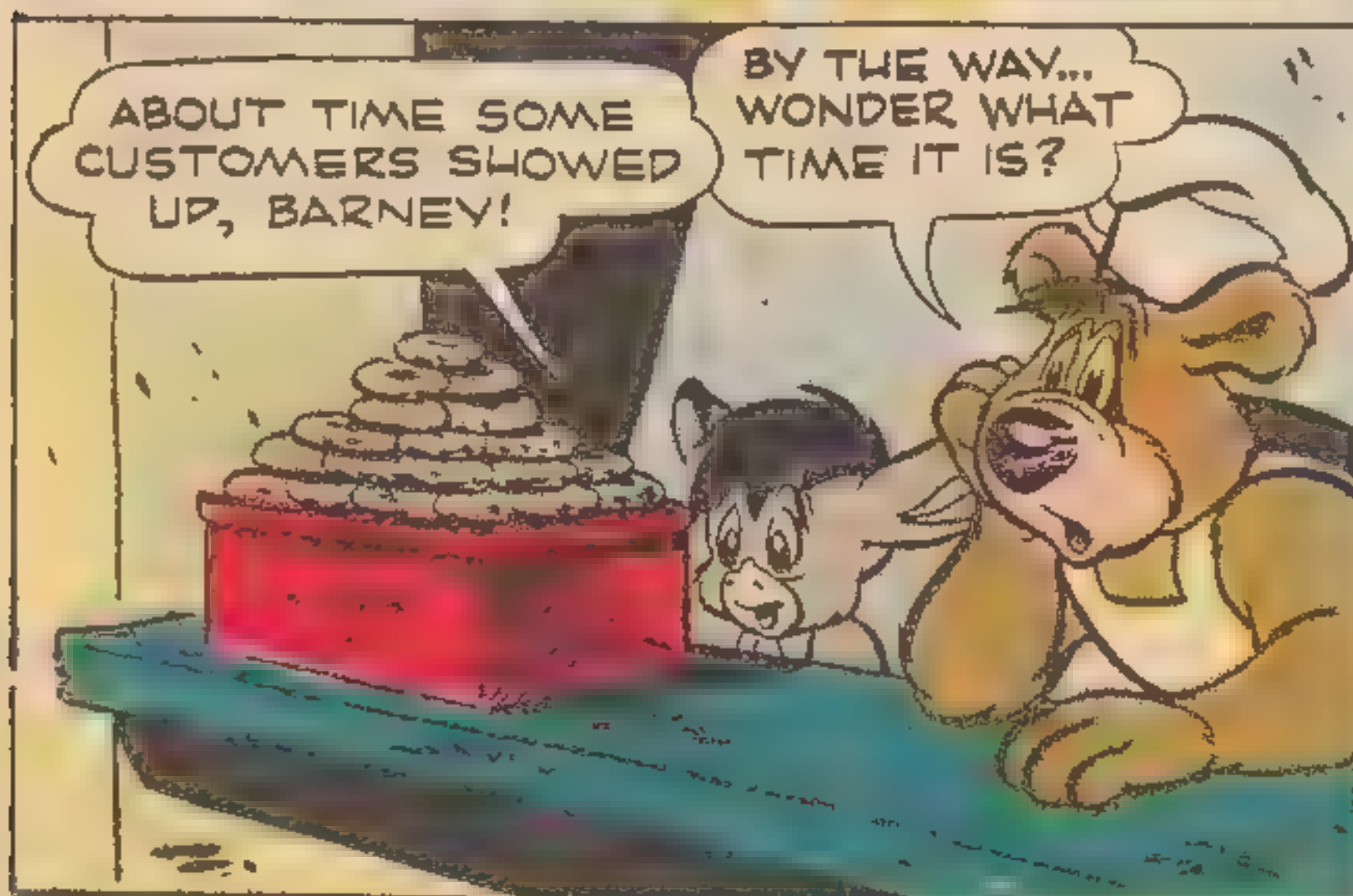
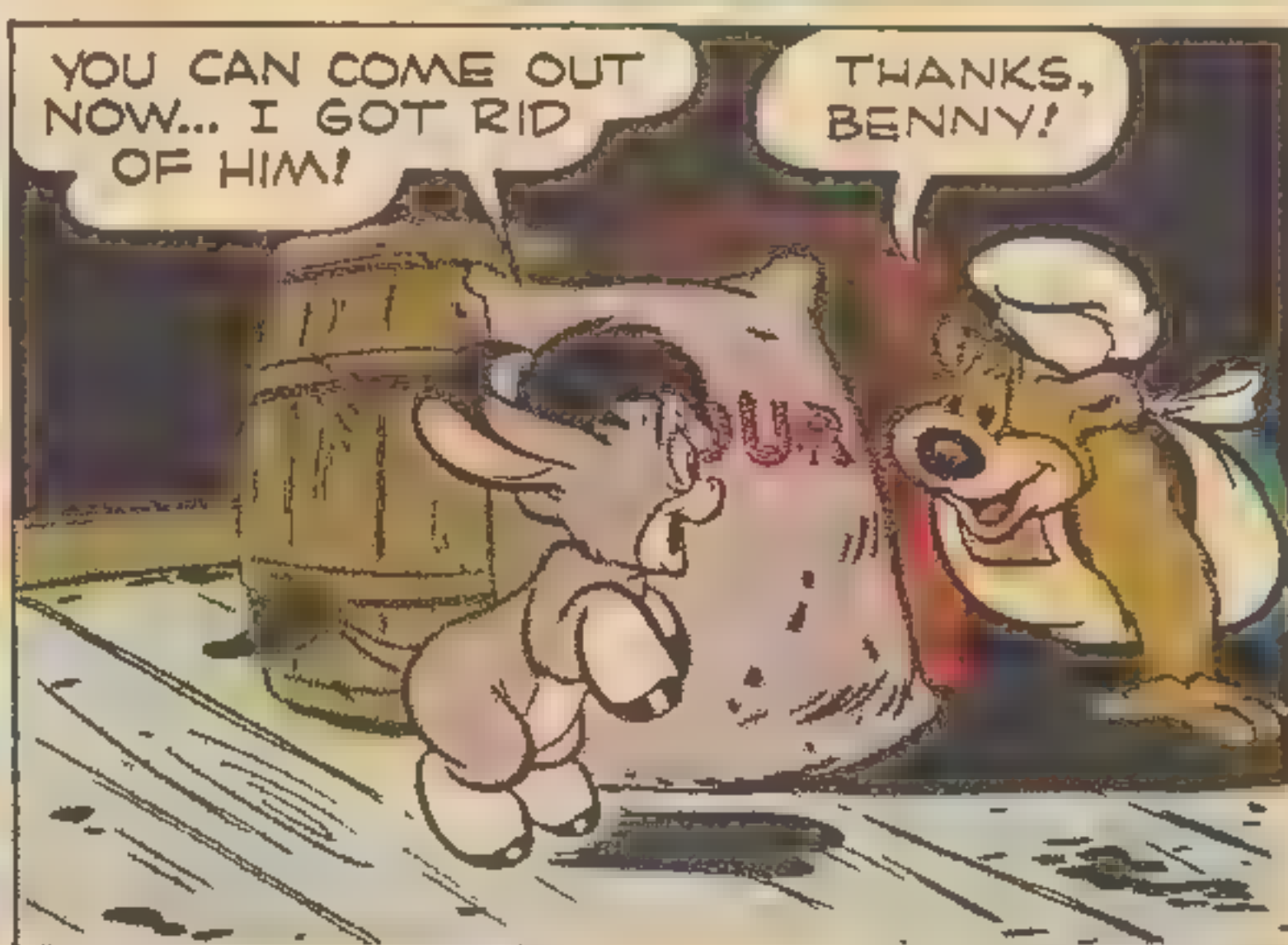
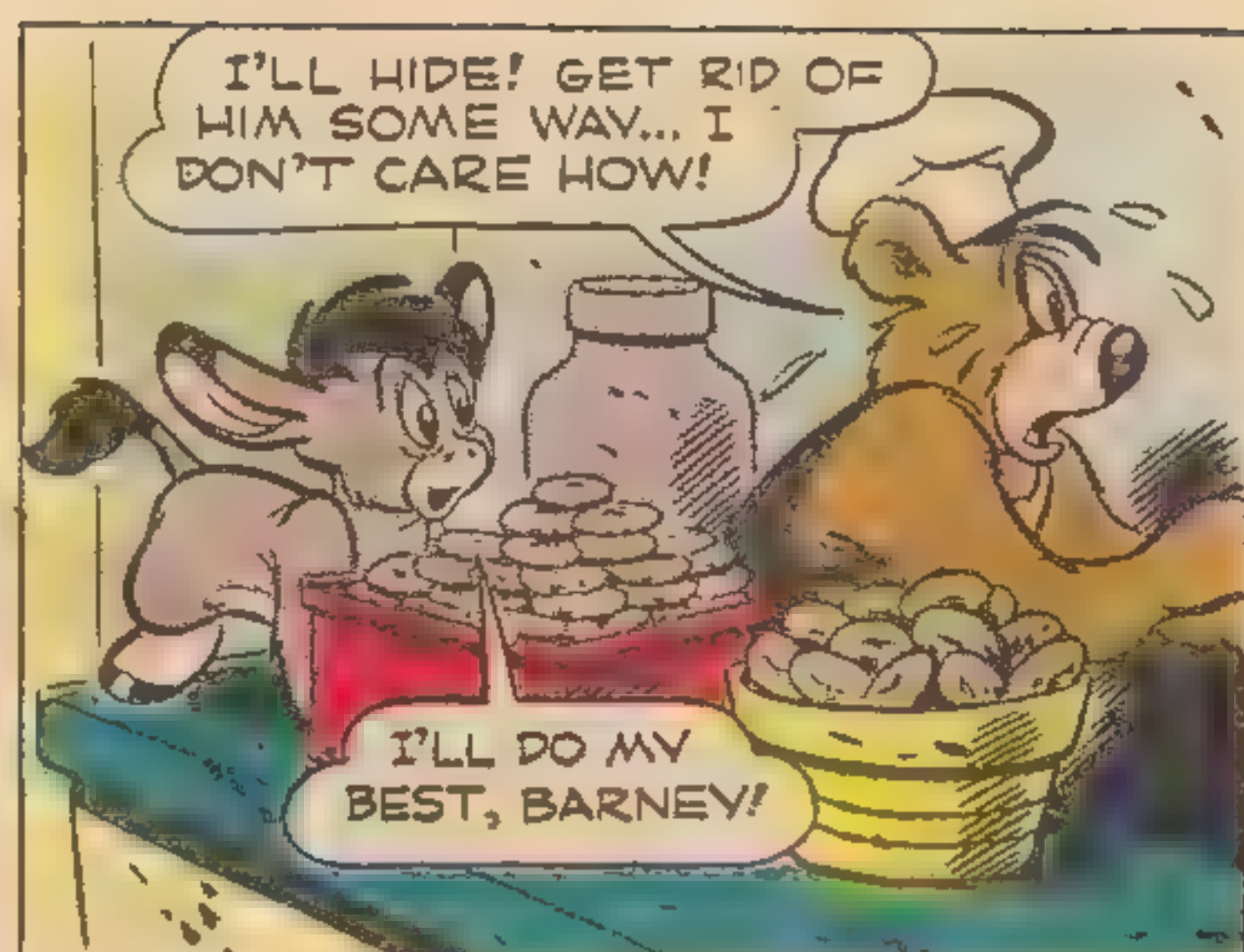
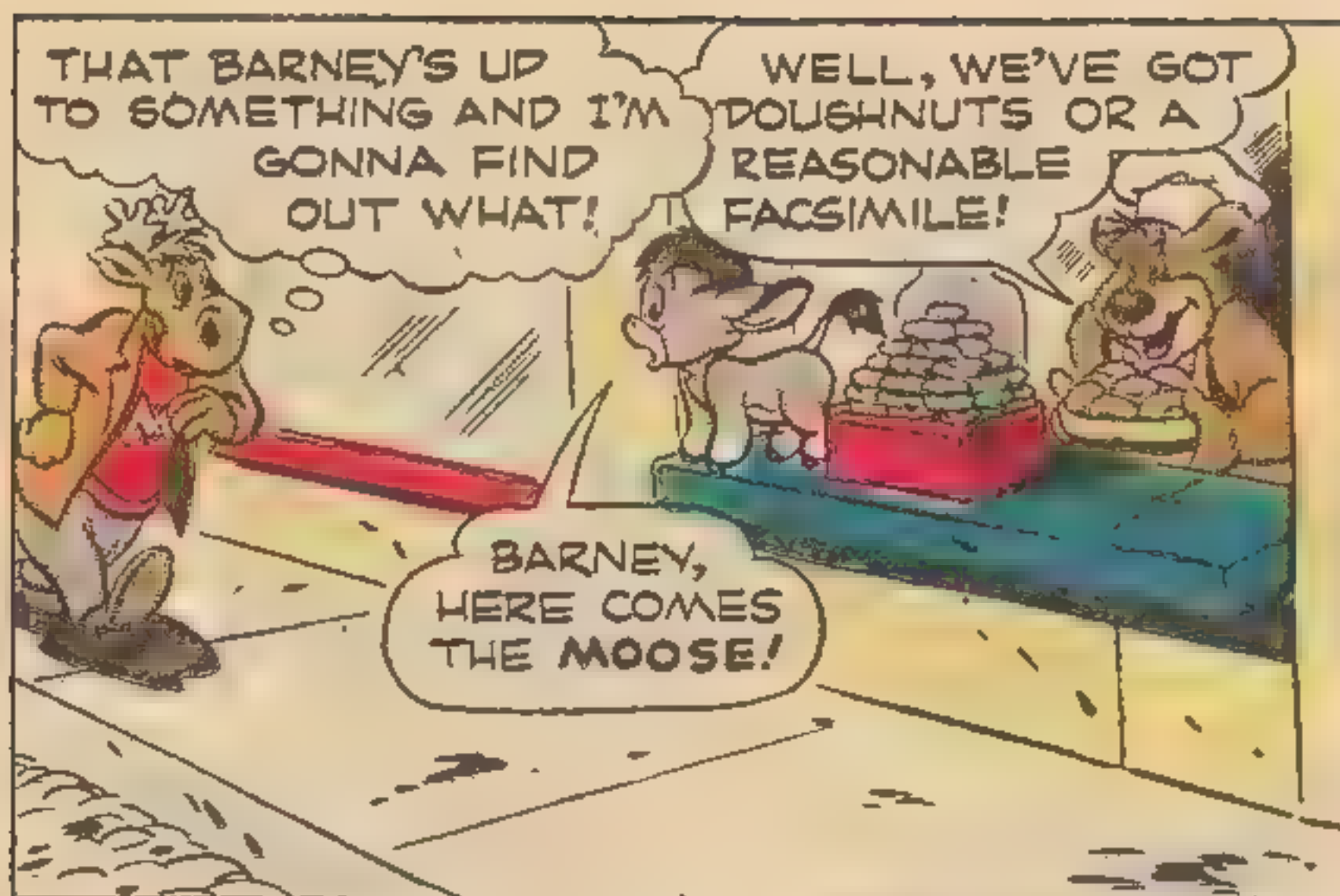




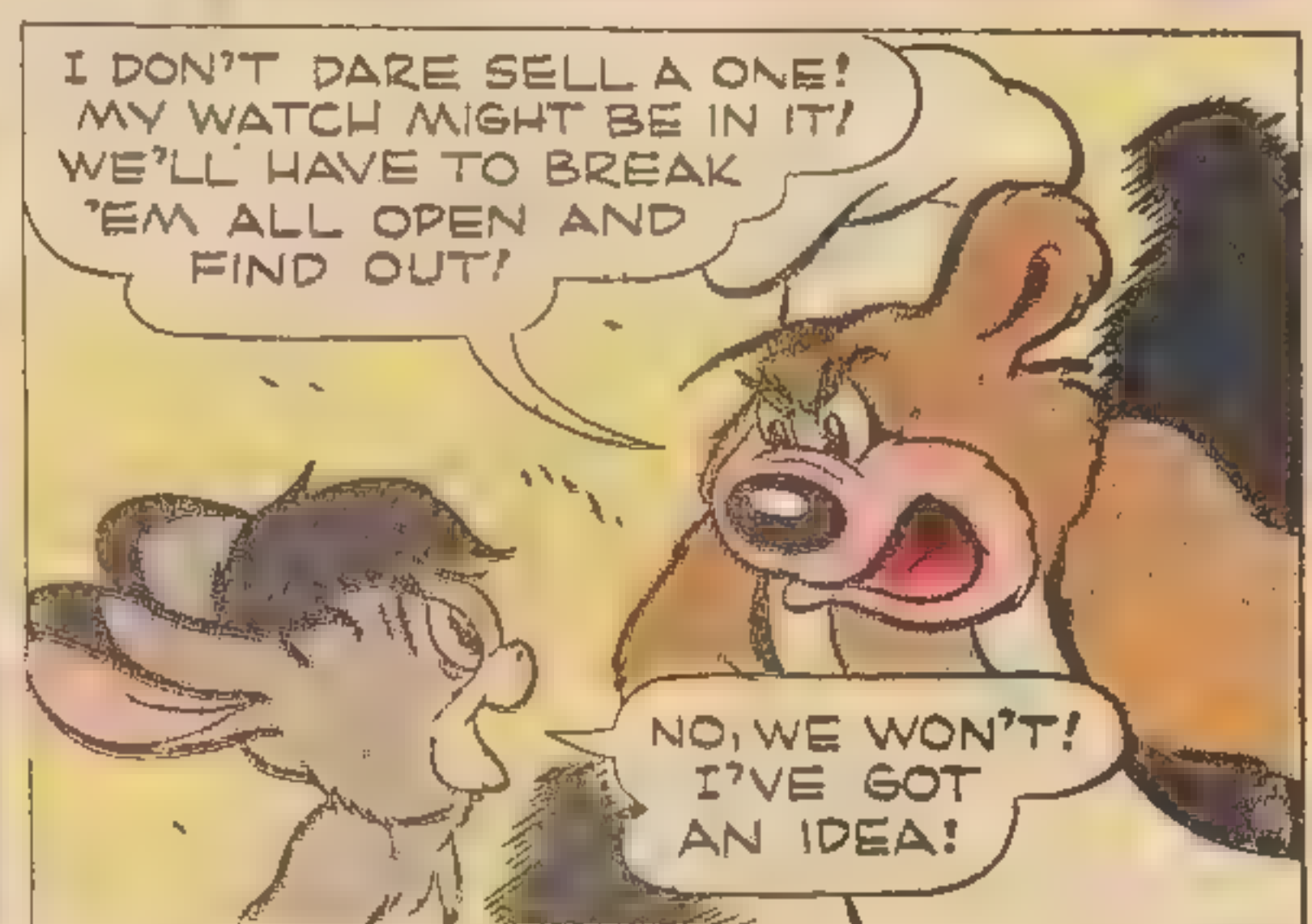
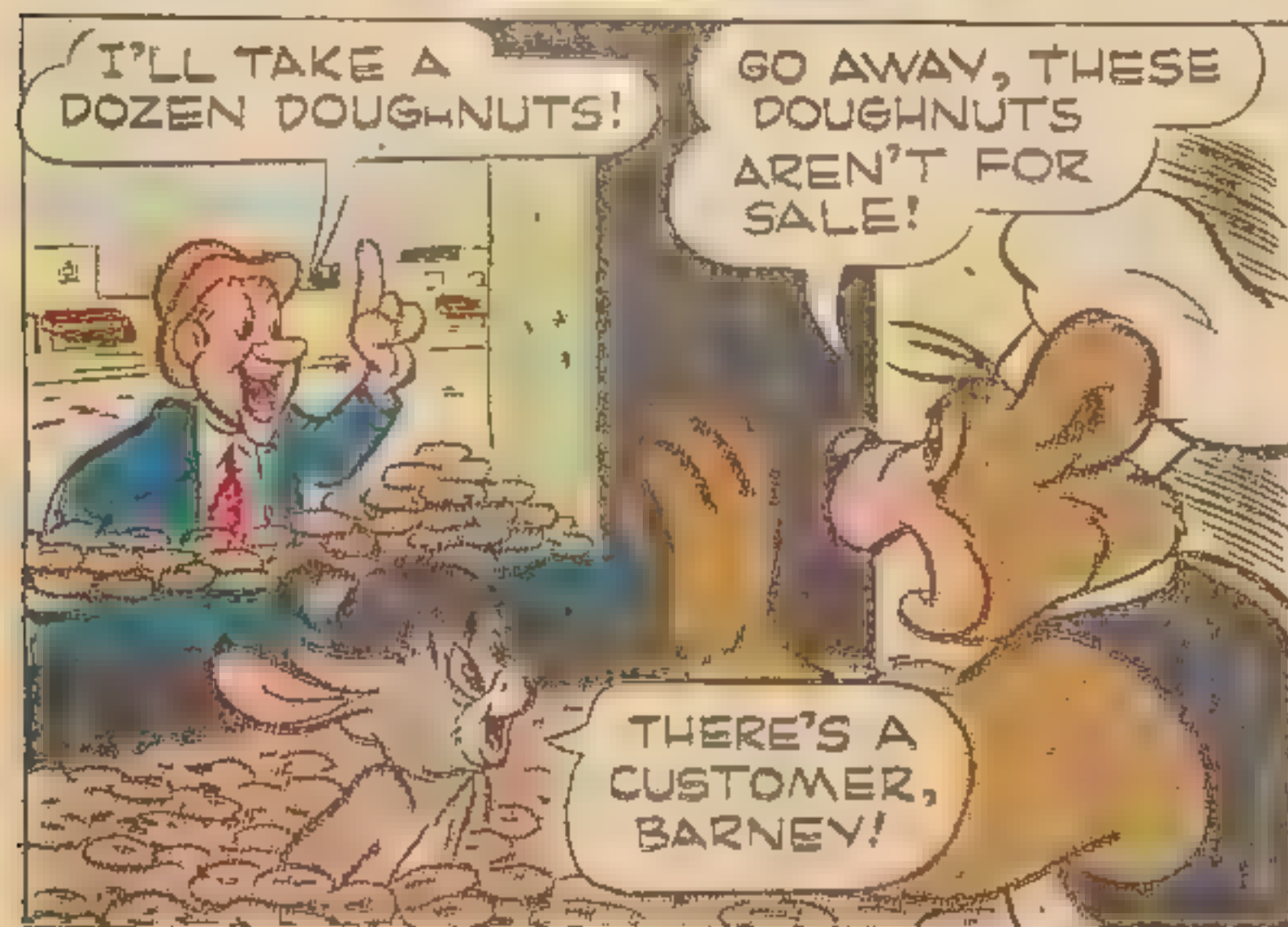
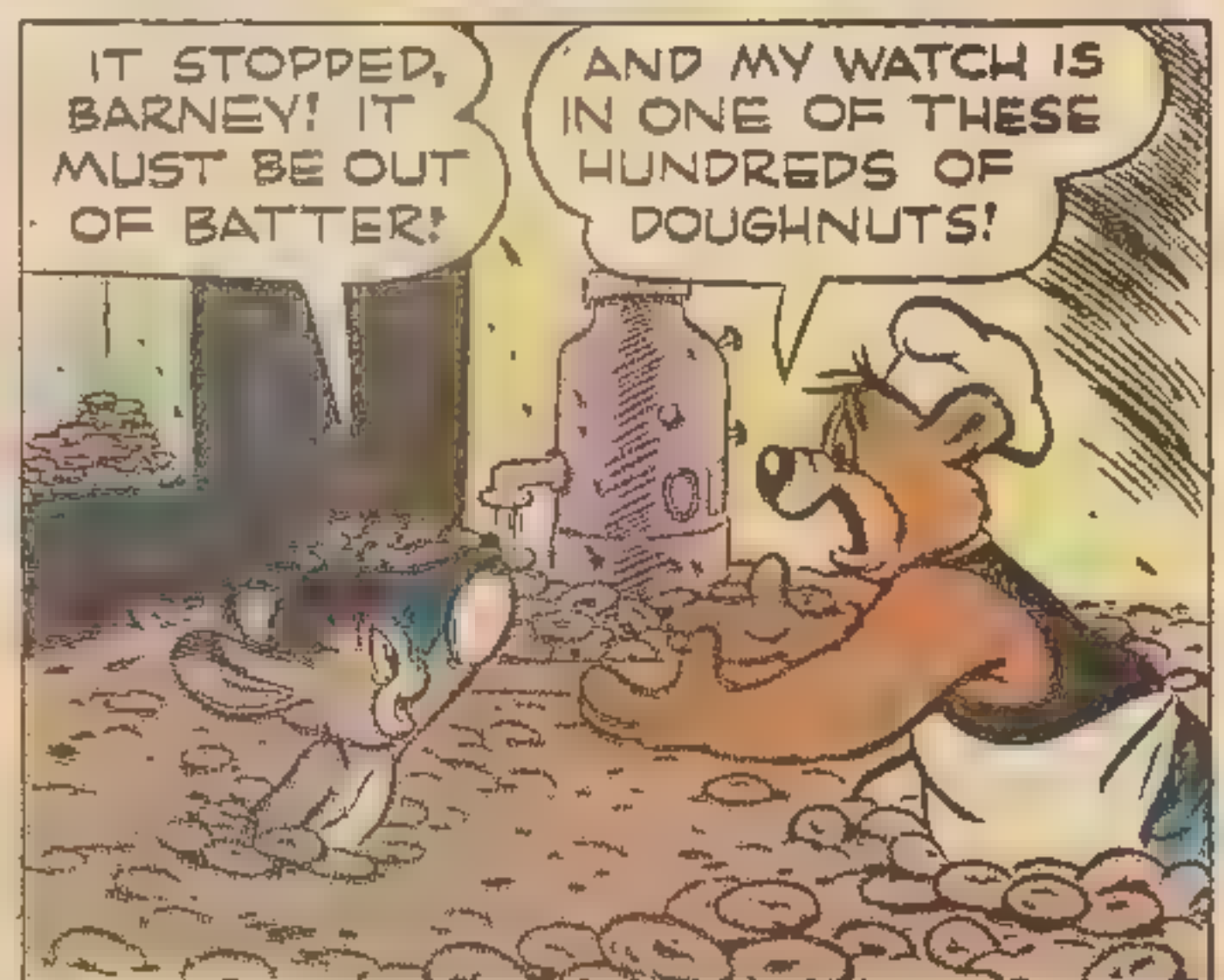
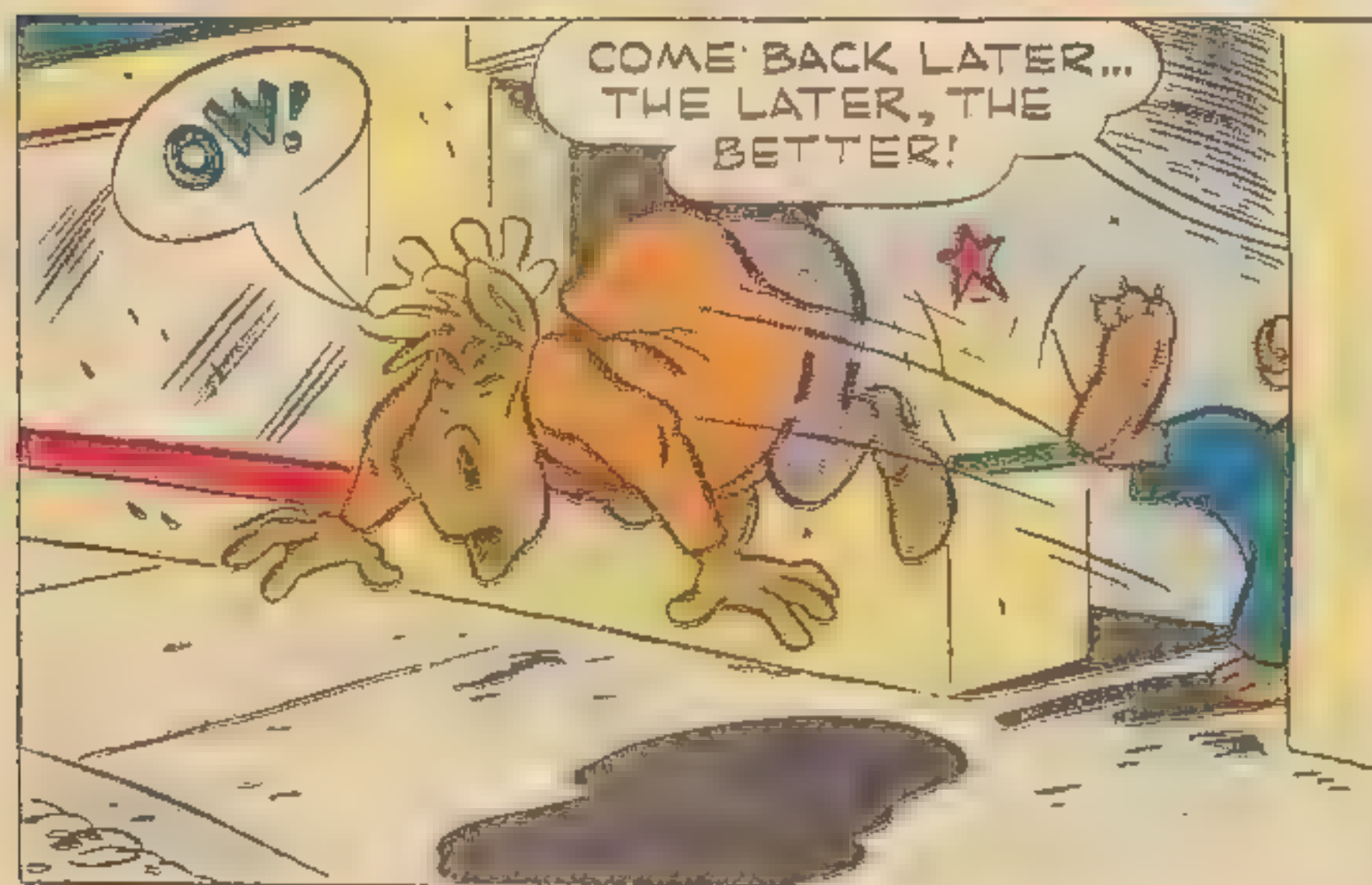
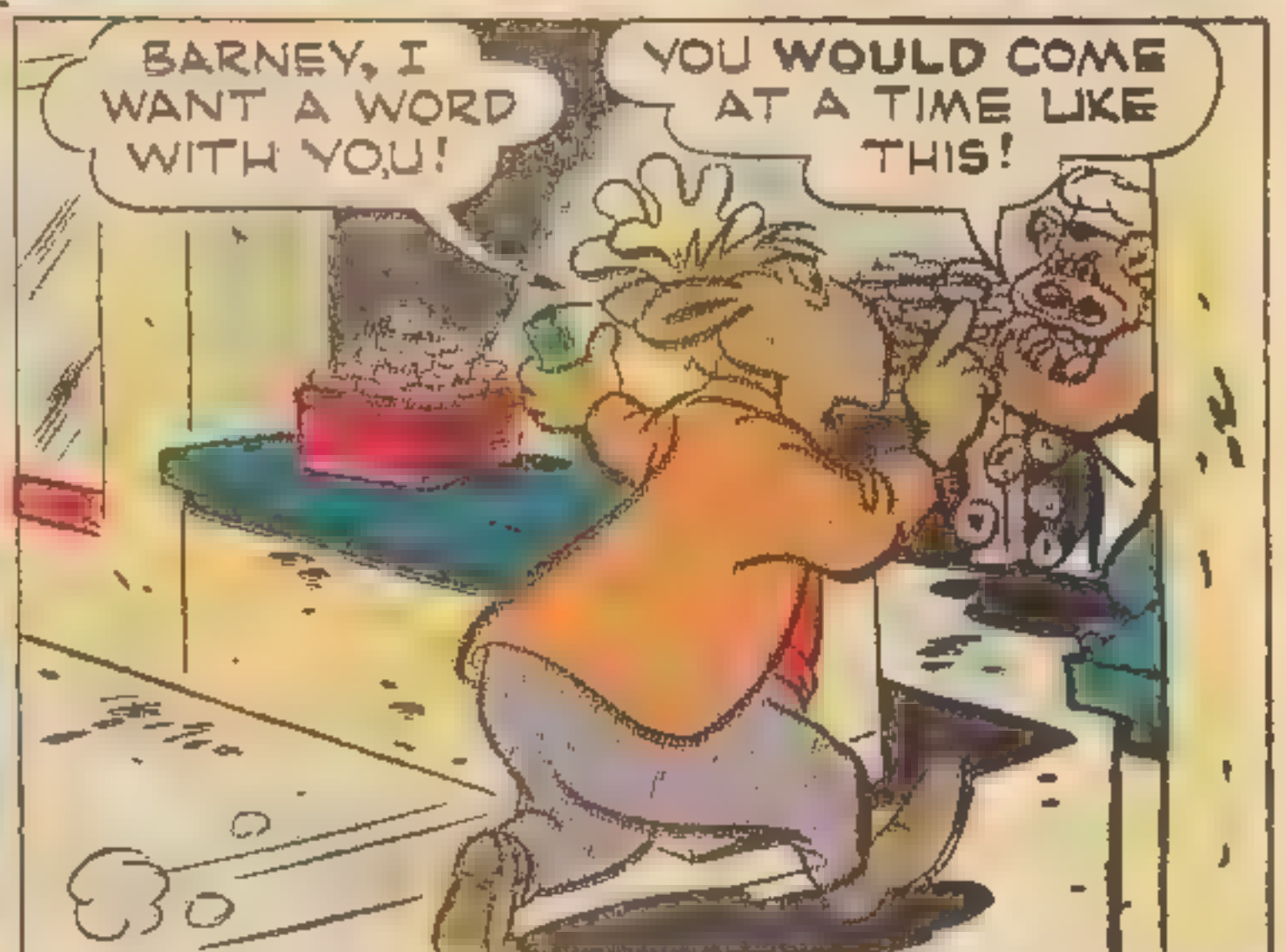
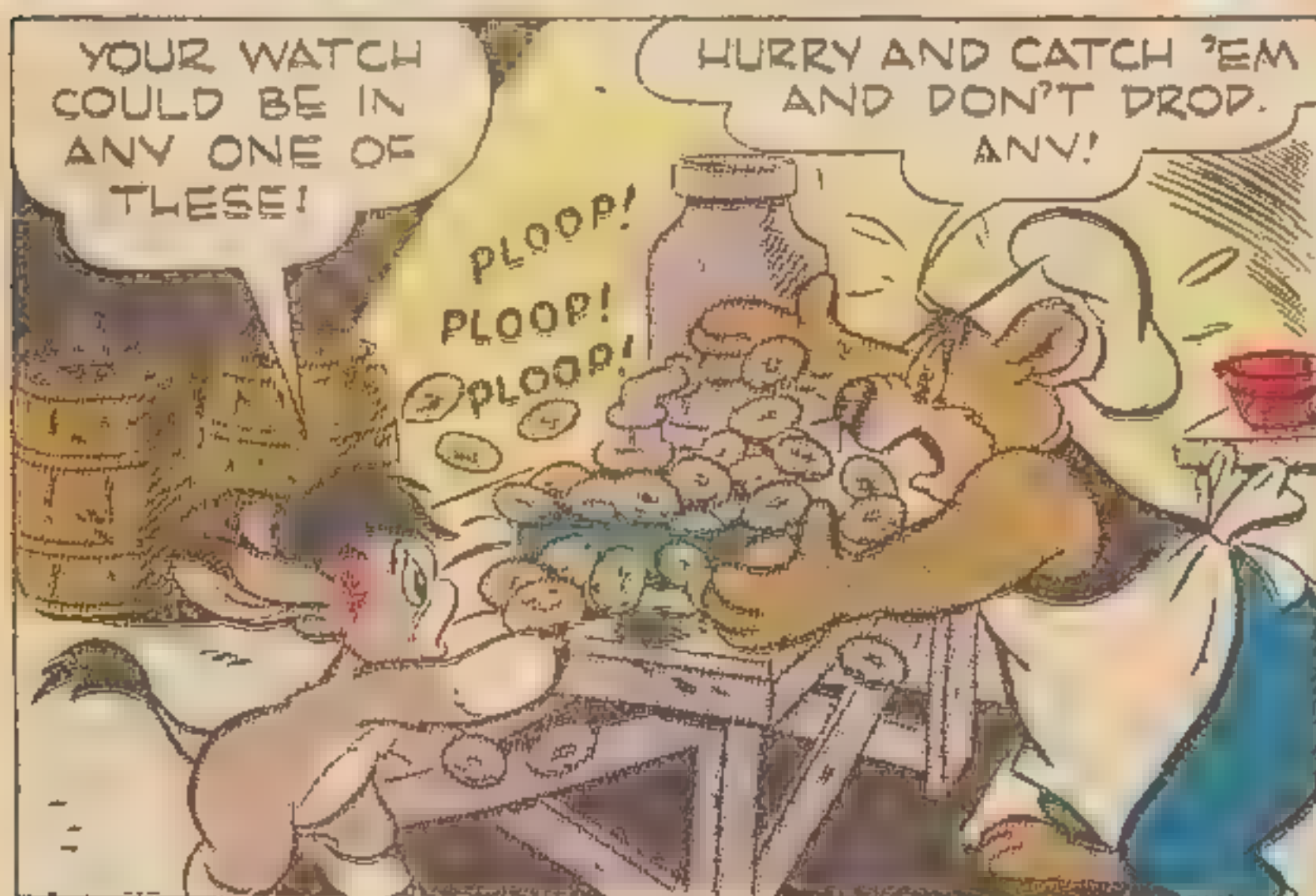
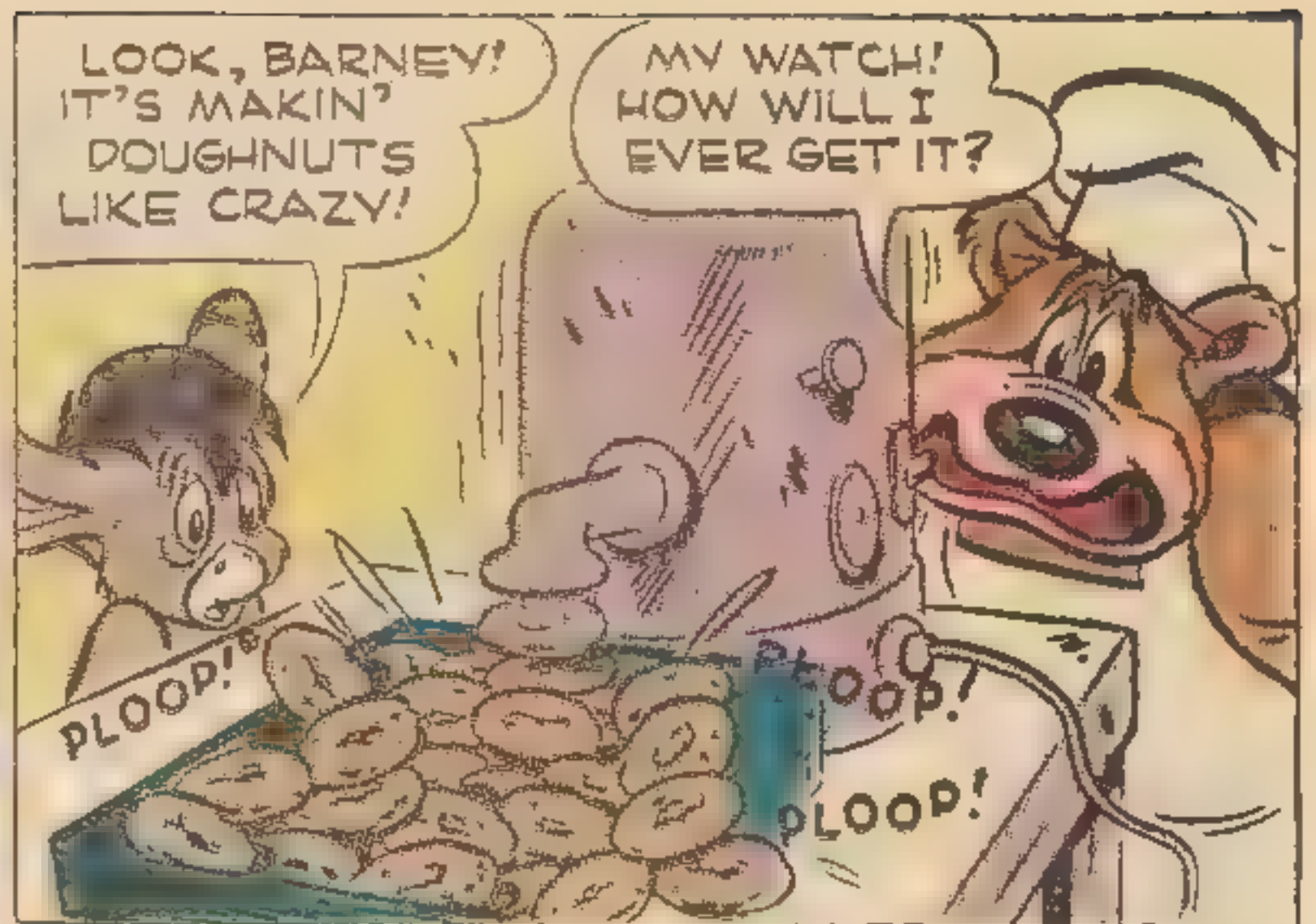
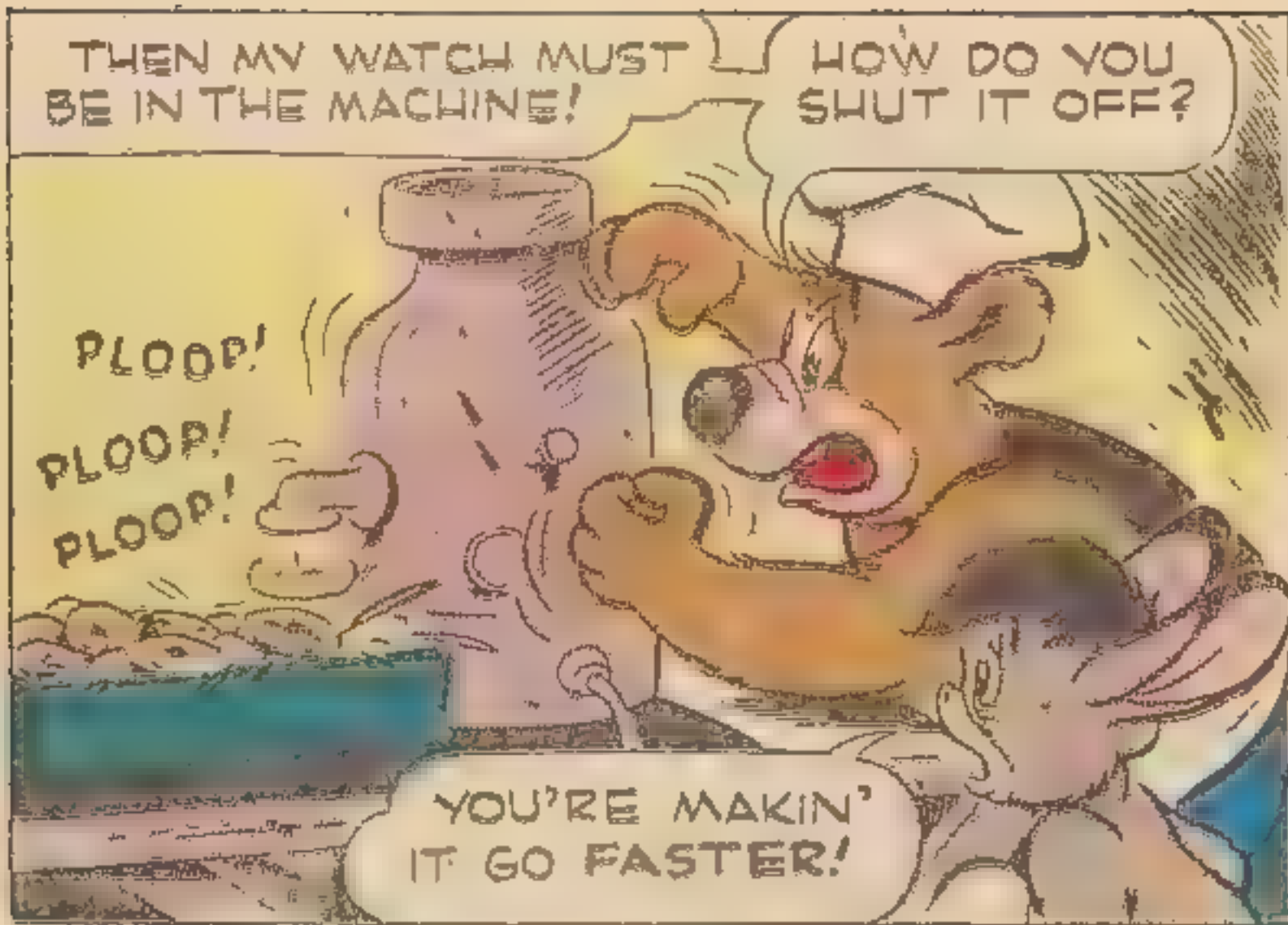




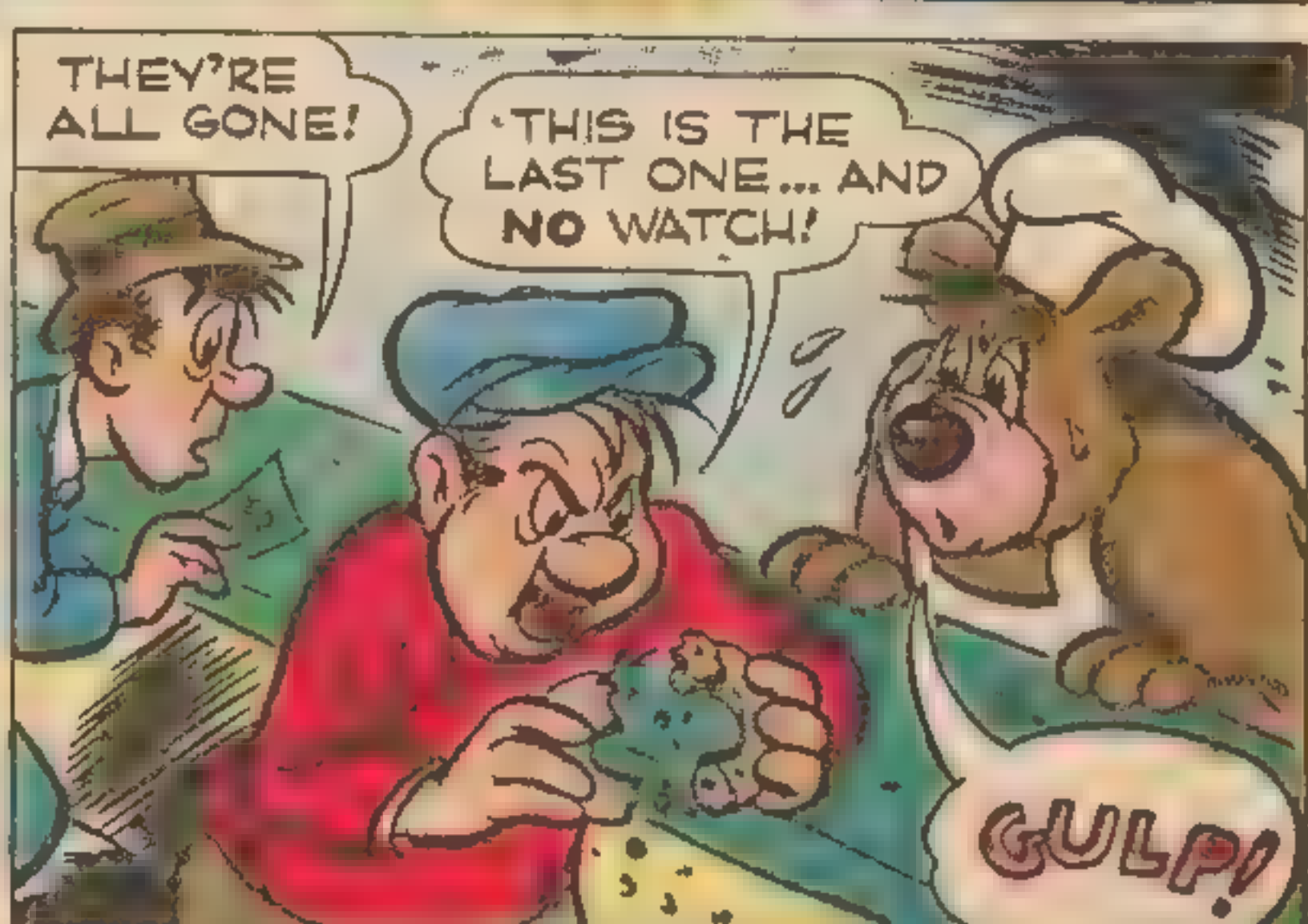
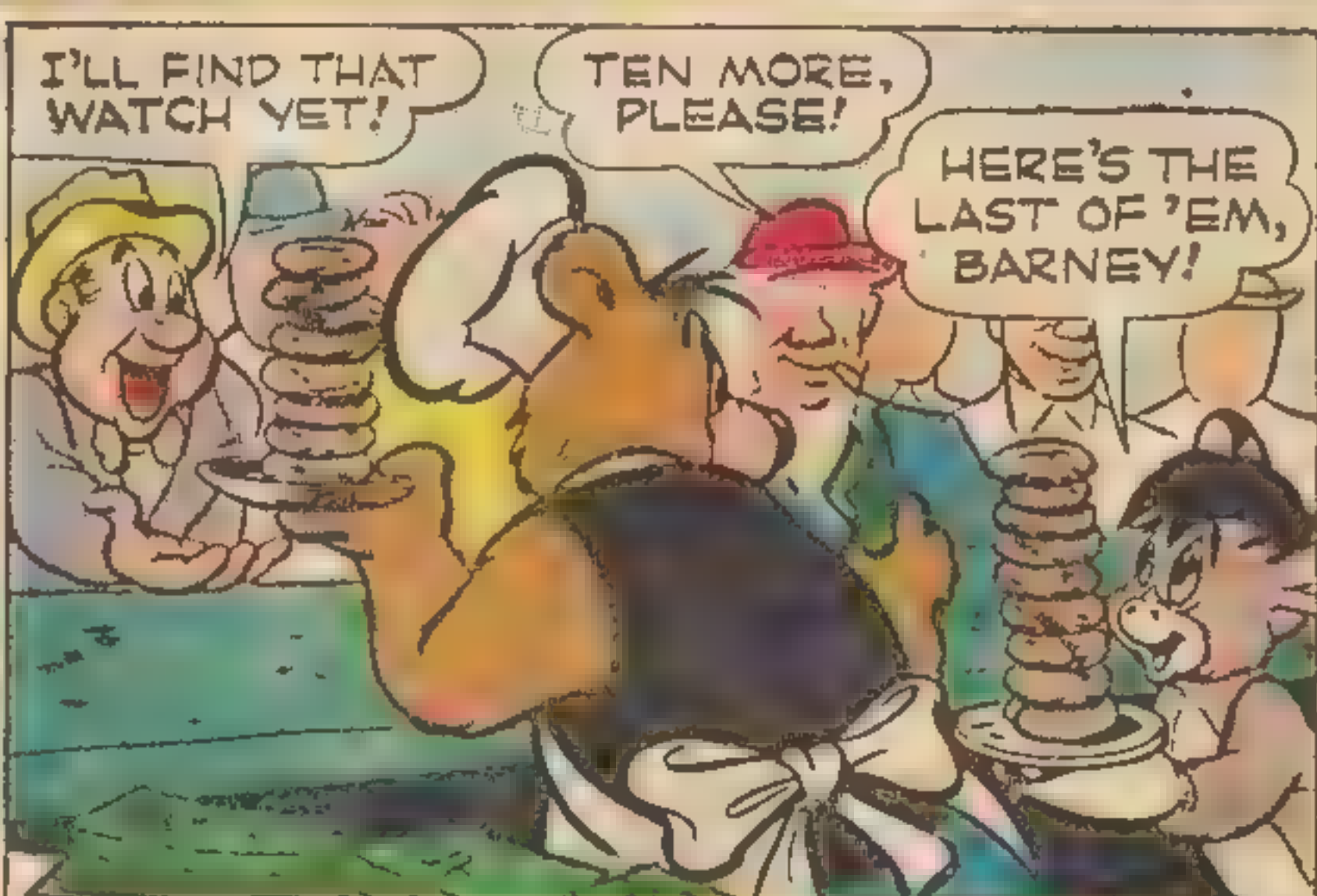
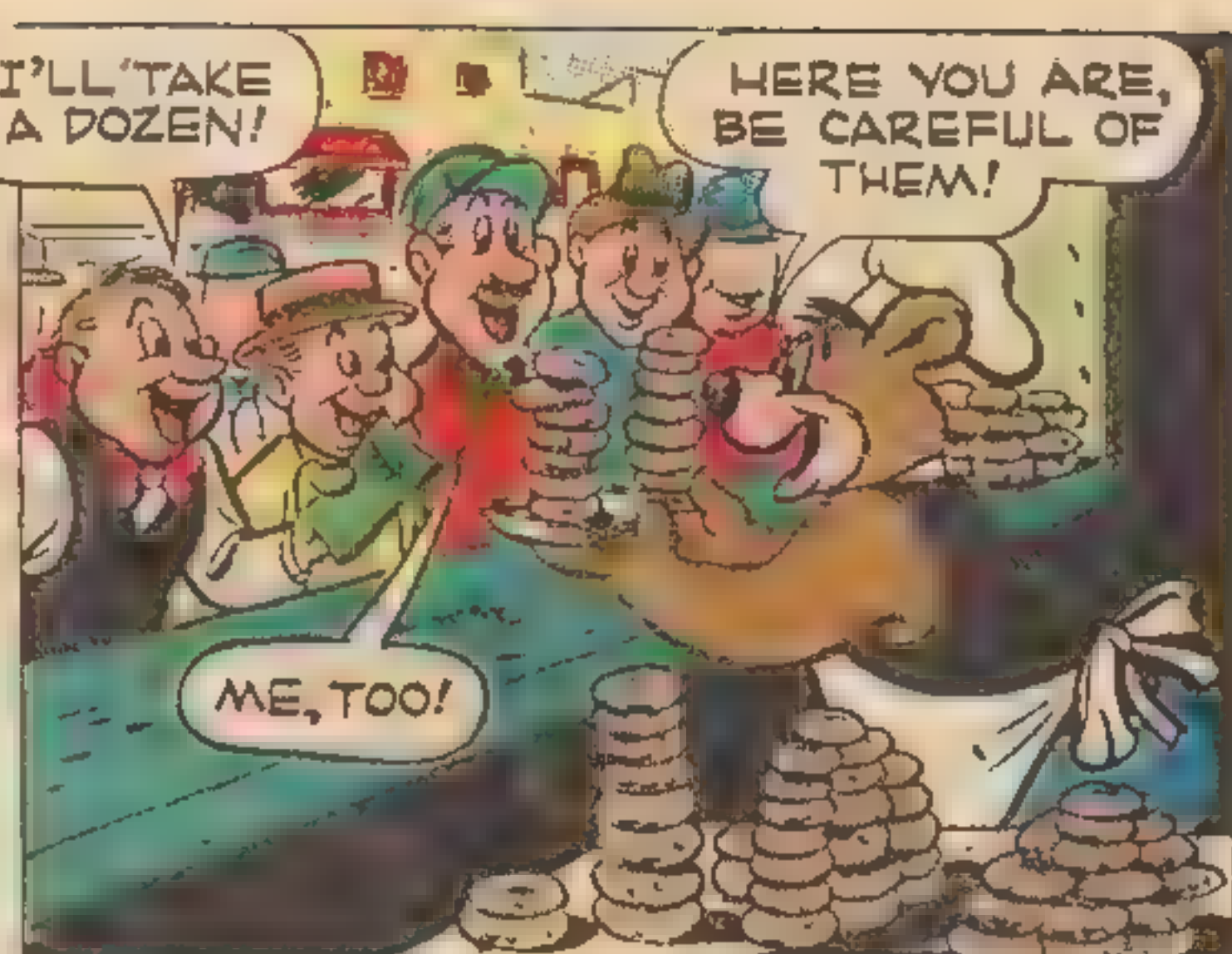
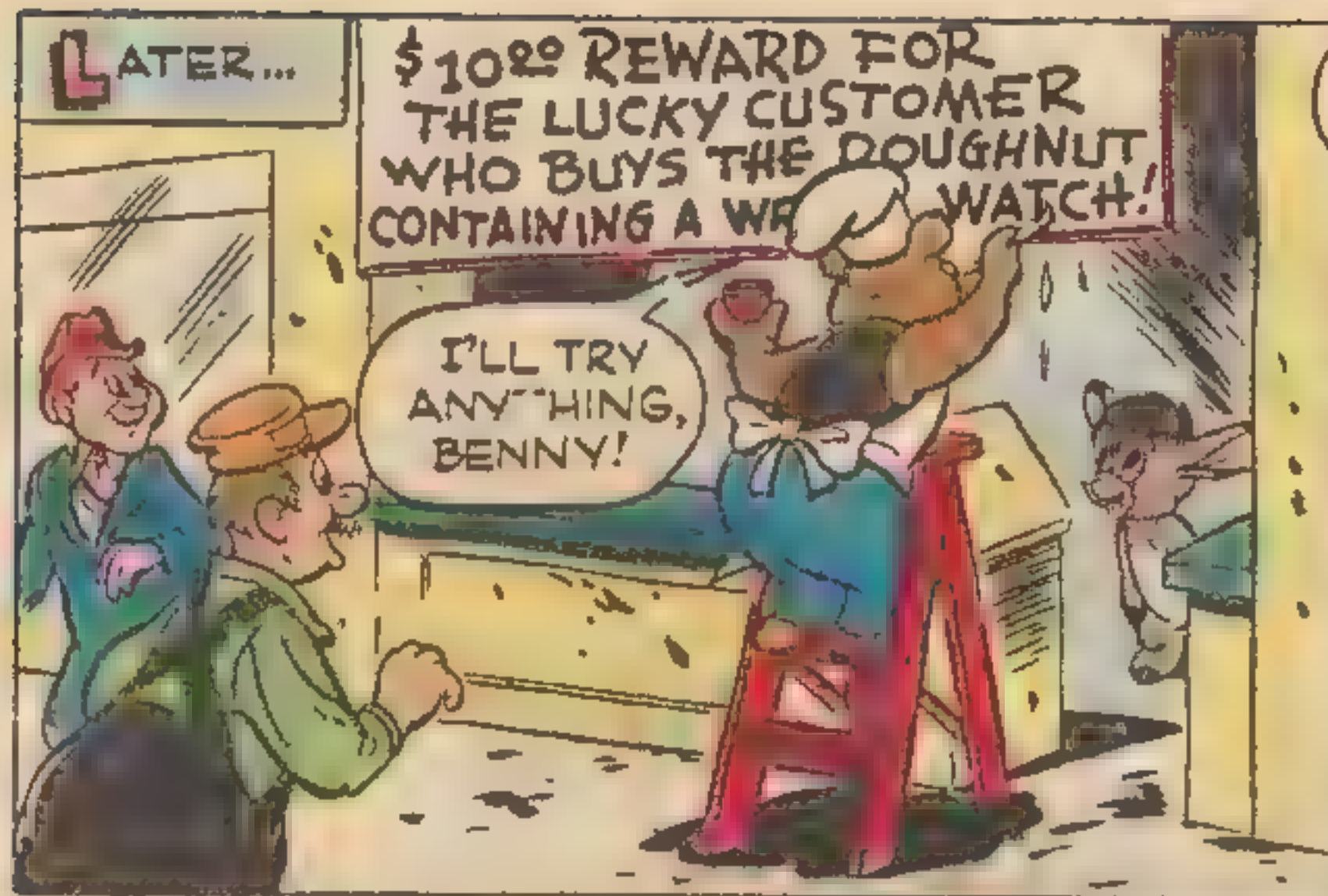




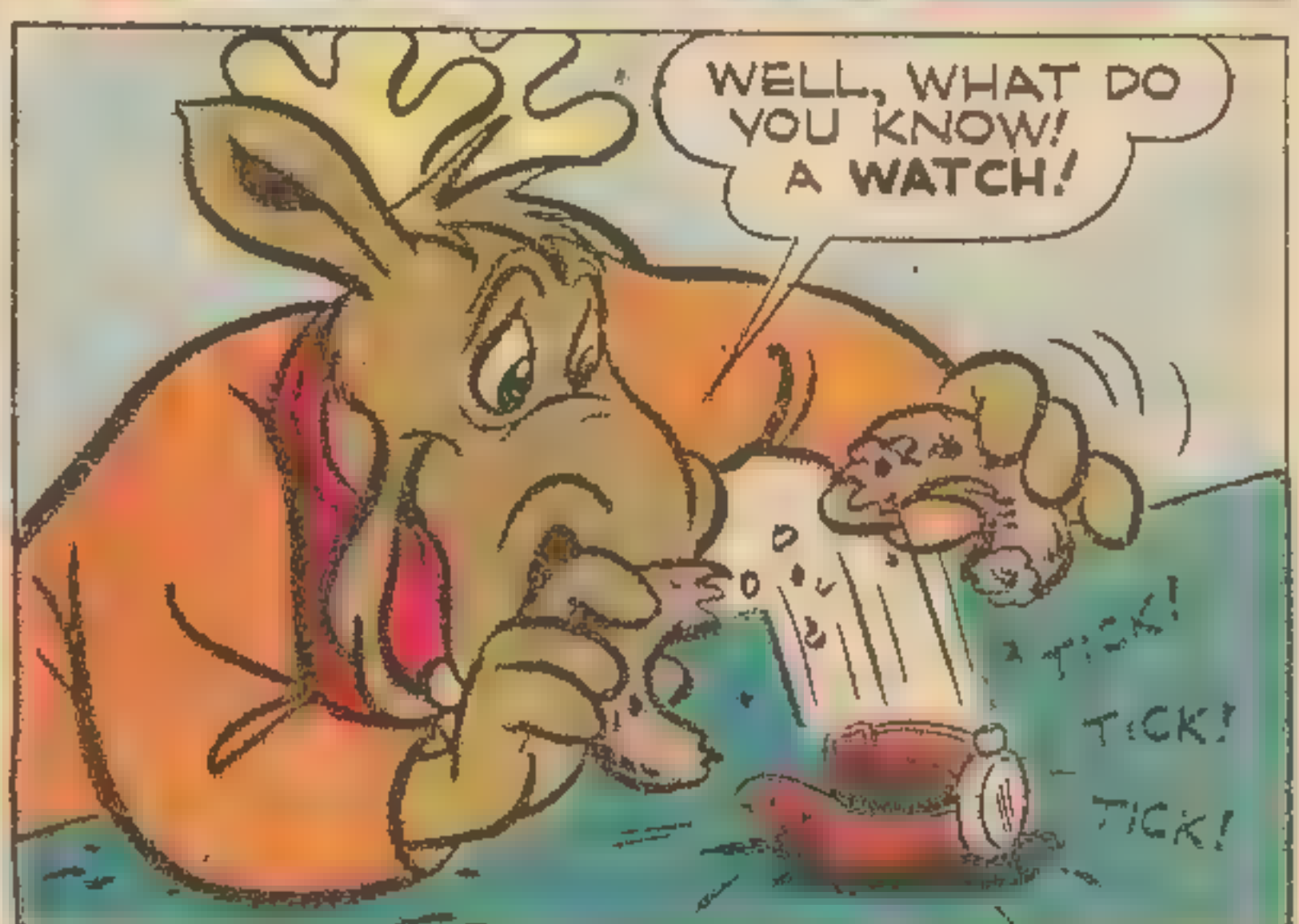
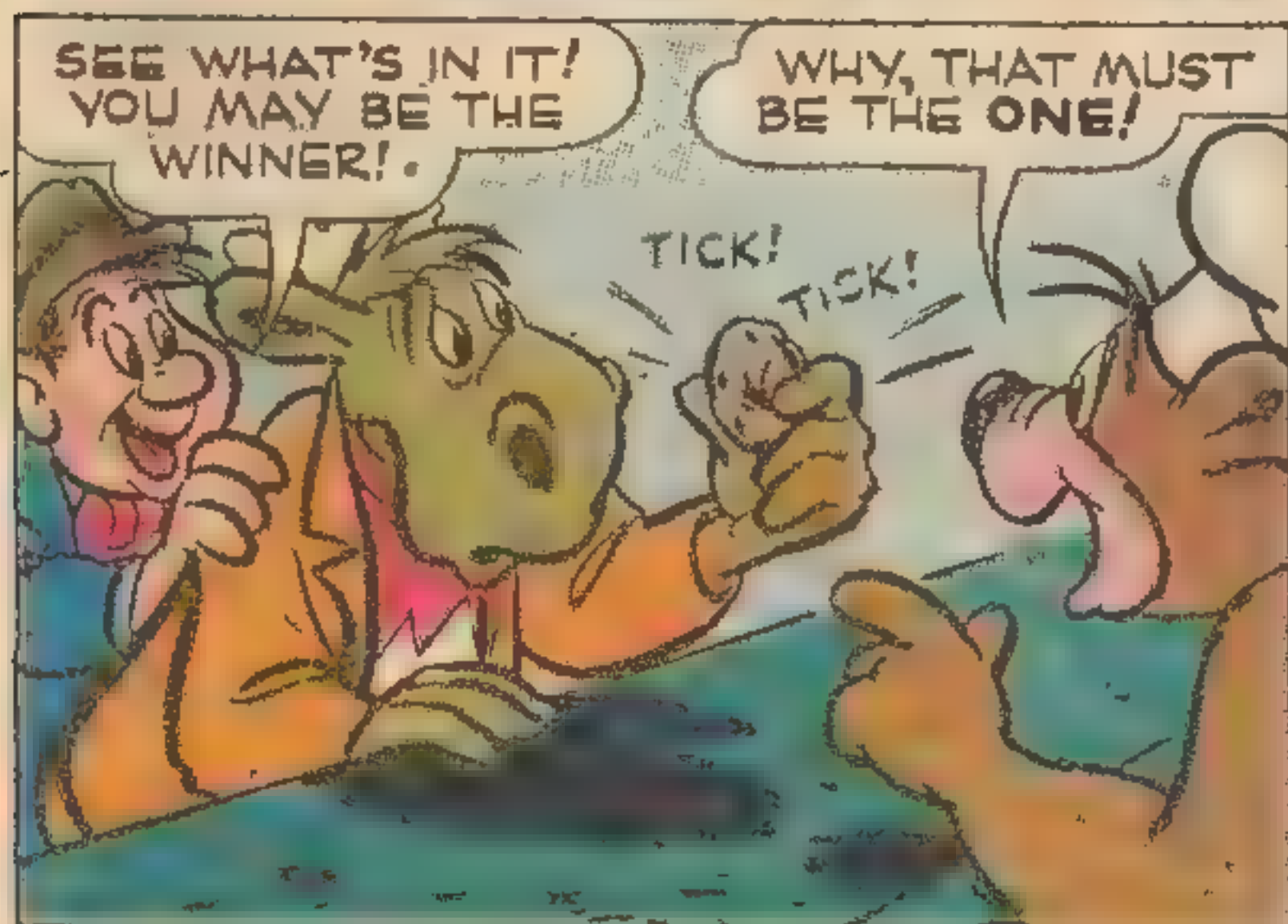
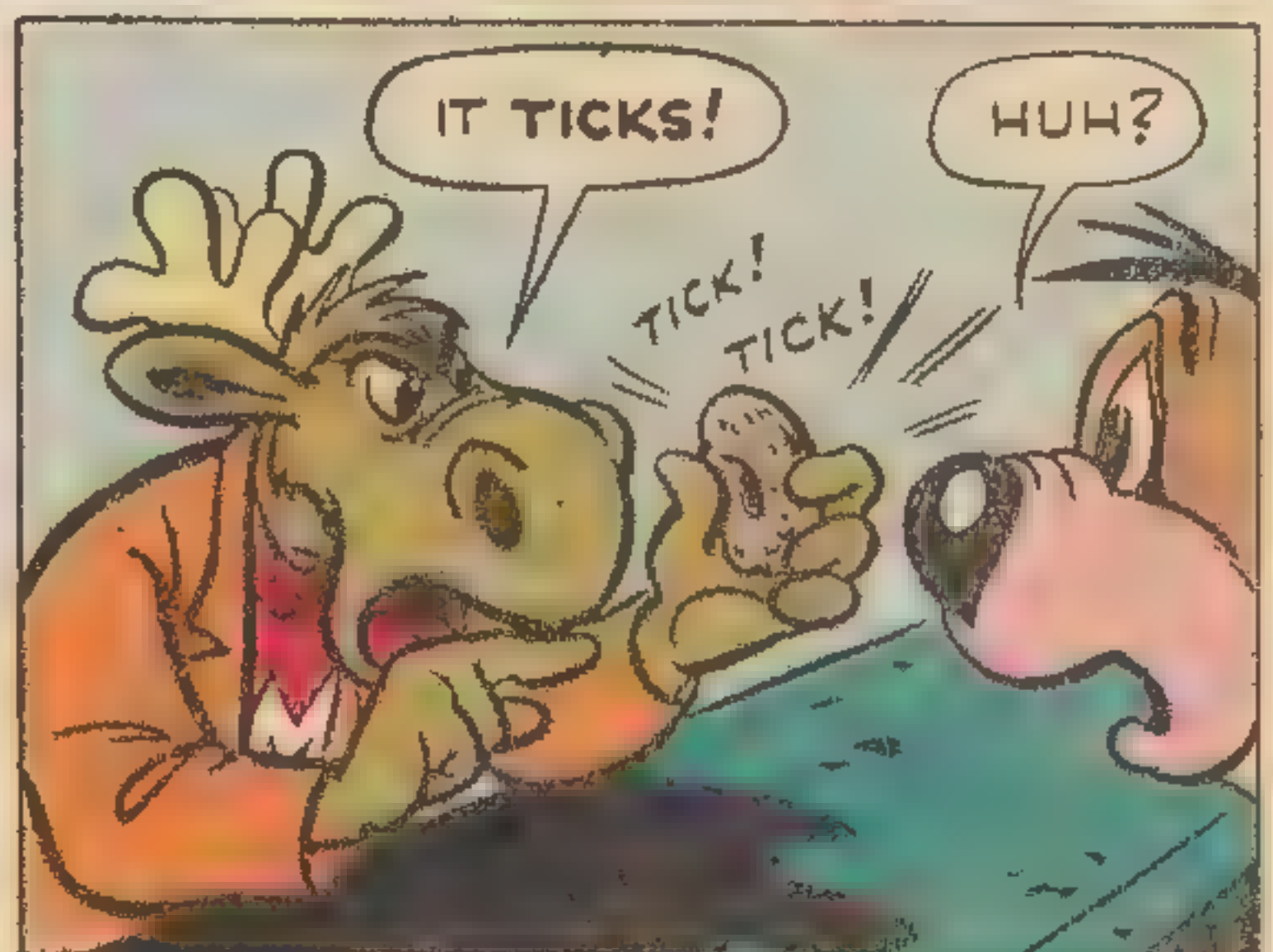
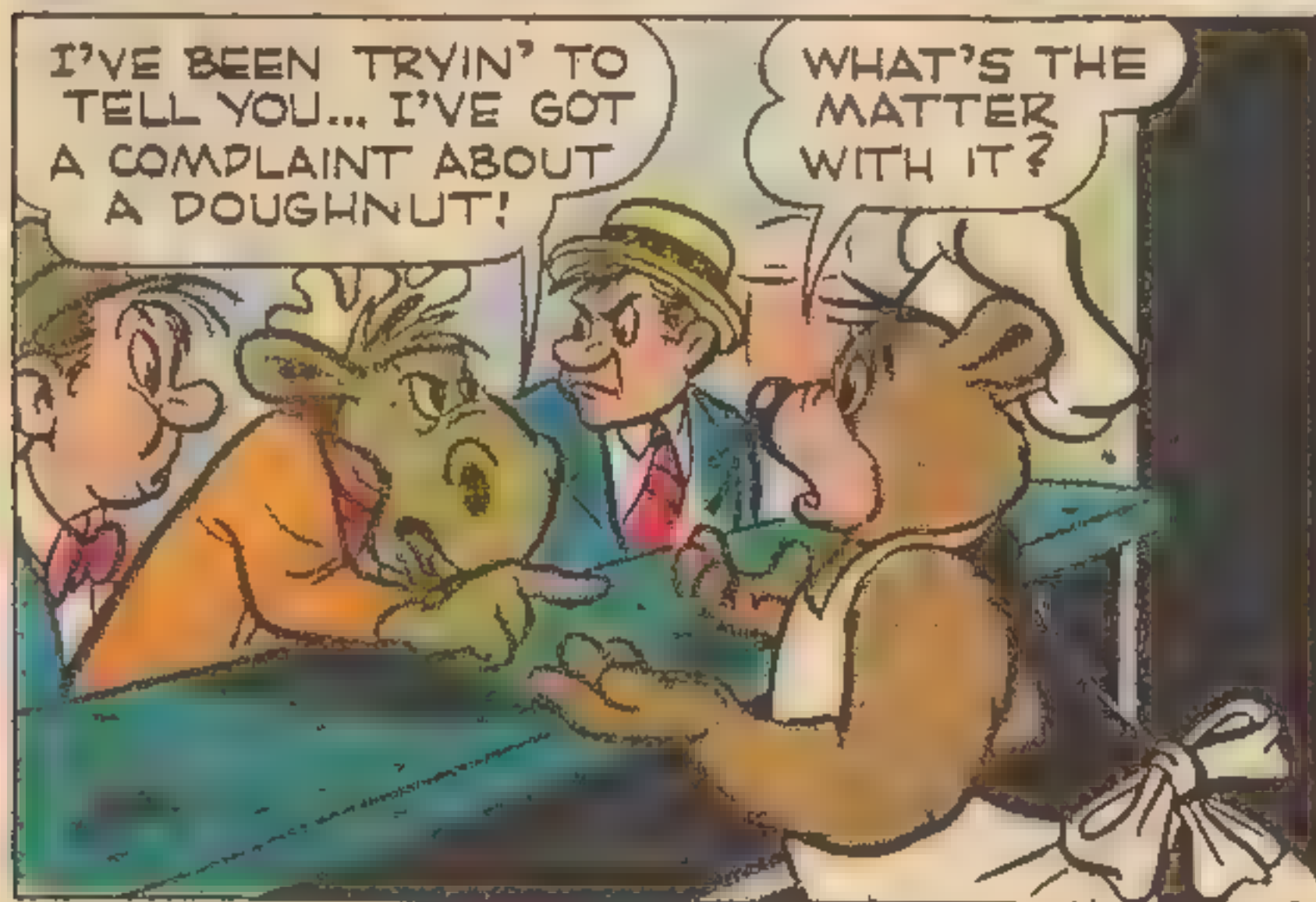
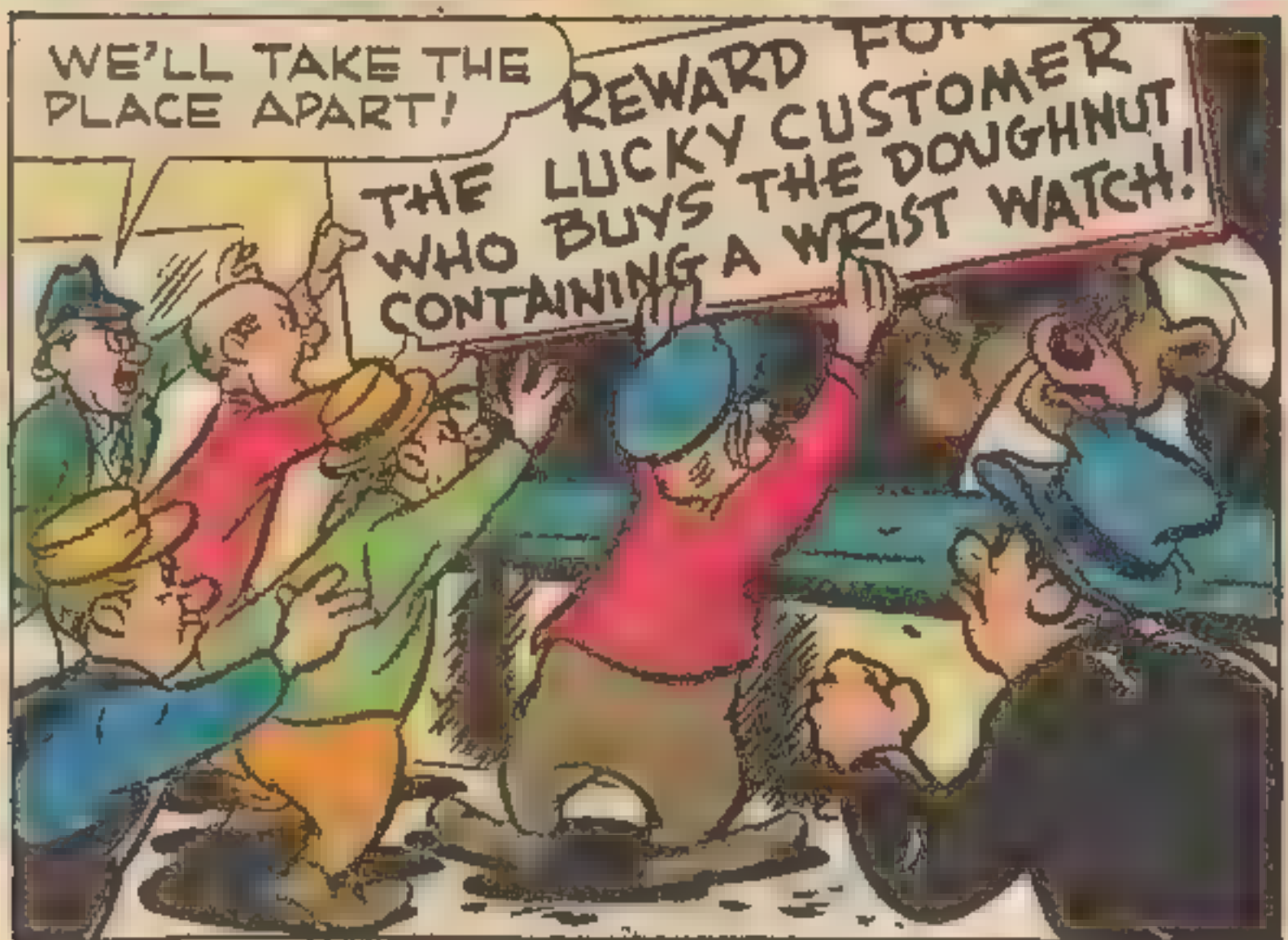
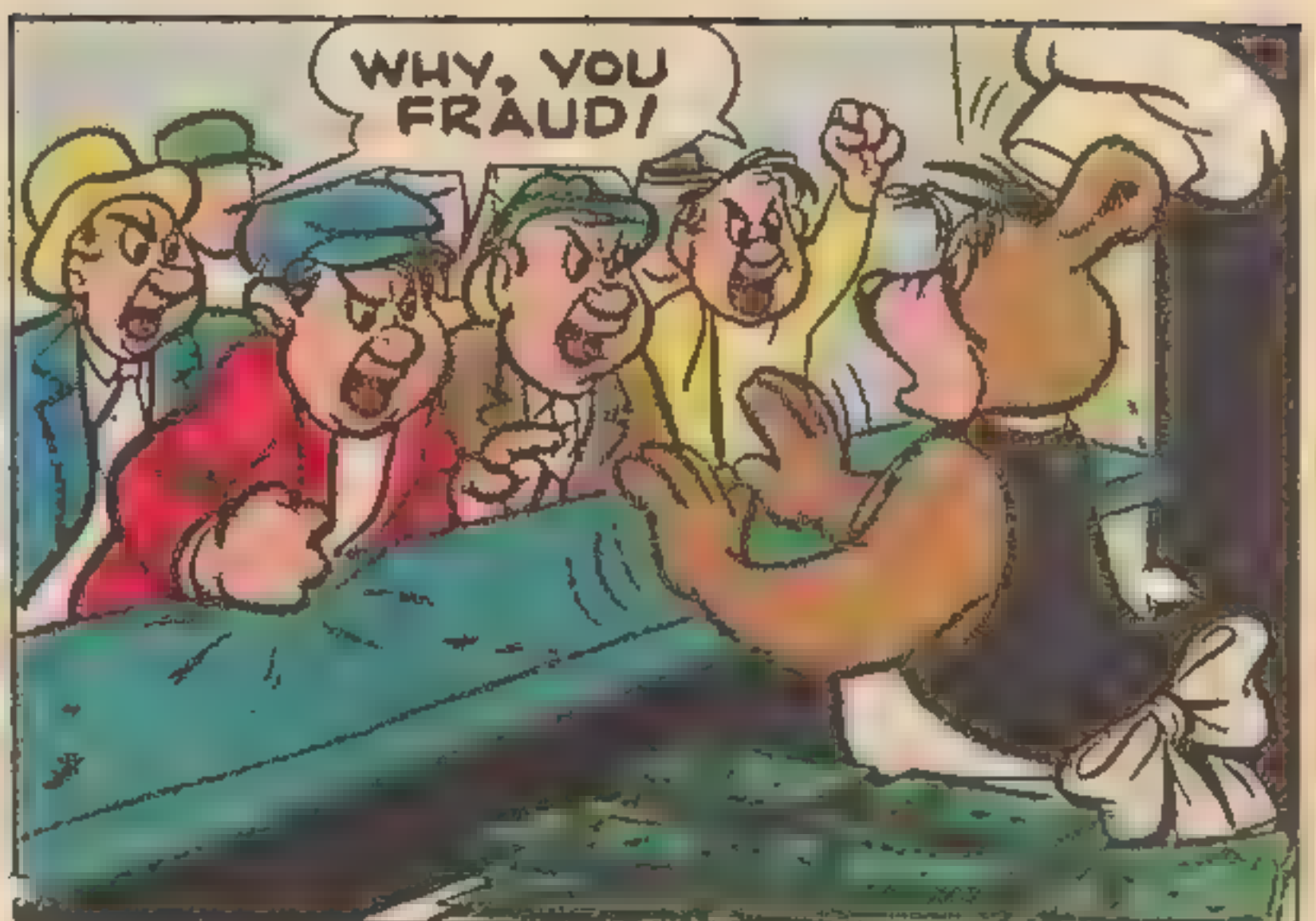
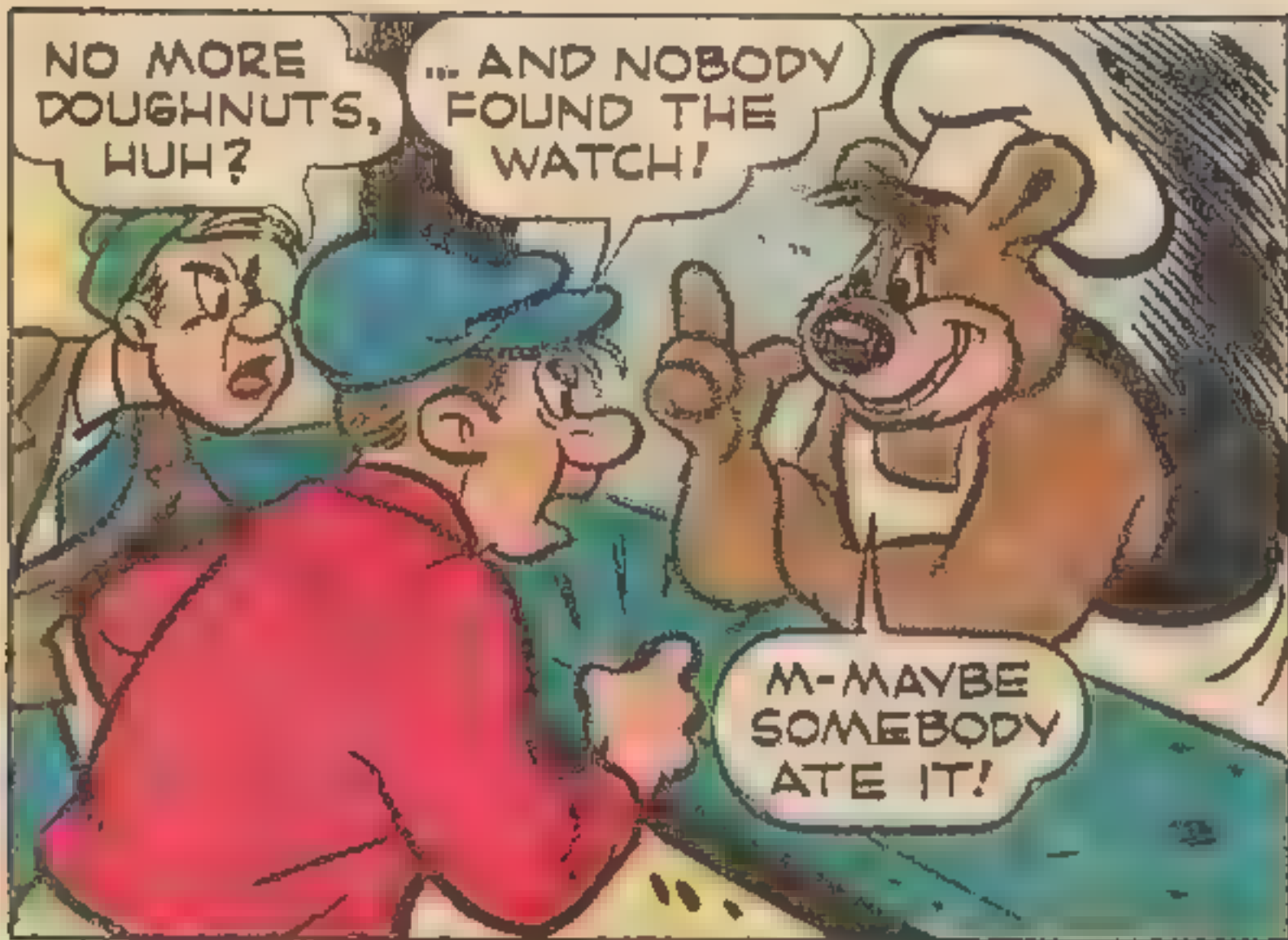




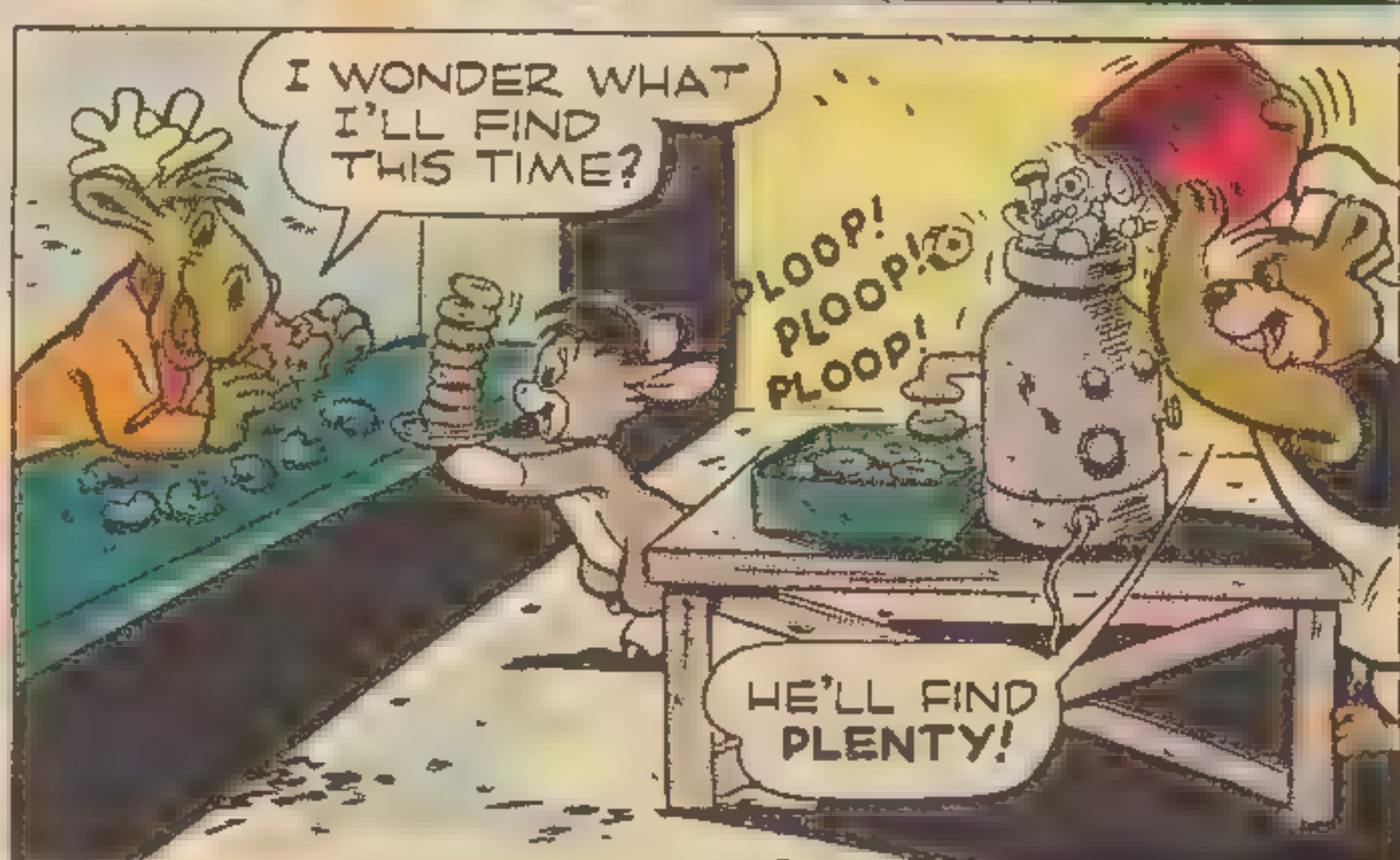
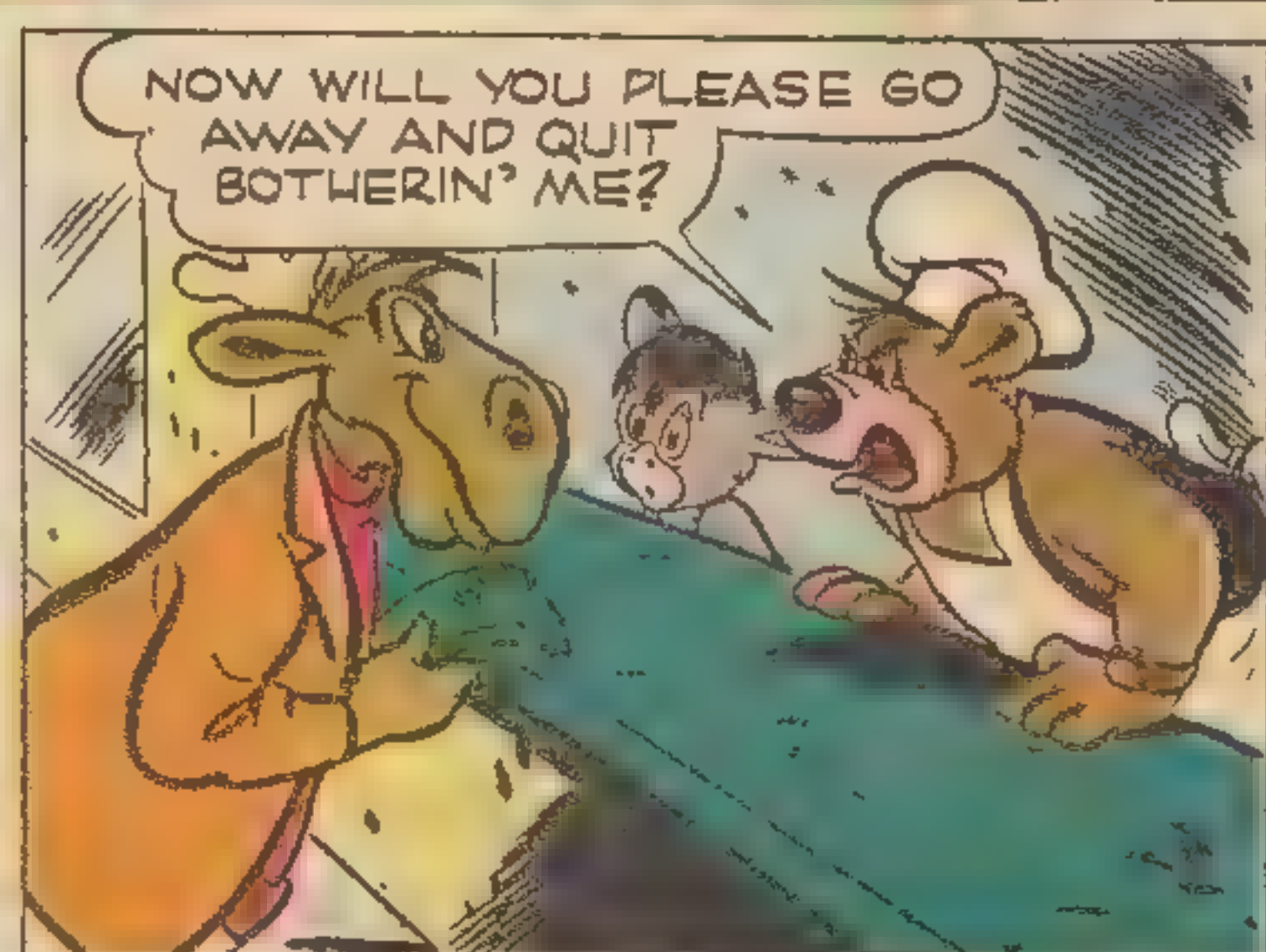
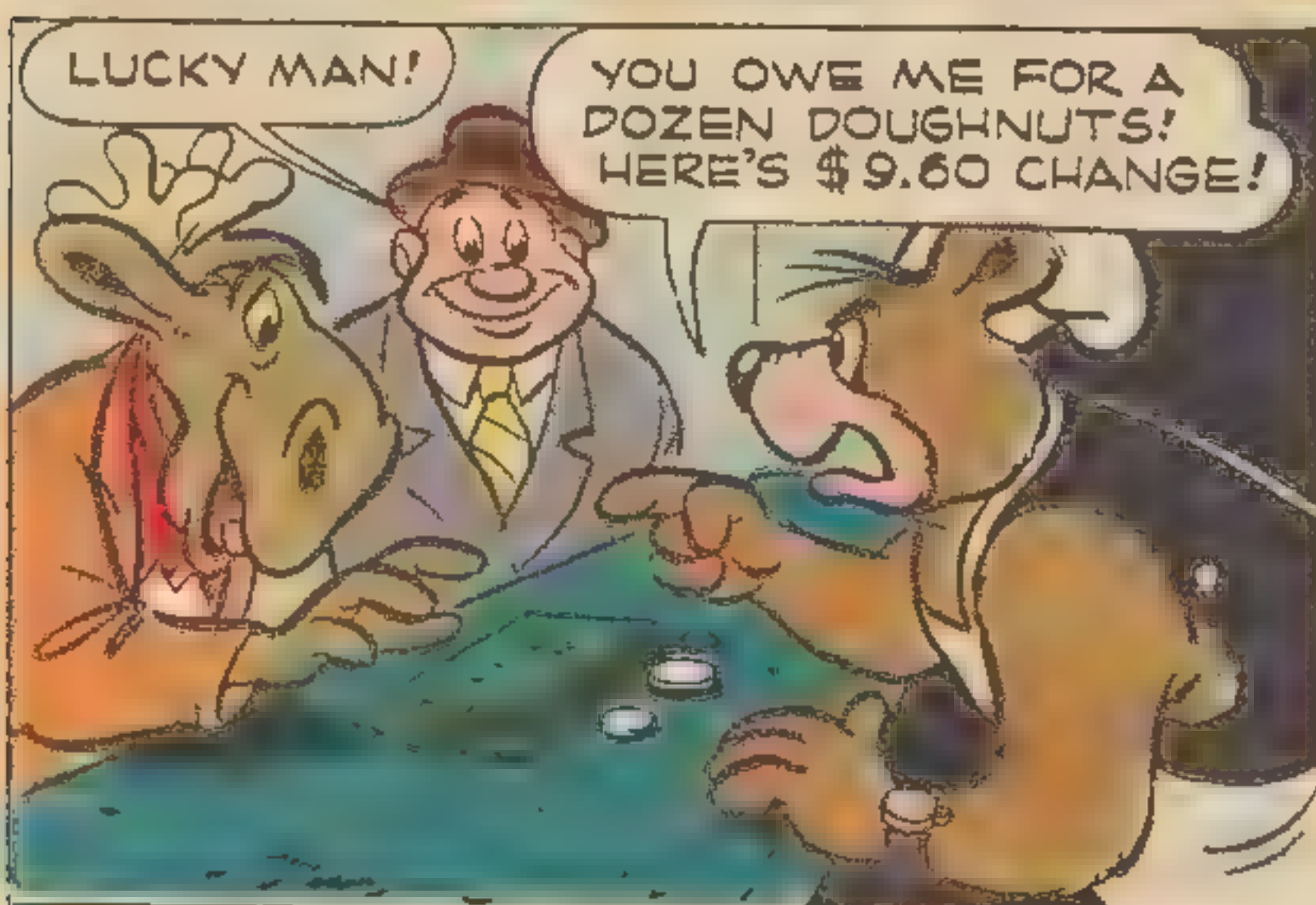
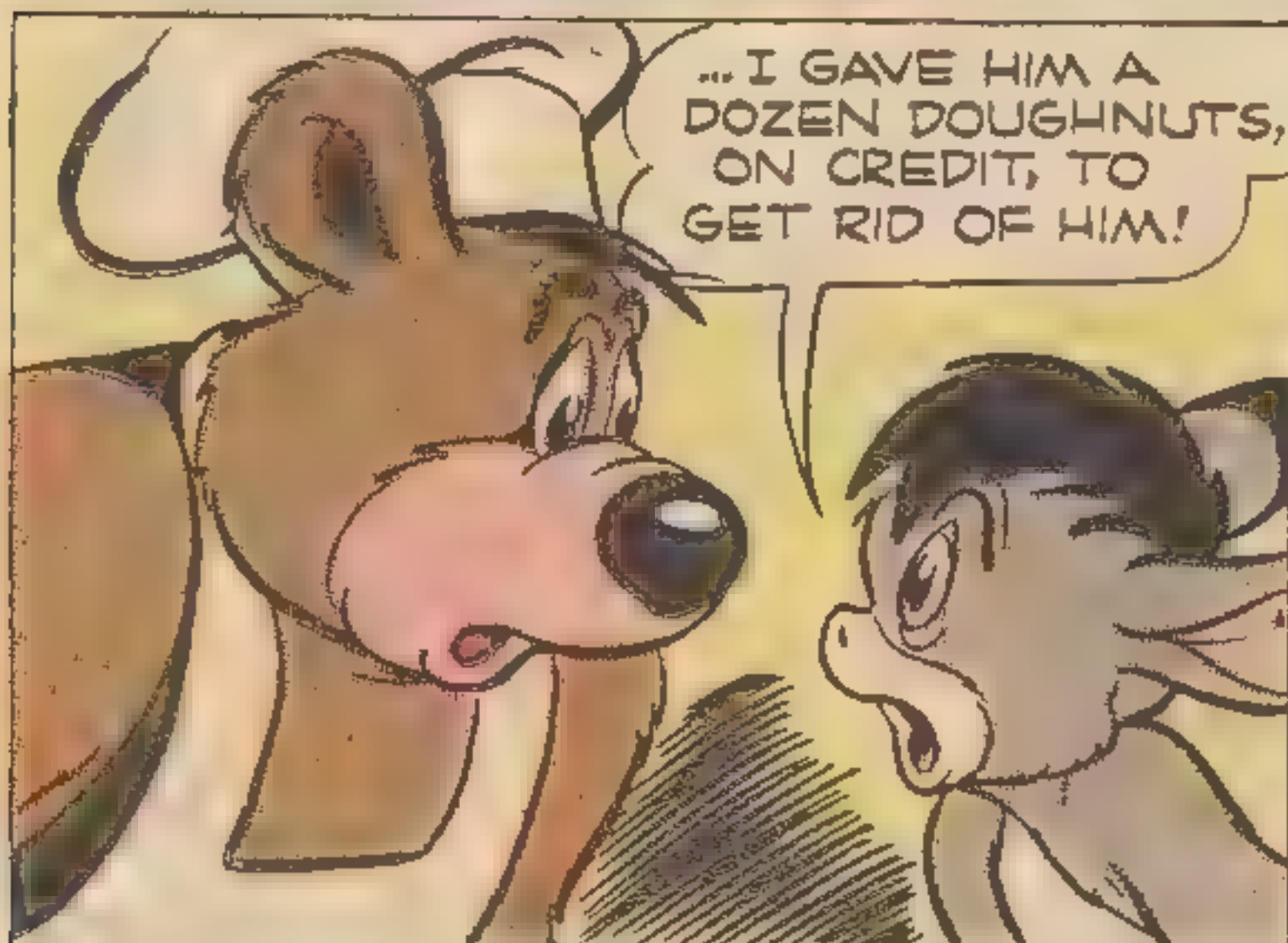
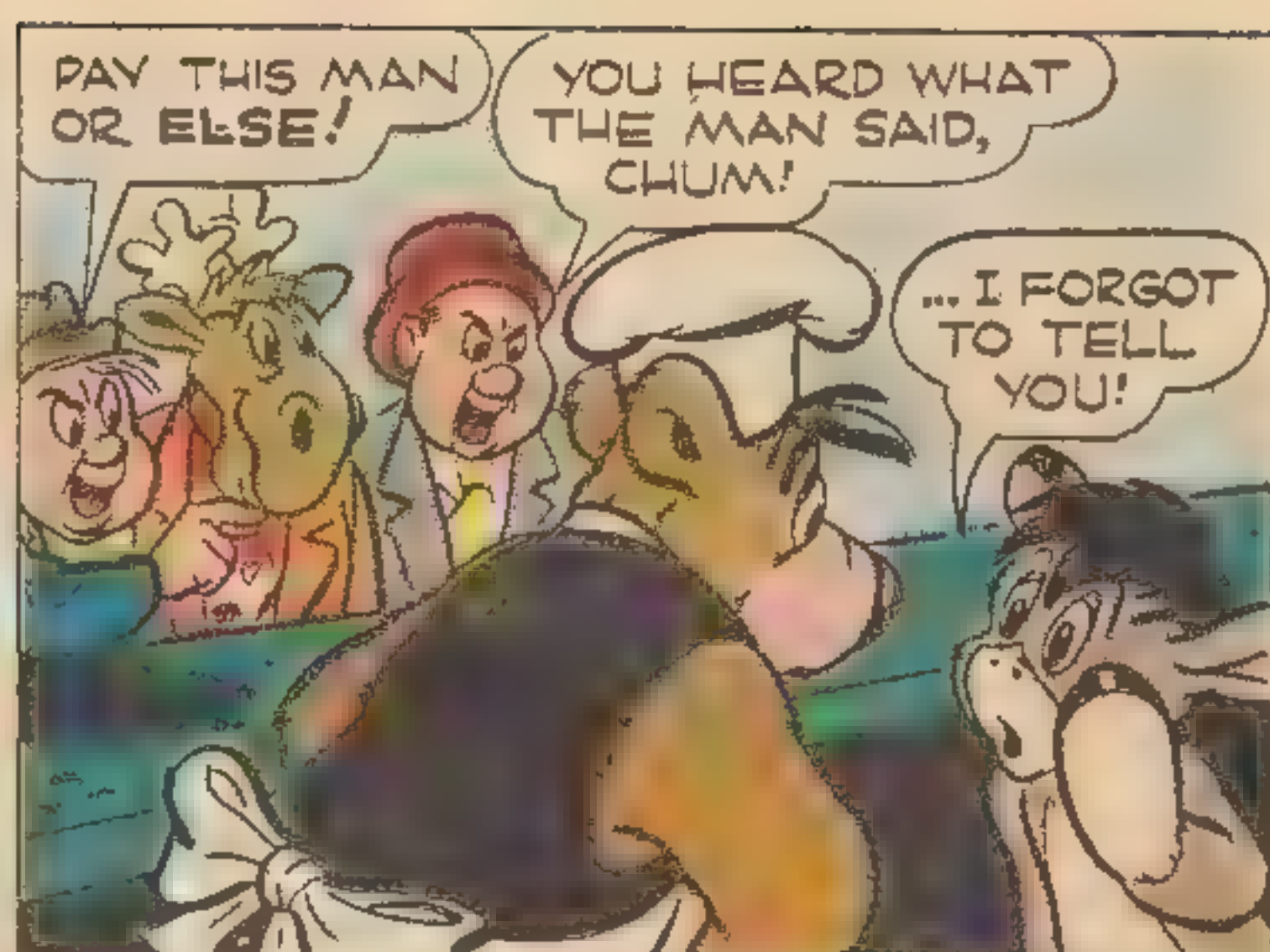
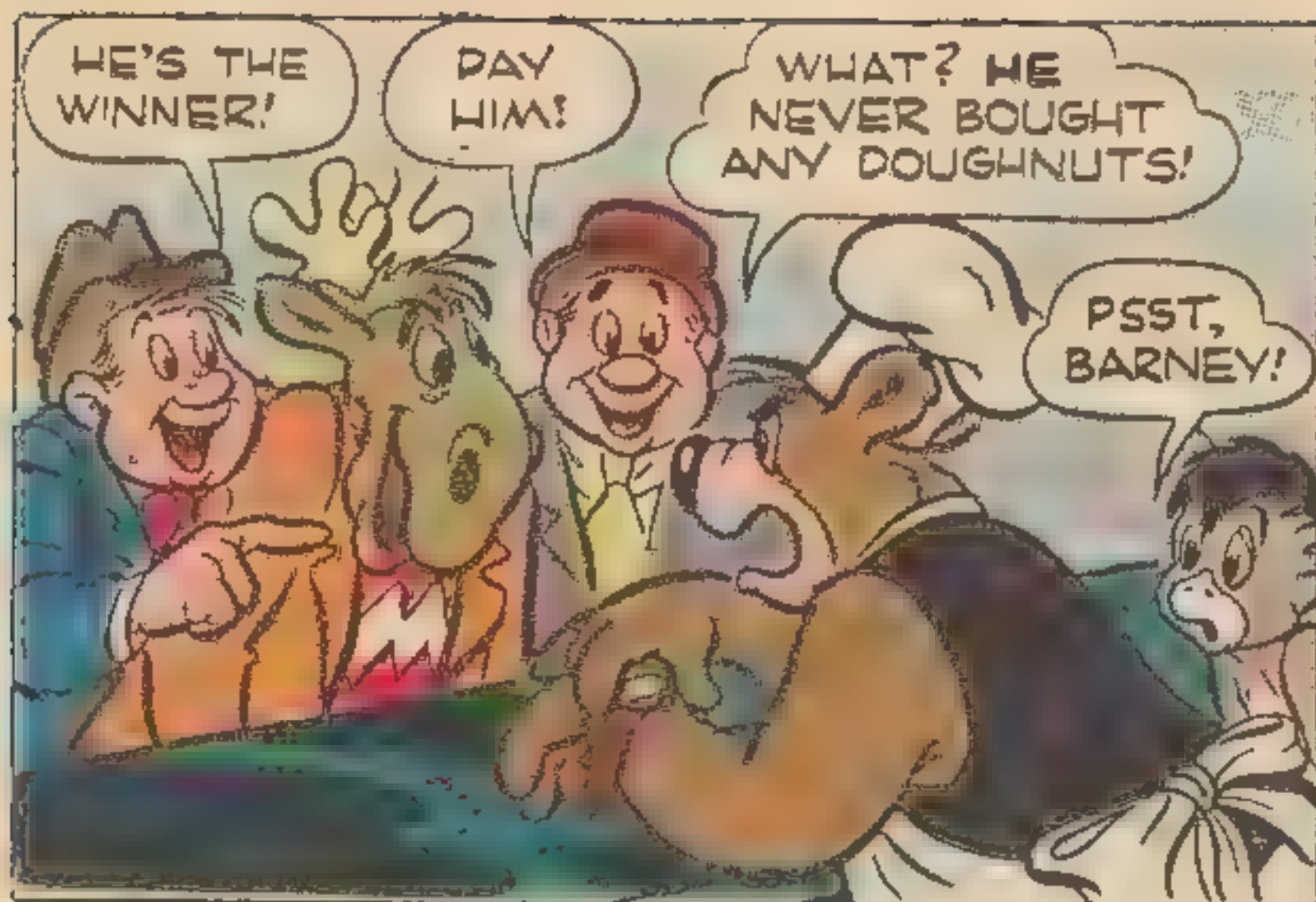




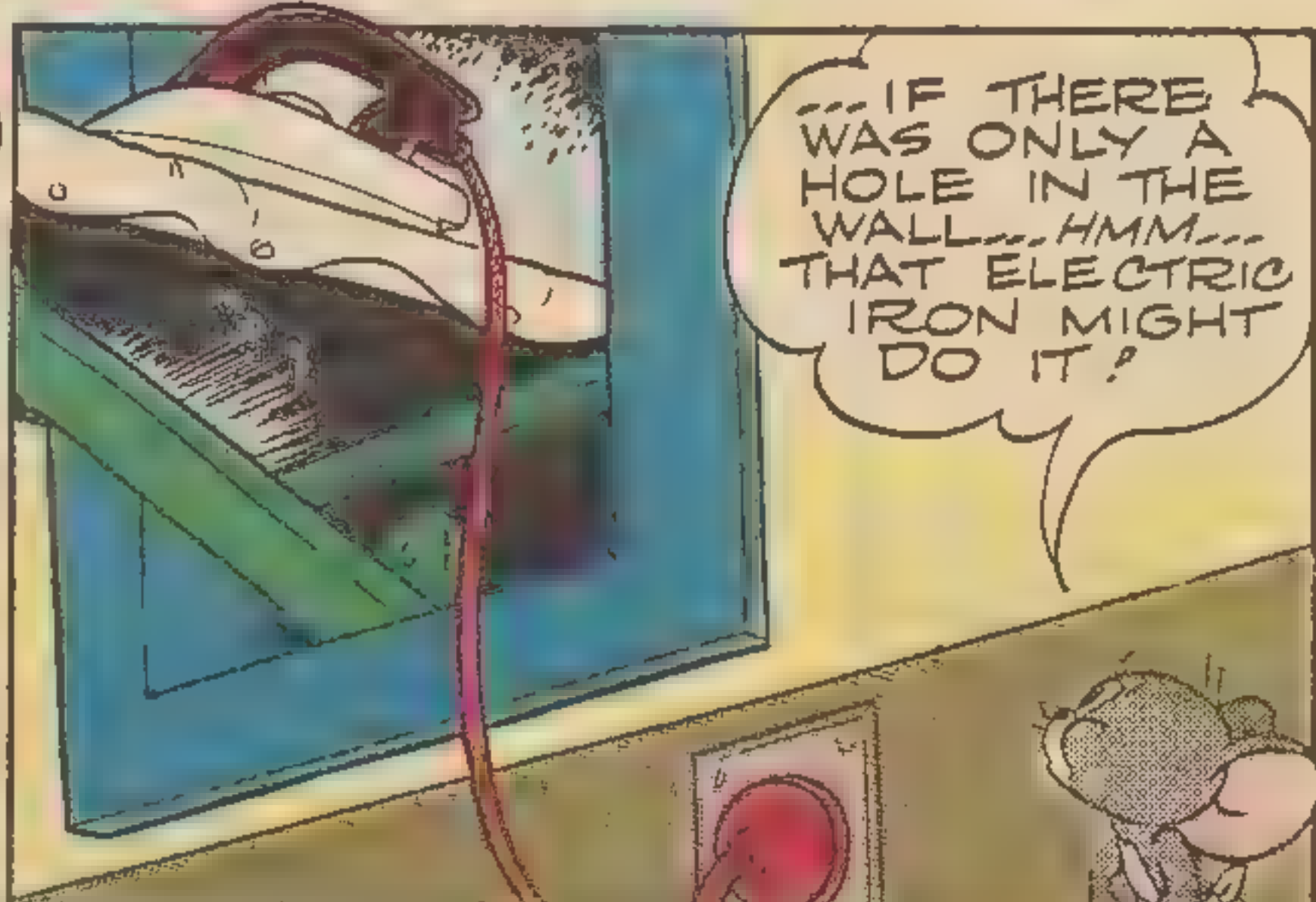
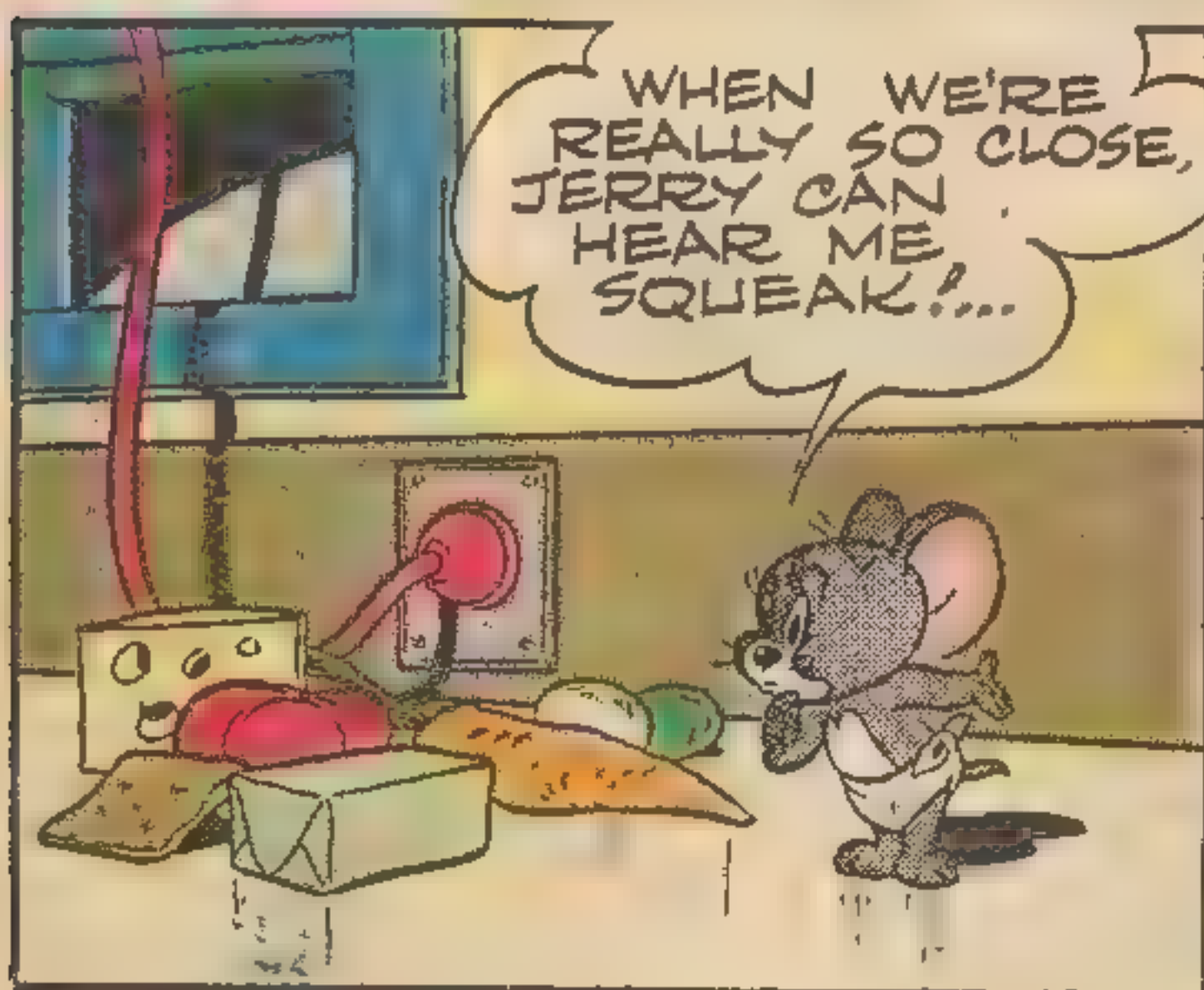
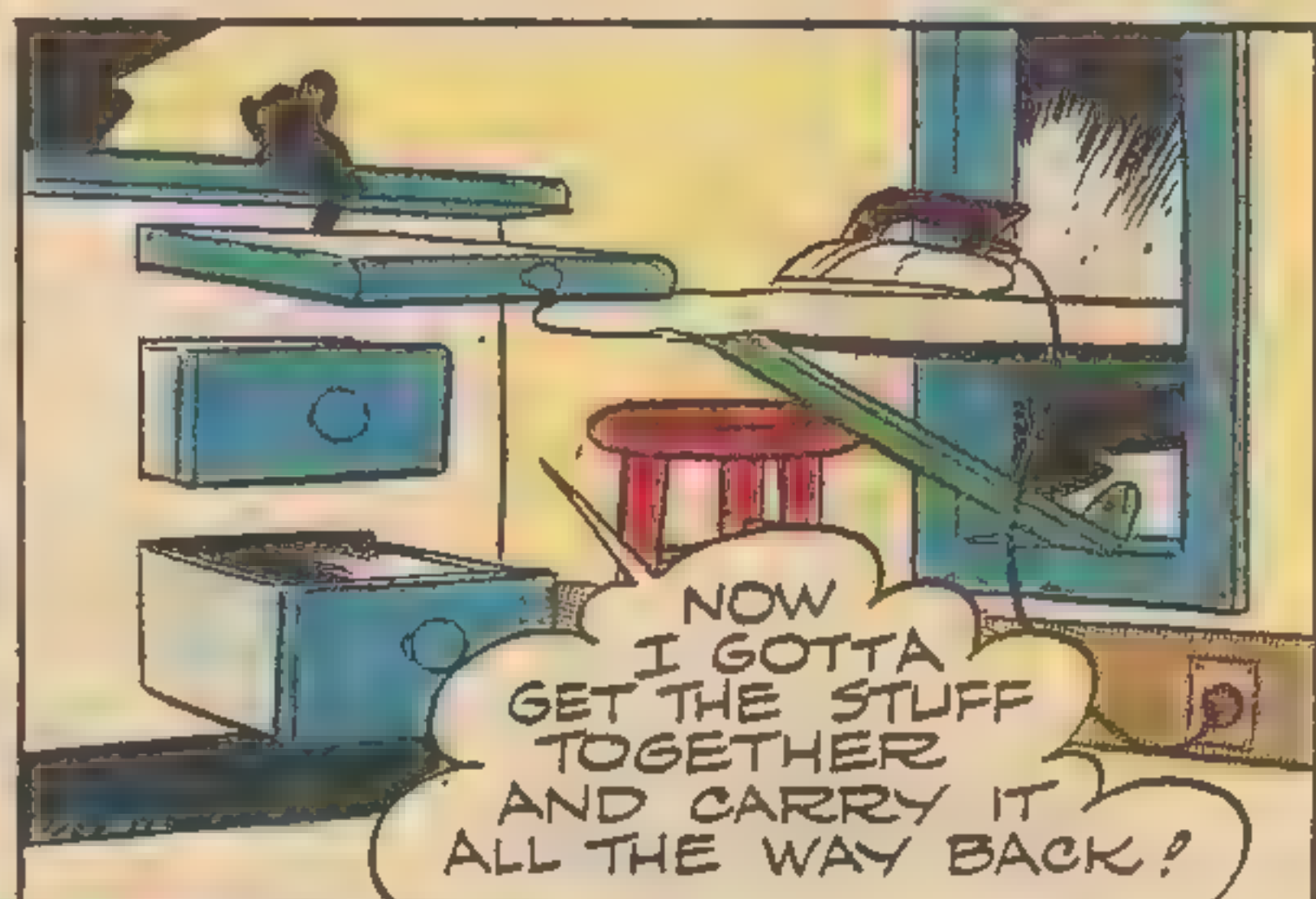
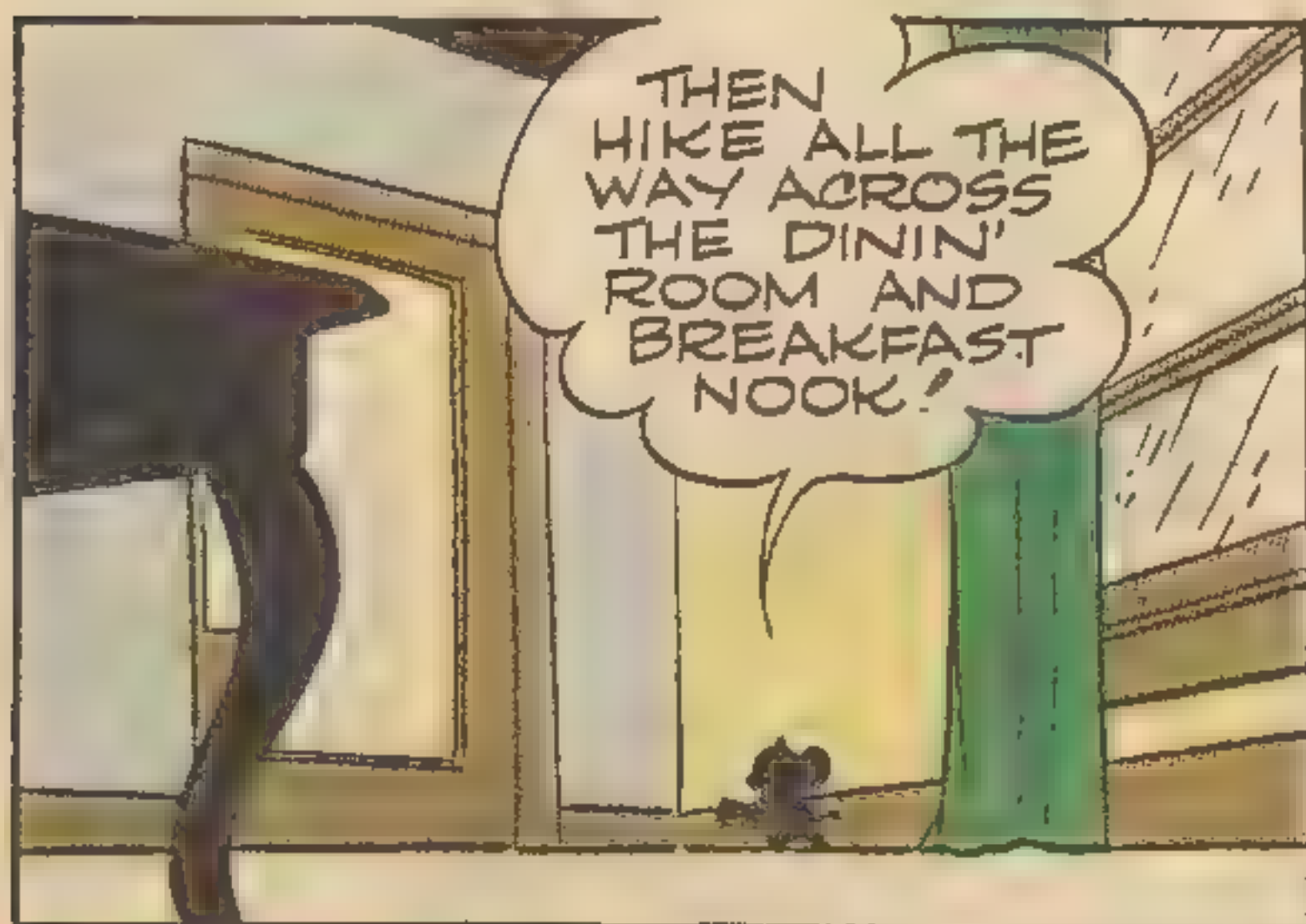
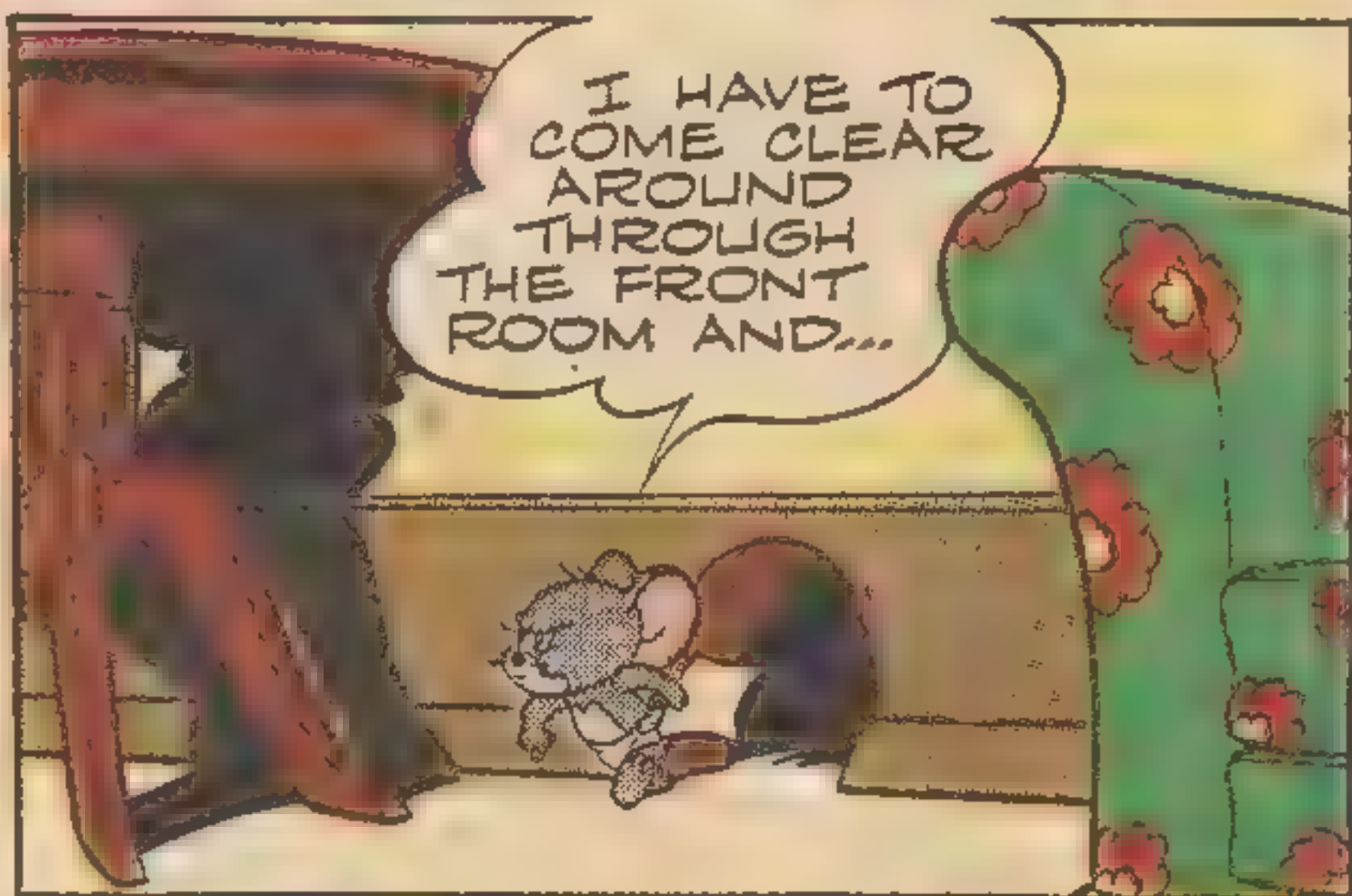
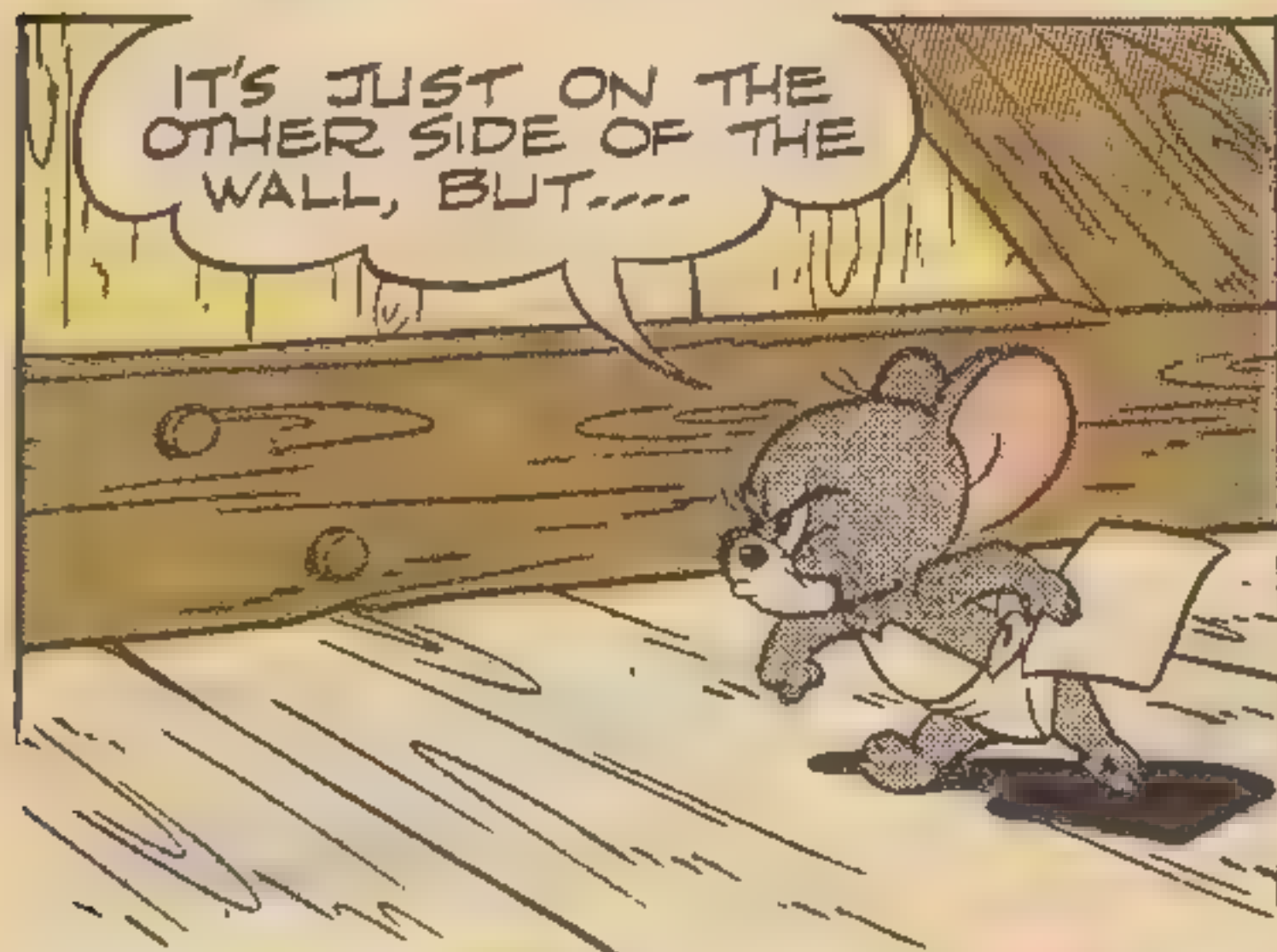
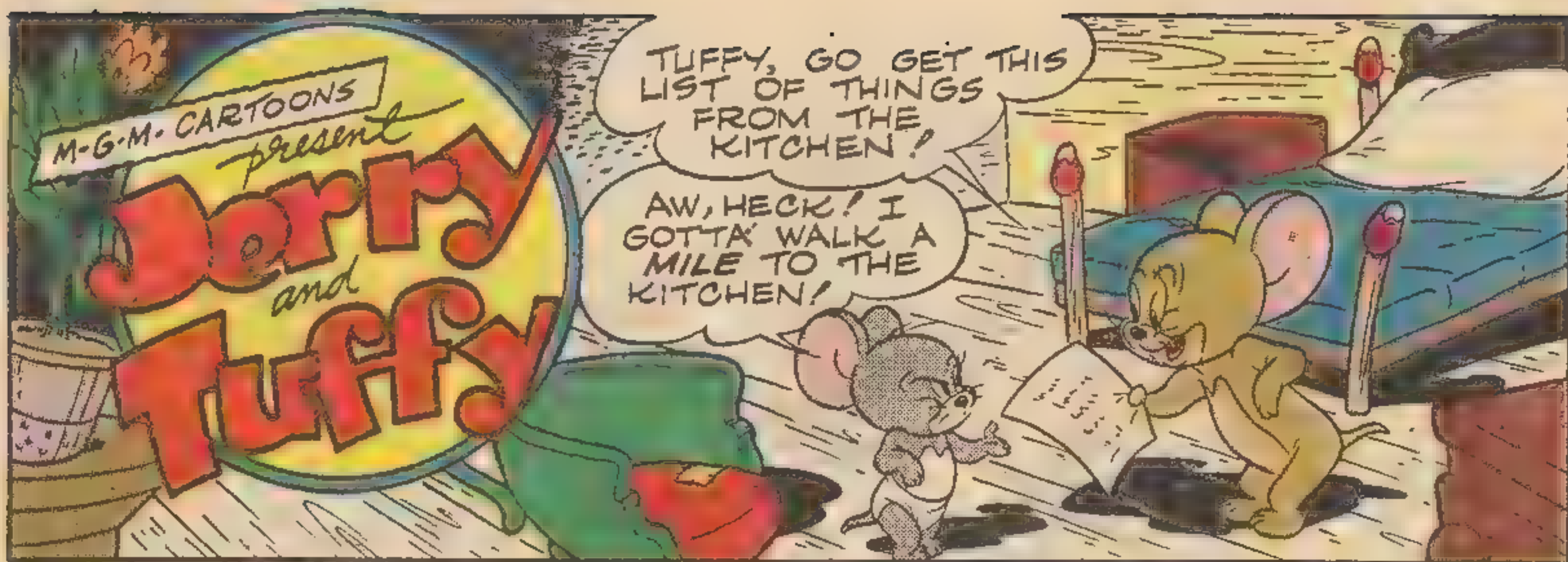




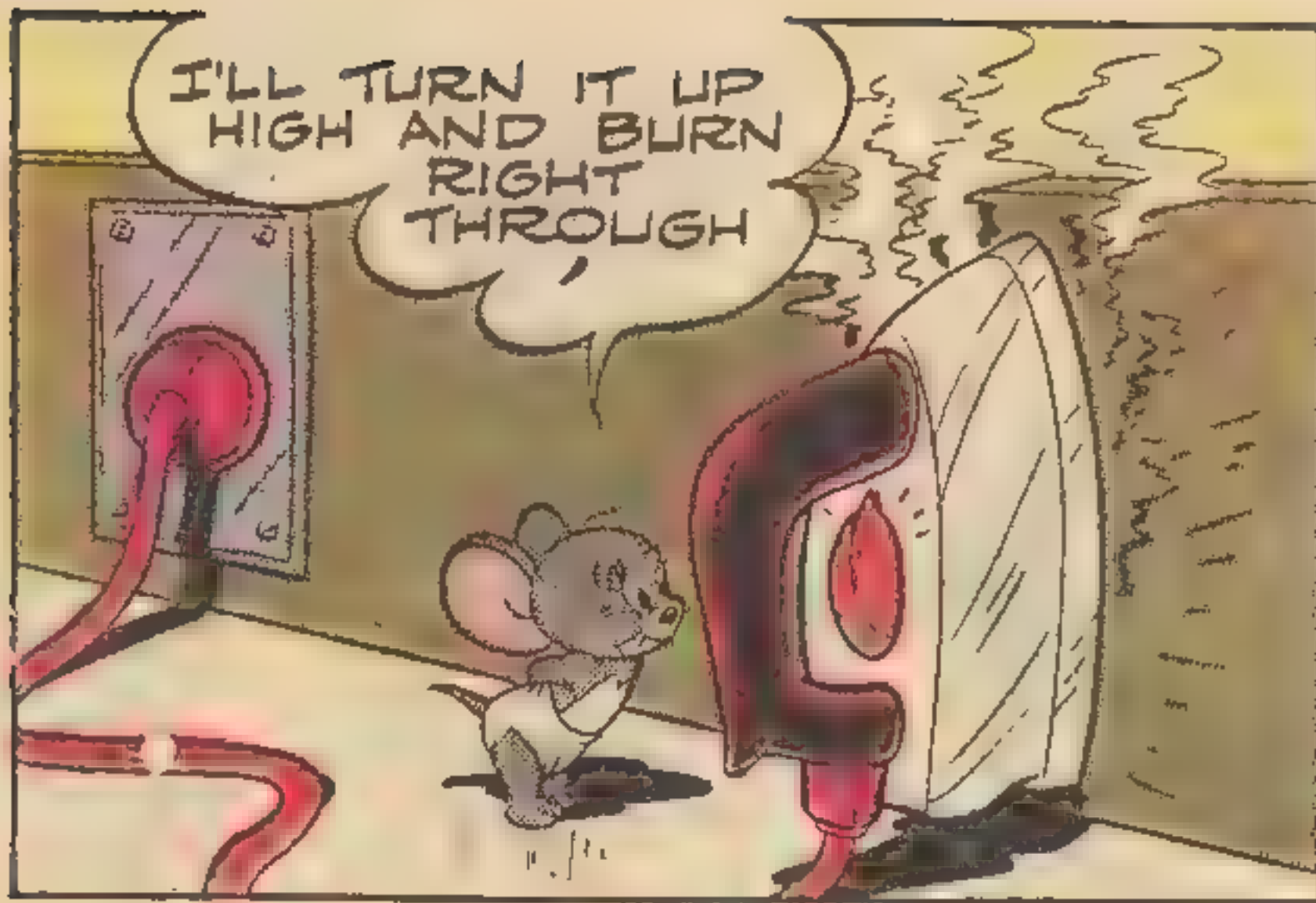




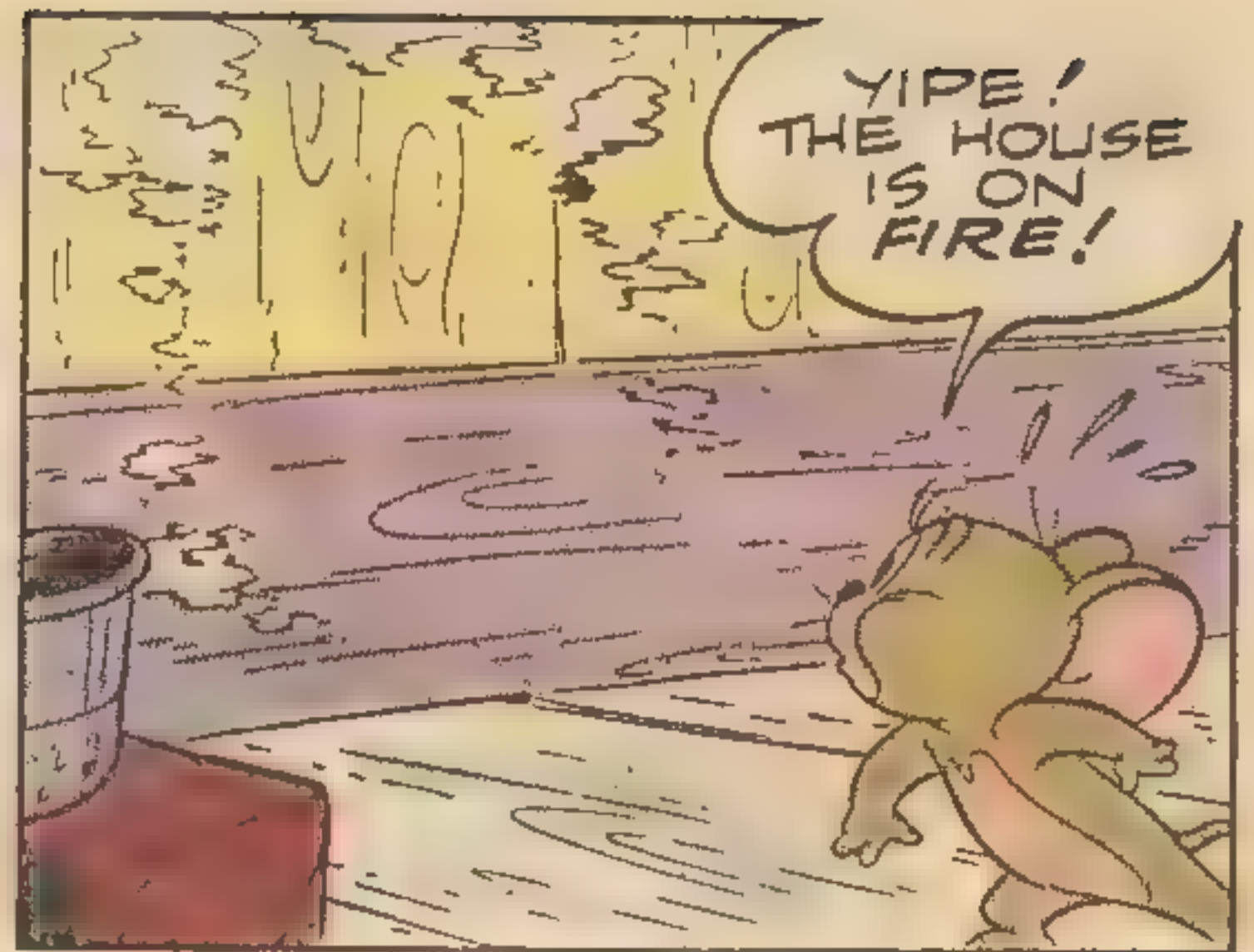




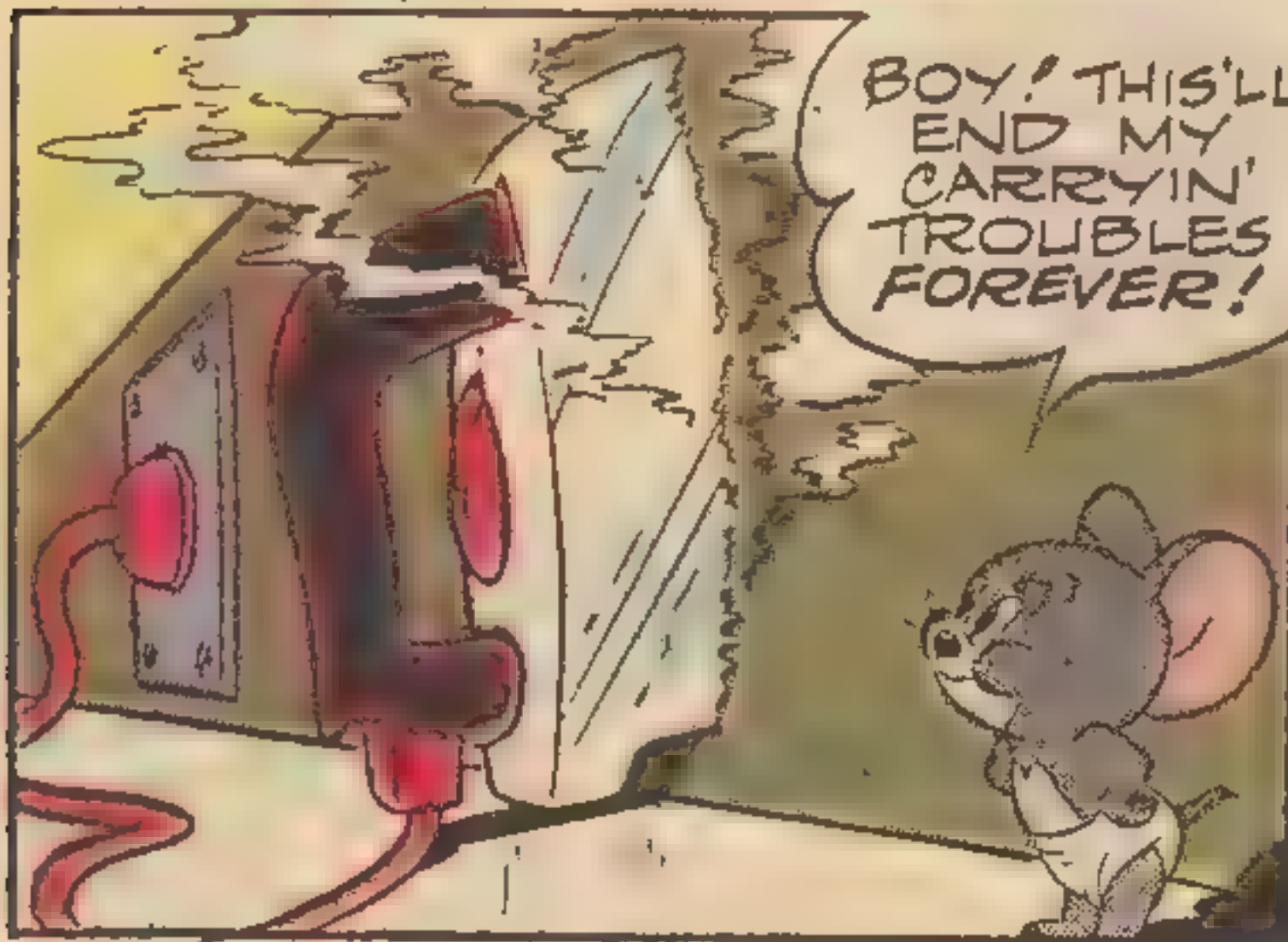




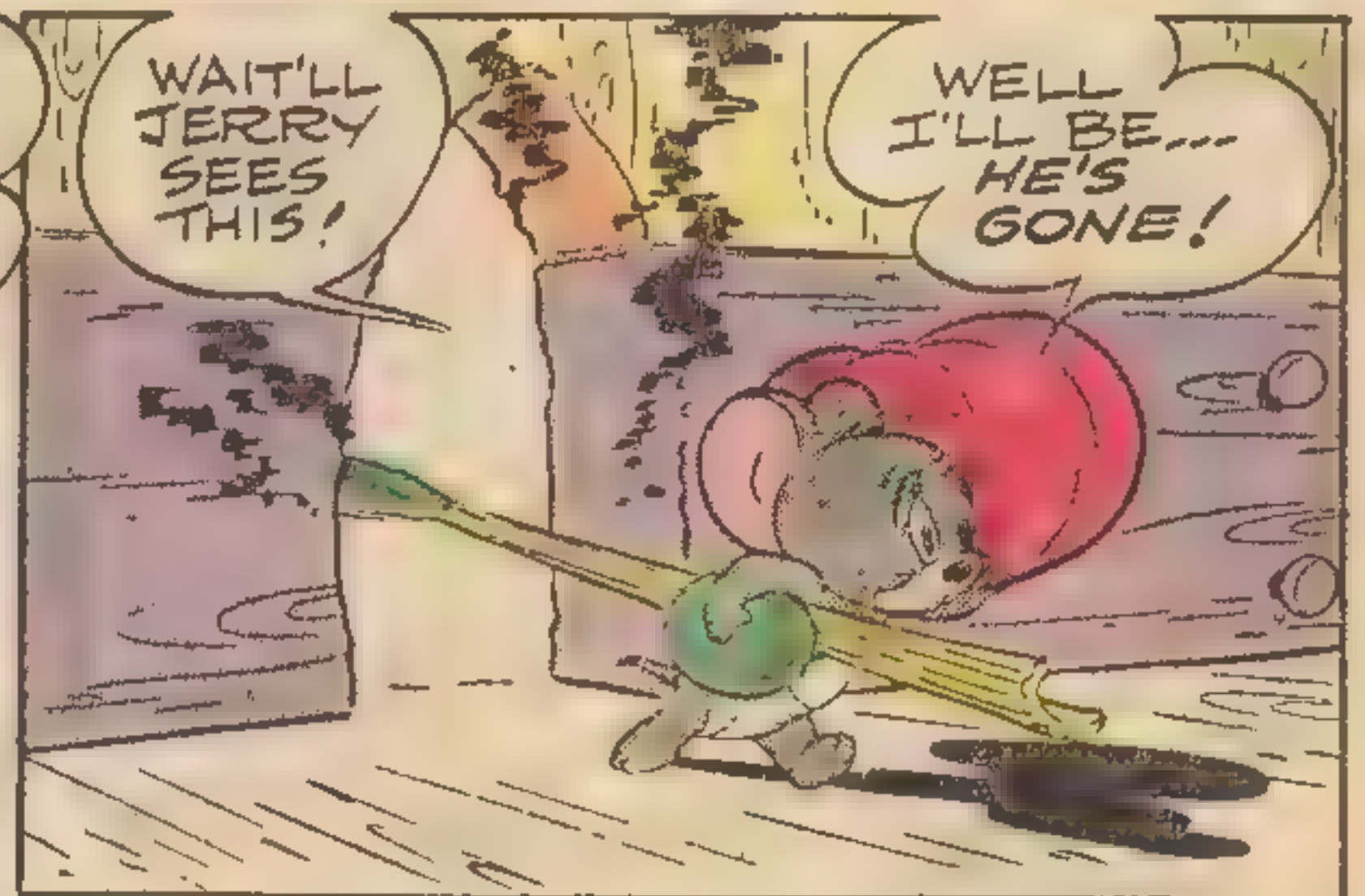
I'LL TURN IT UP  
HIGH AND BURN  
RIGHT  
THROUGH



YIPE!  
THE HOUSE  
IS ON  
FIRE!

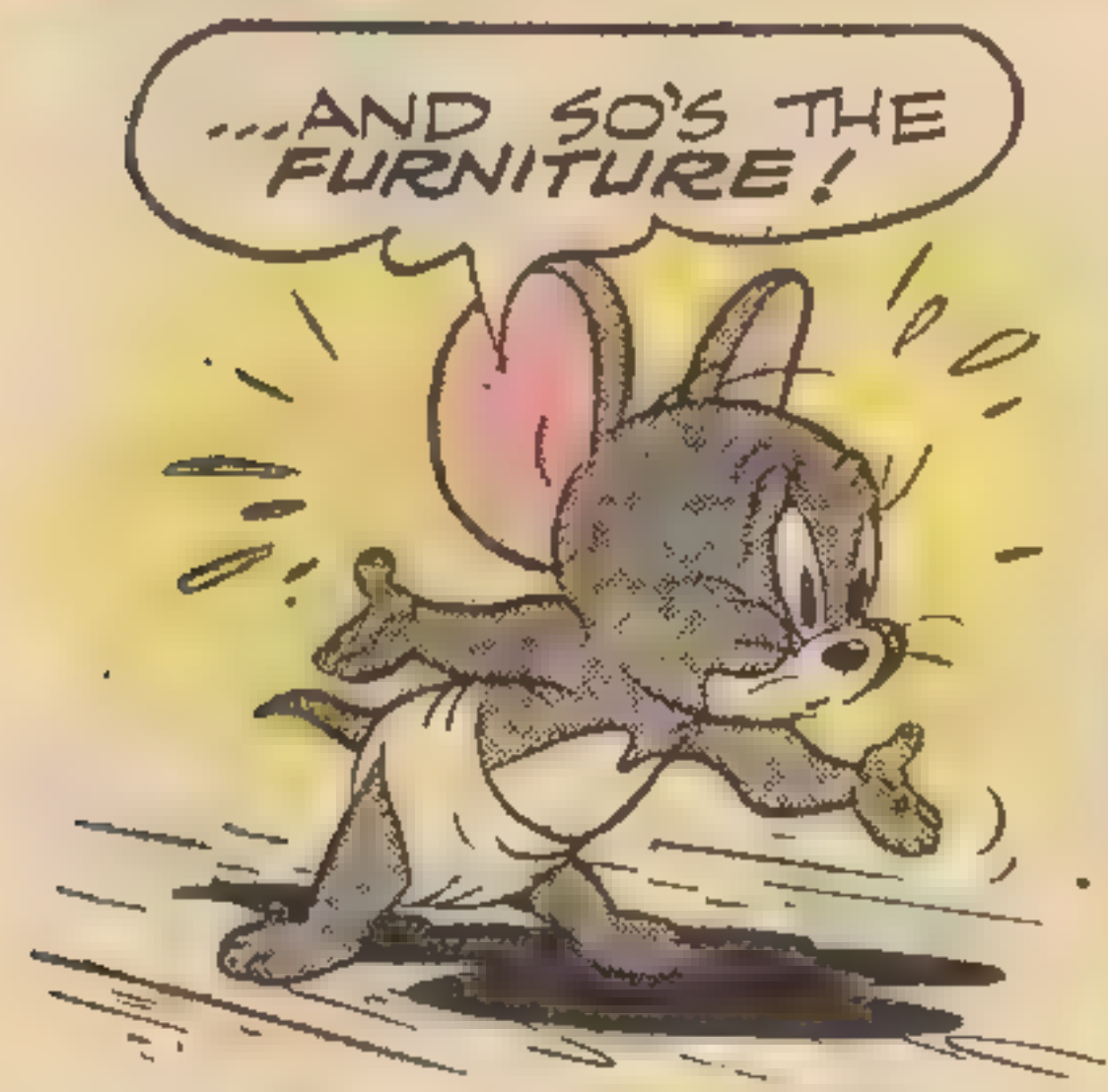


BOY! THIS'LL  
END MY  
CARRYIN'  
TROUBLES  
FOREVER!

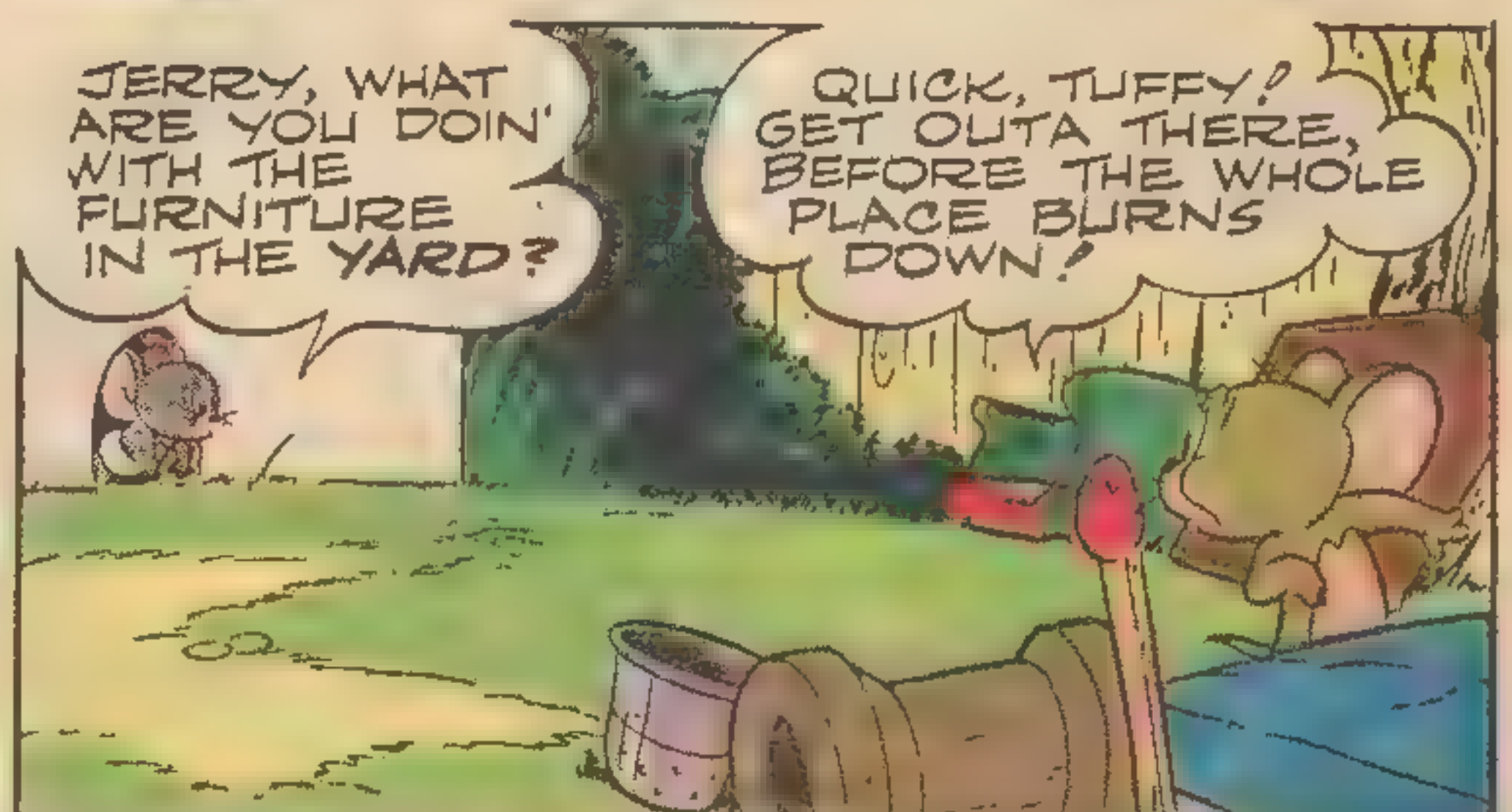


WAIT'LL  
JERRY  
SEES  
THIS!

WELL  
I'LL BE...  
HE'S  
GONE!

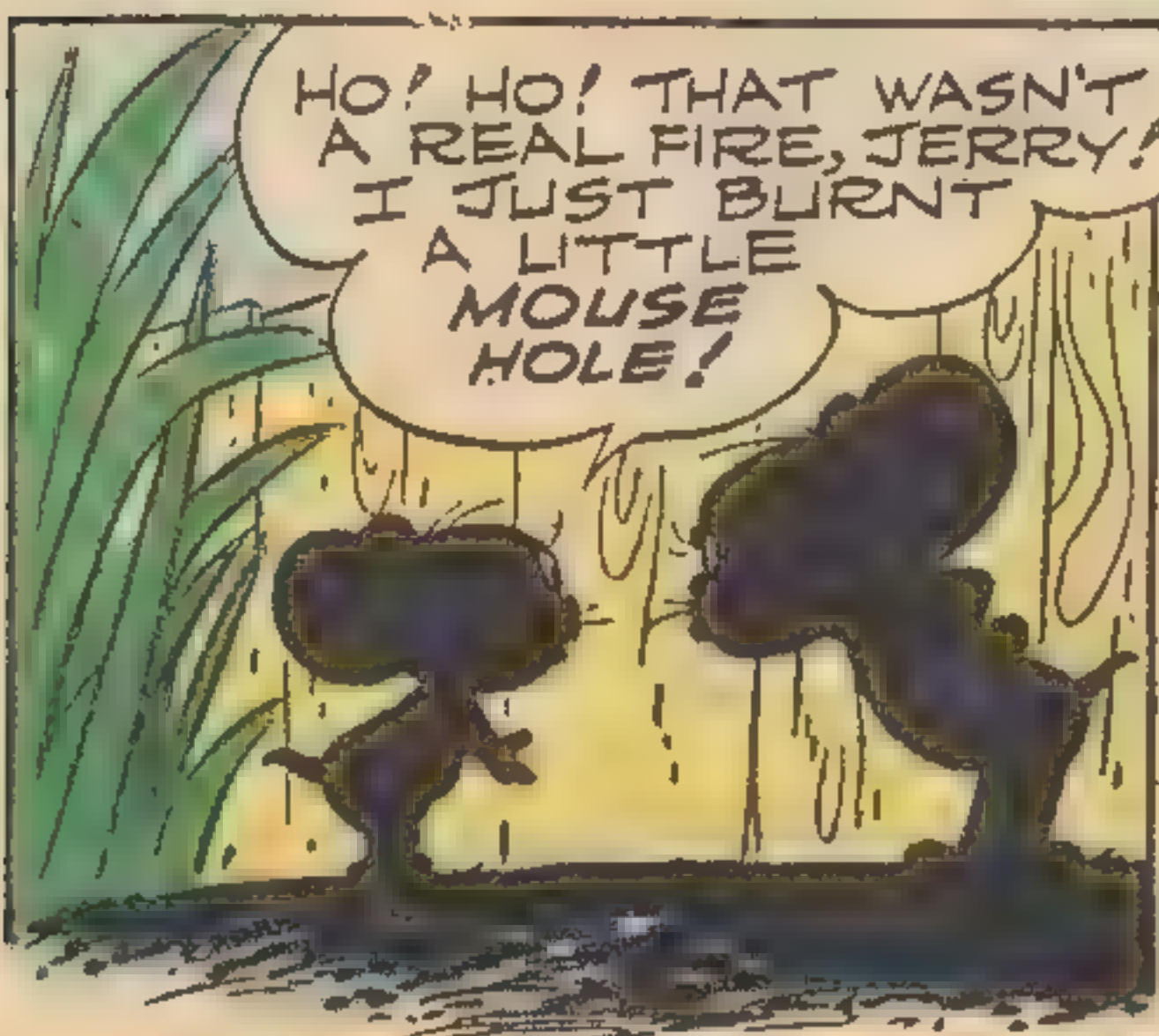


...AND SO'S THE  
FURNITURE!

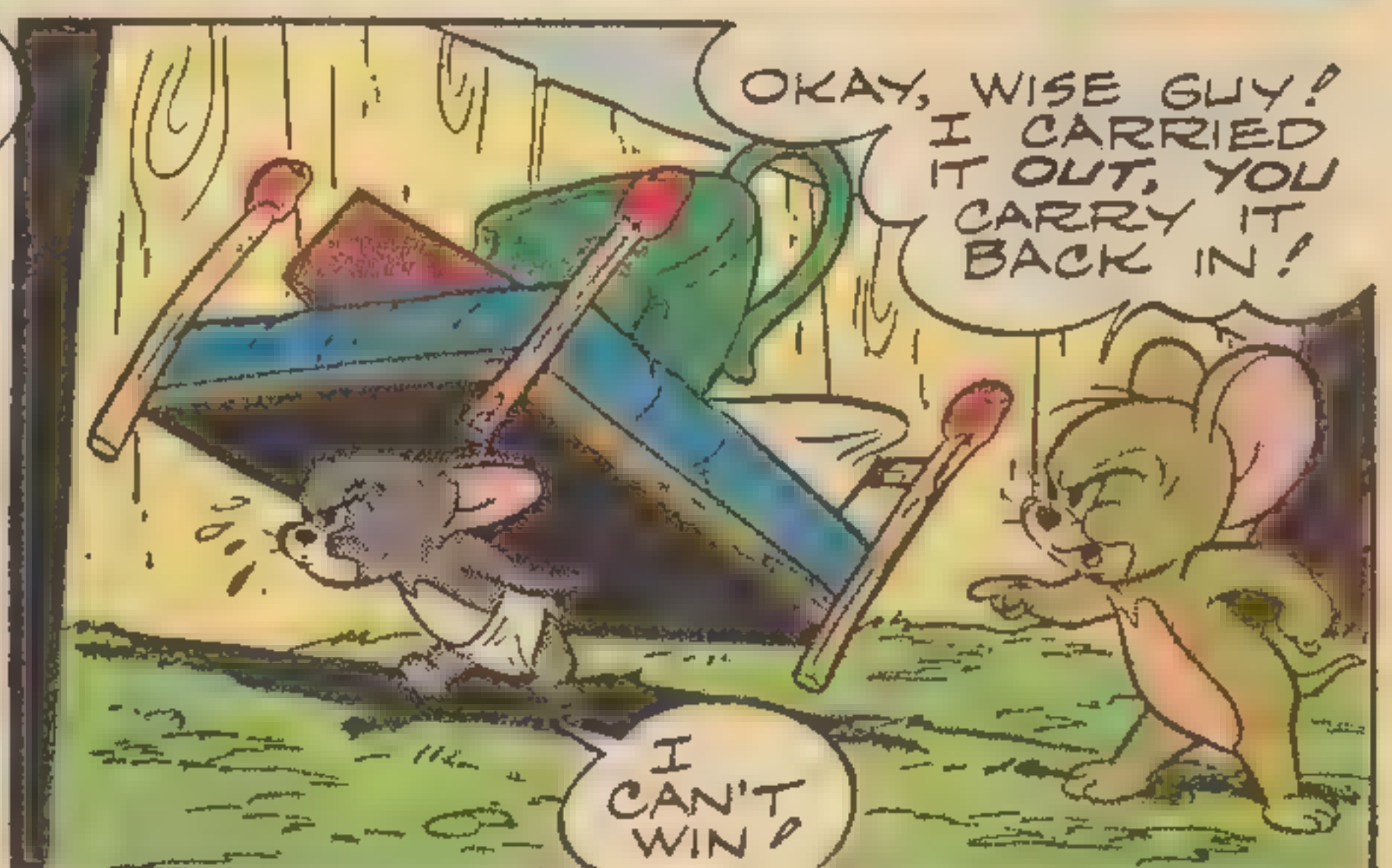


JERRY, WHAT  
ARE YOU DOIN'  
WITH THE  
FURNITURE  
IN THE YARD?

QUICK, TUFFY!  
GET OUTA THERE,  
BEFORE THE WHOLE  
PLACE BURNS  
DOWN!



HO! HO! THAT WASN'T  
A REAL FIRE, JERRY!  
I JUST BURNT  
A LITTLE  
MOUSE  
HOLE!



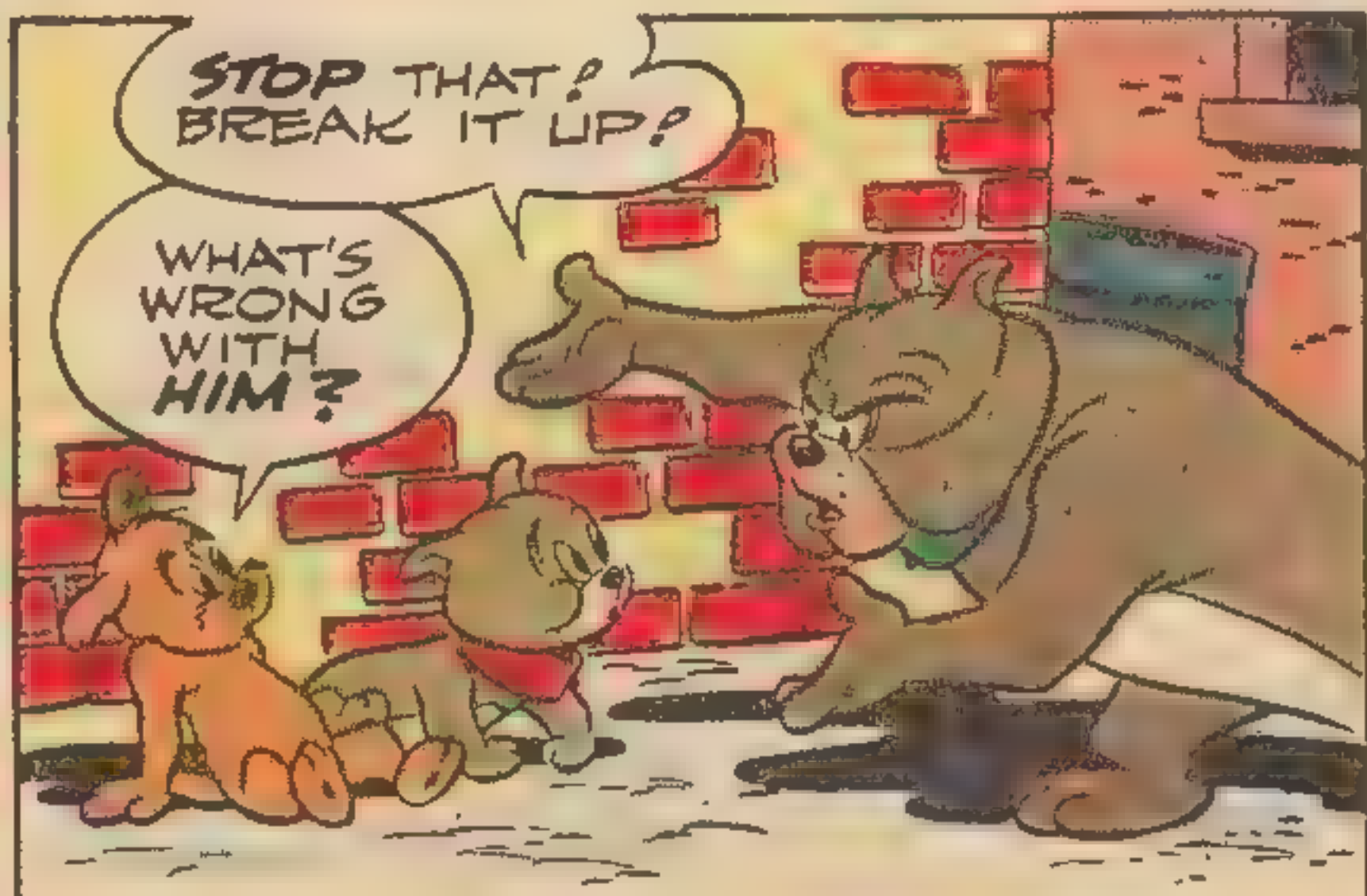
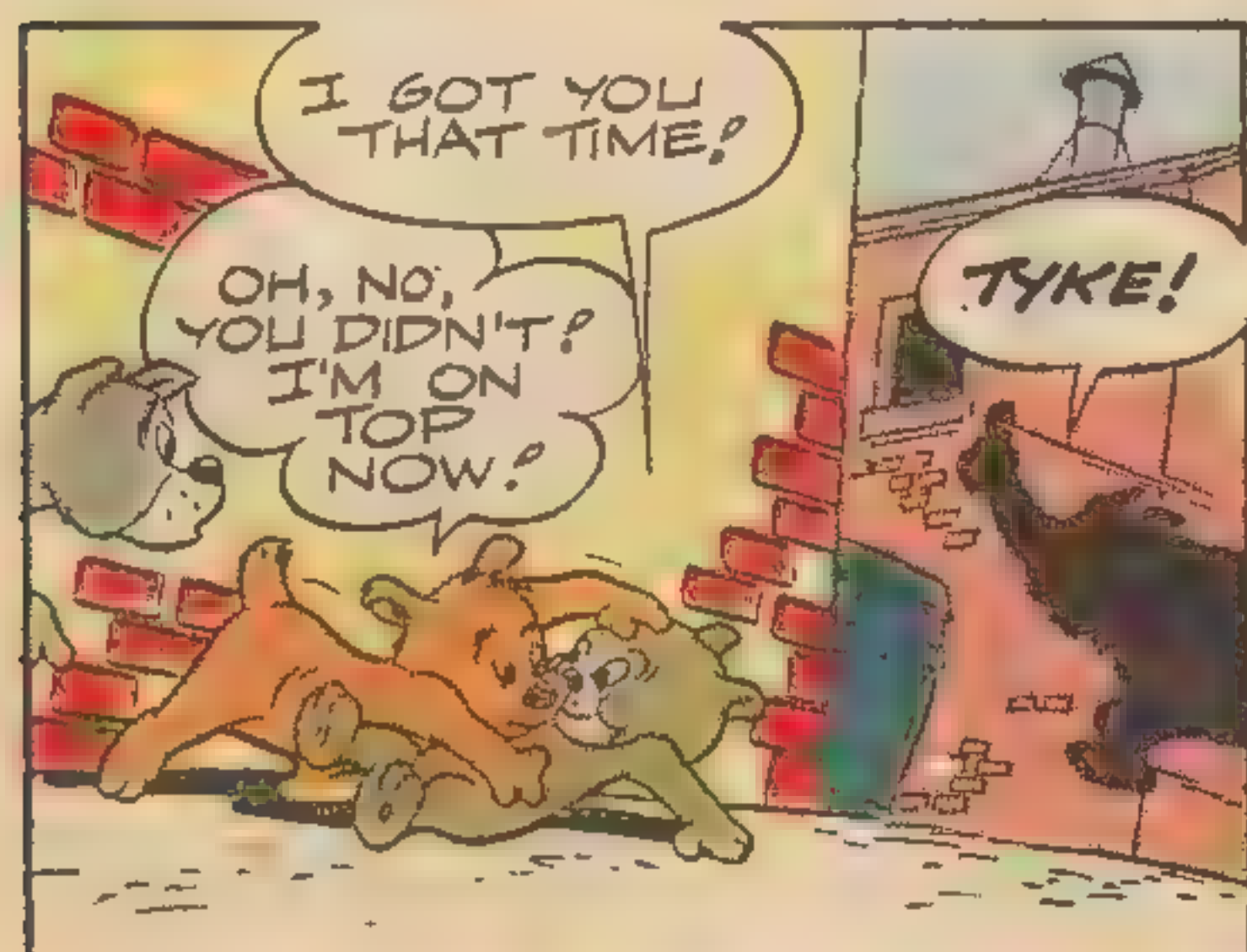
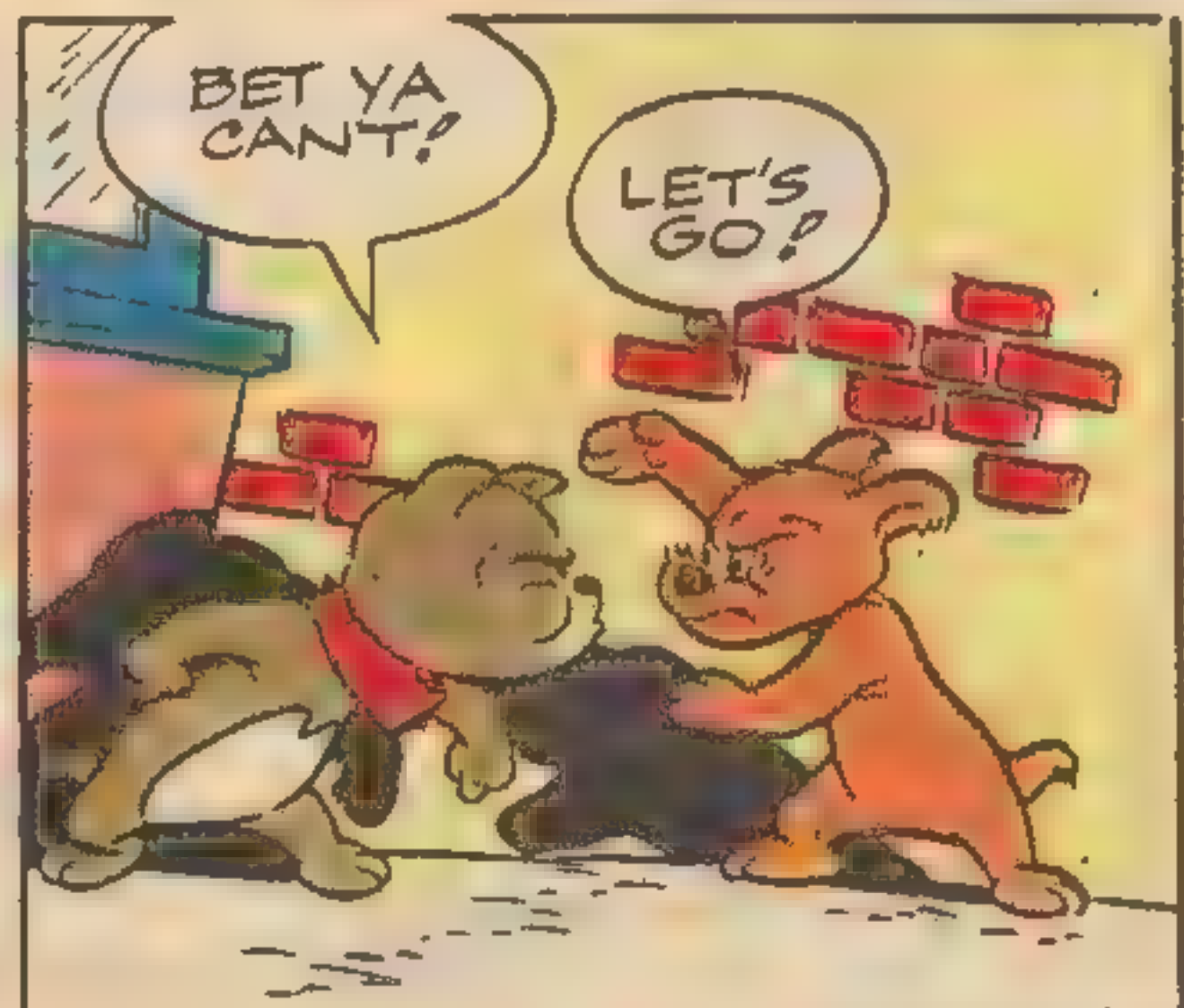
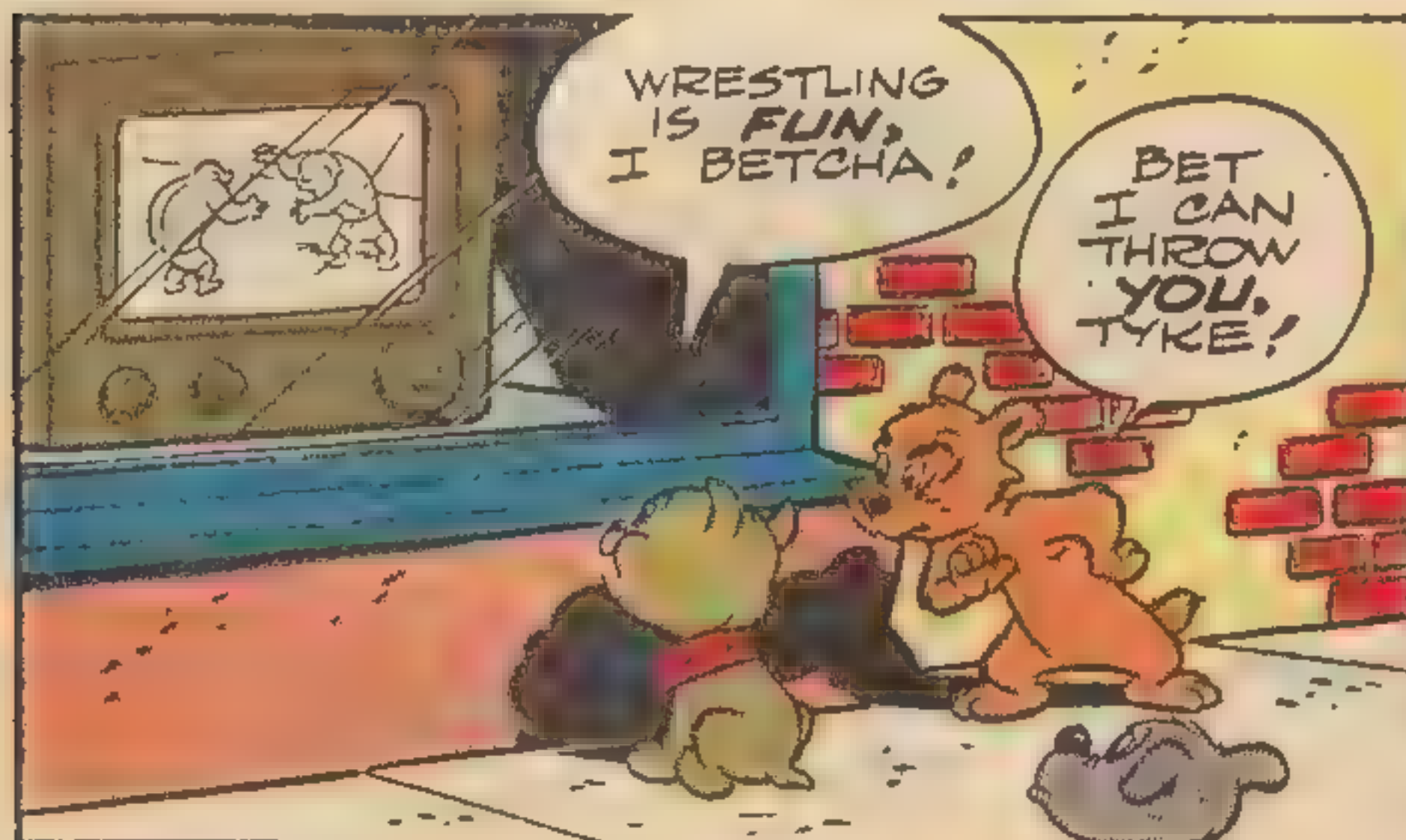
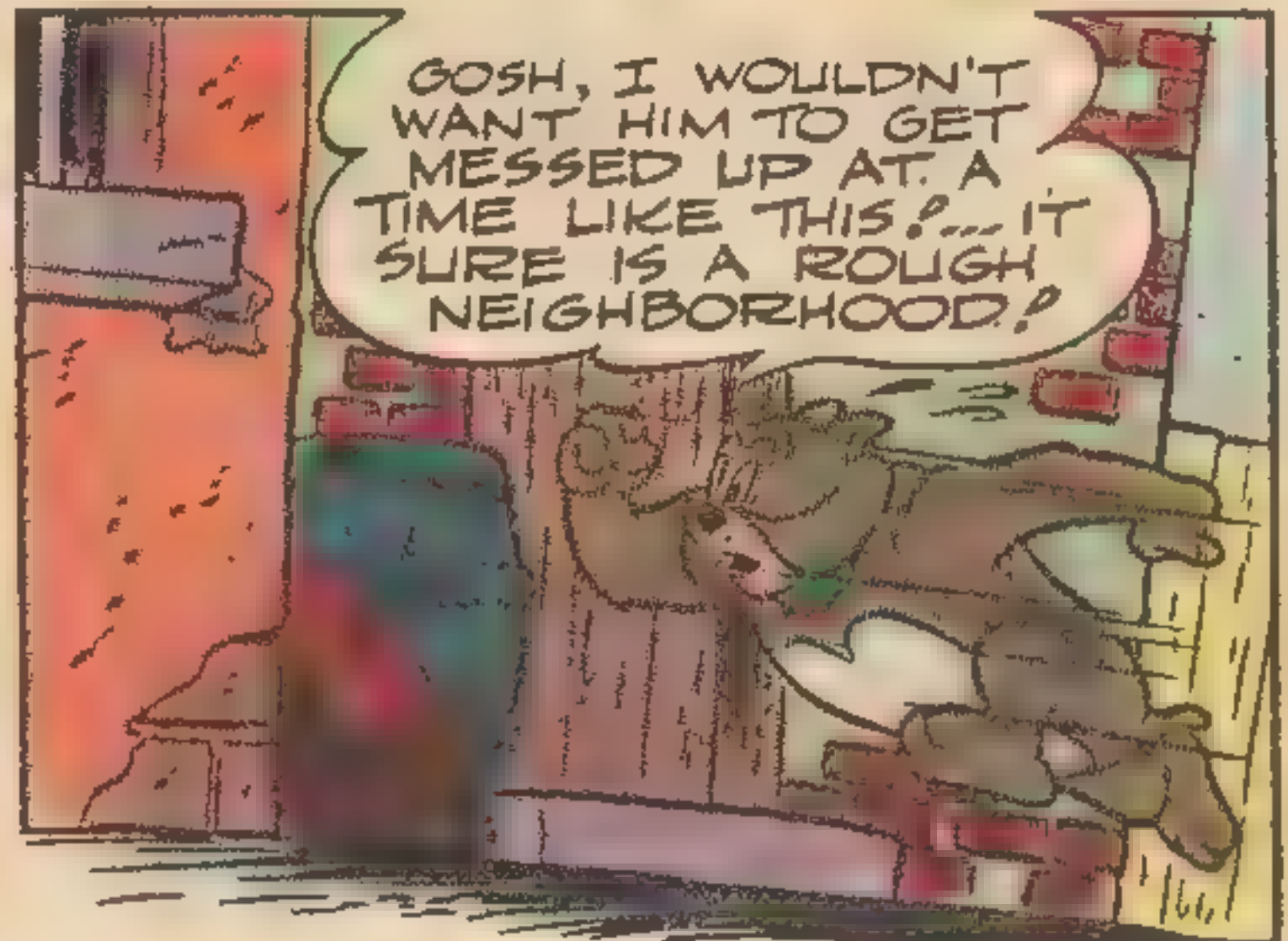
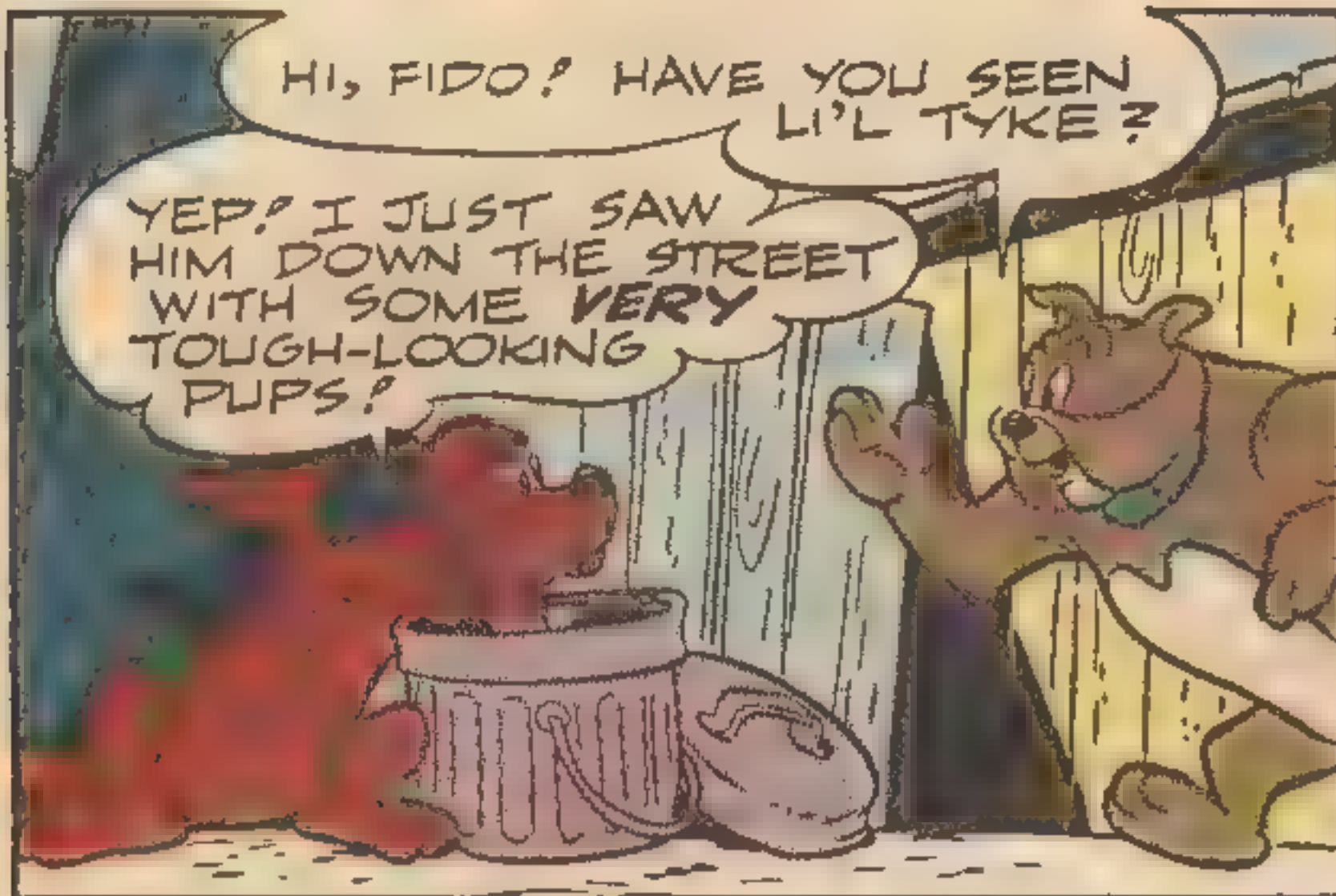
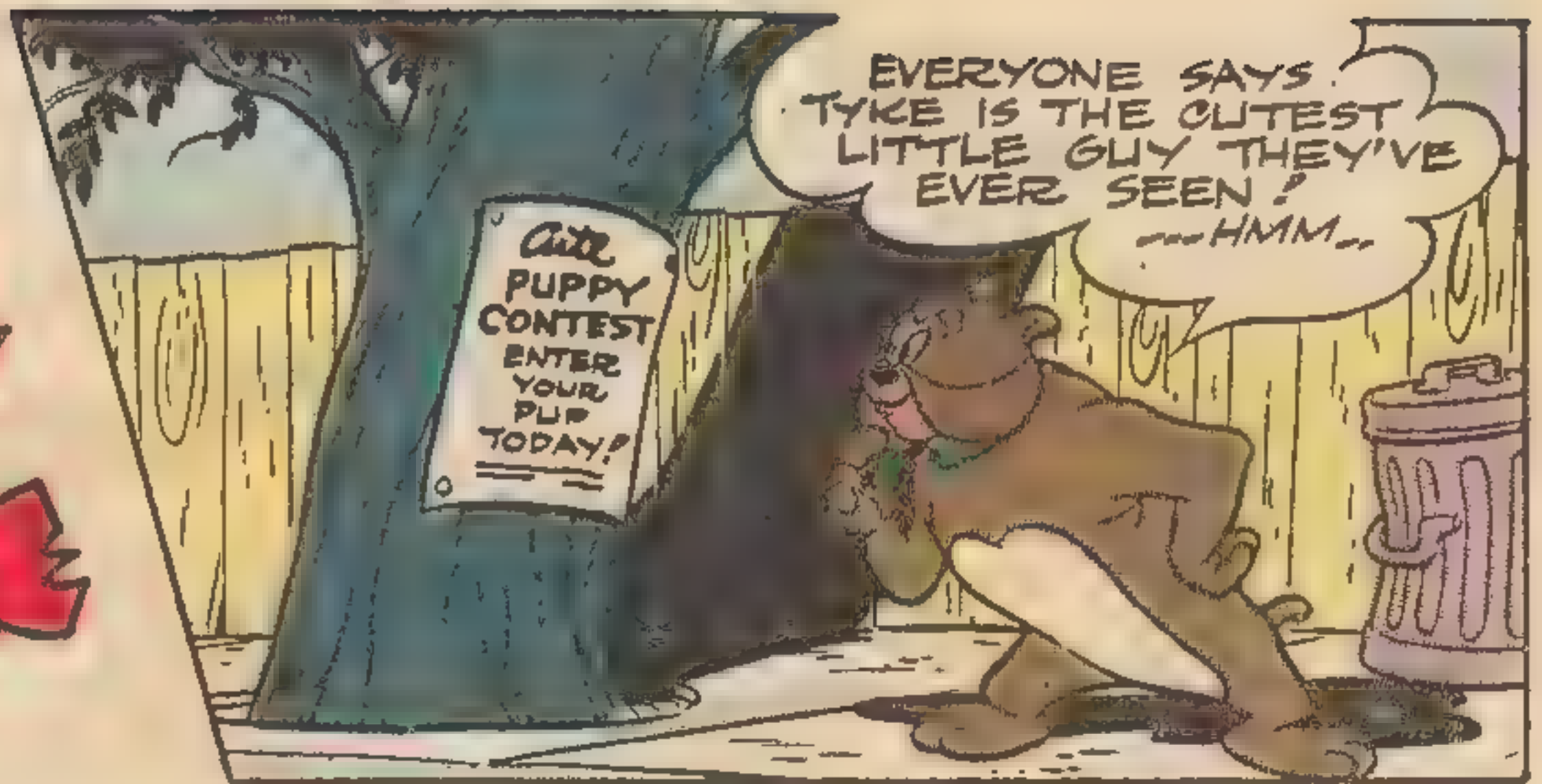
OKAY, WISE GUY!  
I CARRIED  
IT OUT, YOU  
CARRY IT  
BACK IN!

I  
CAN'T  
WIN!

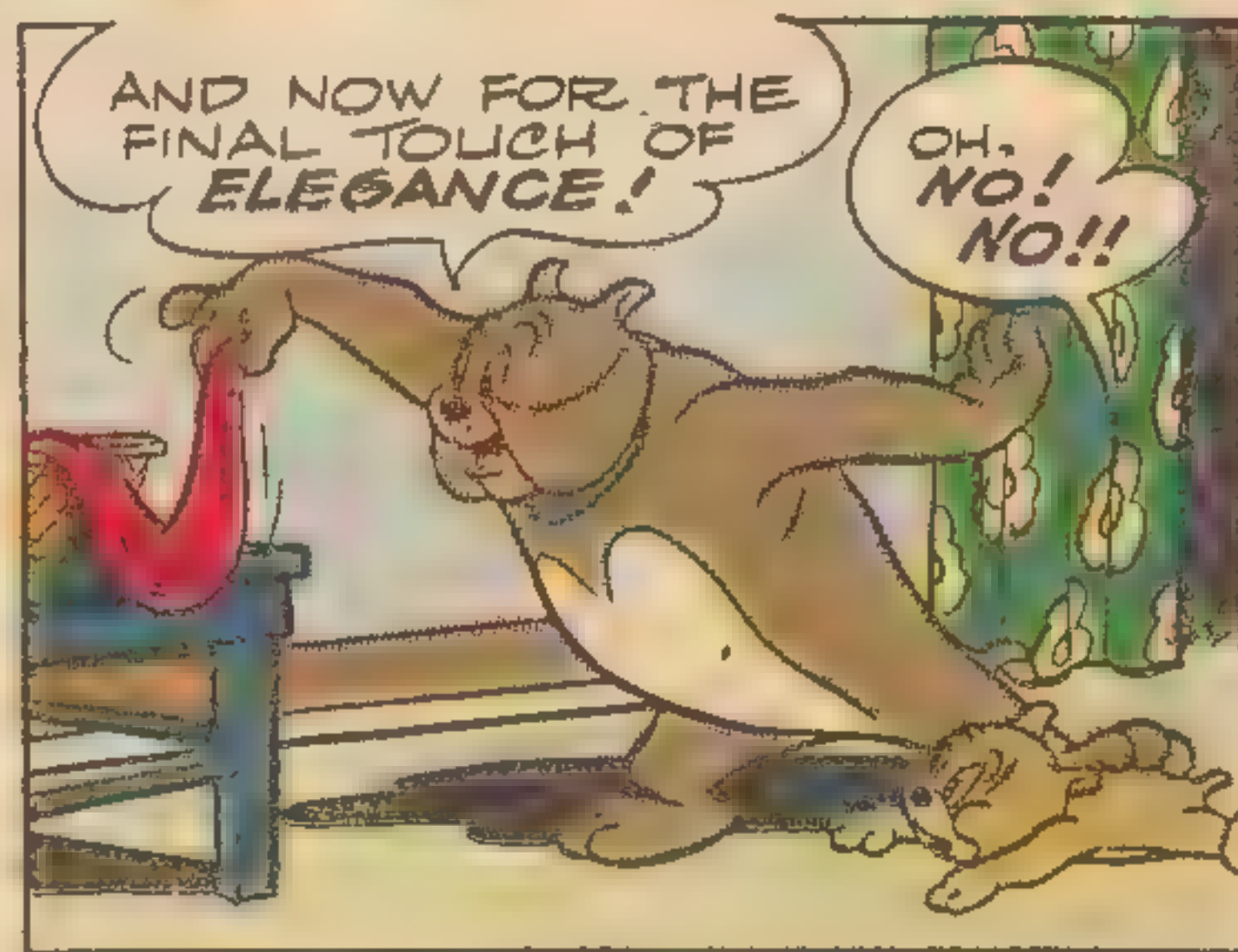
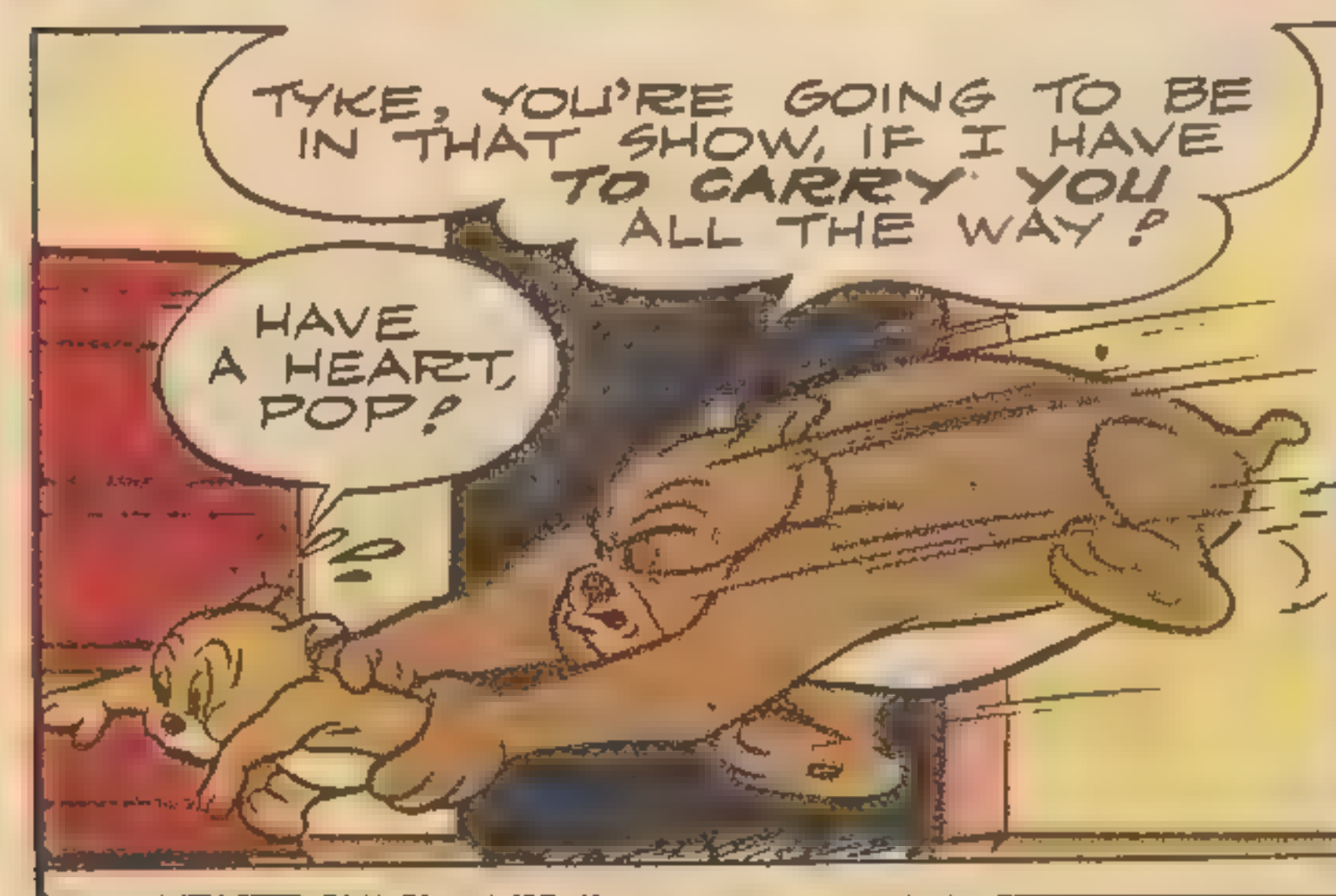
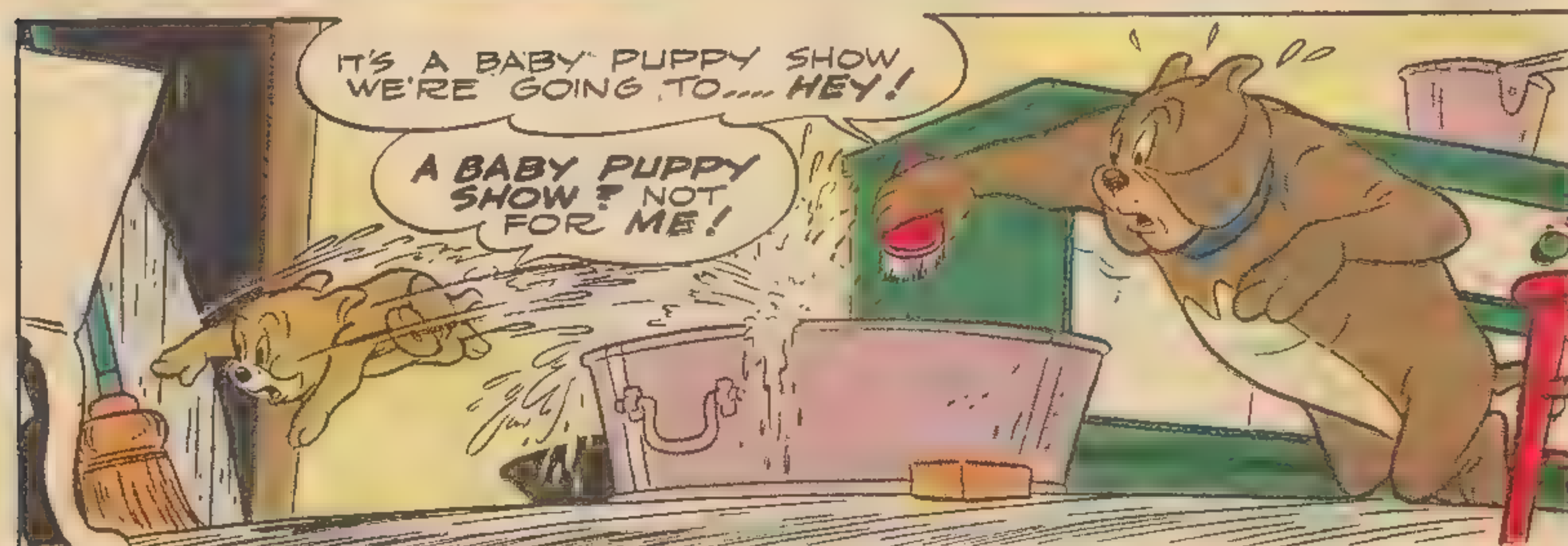
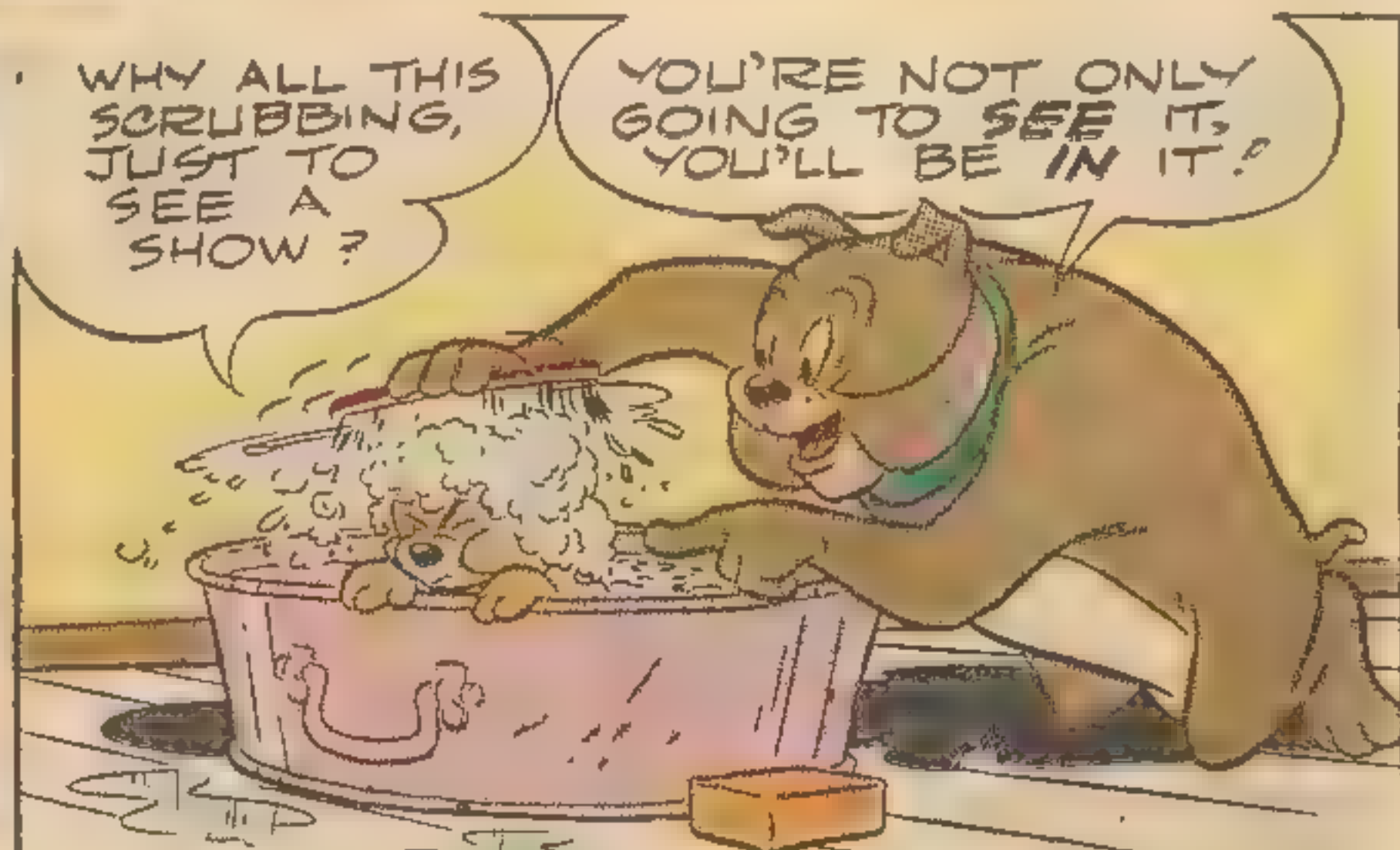
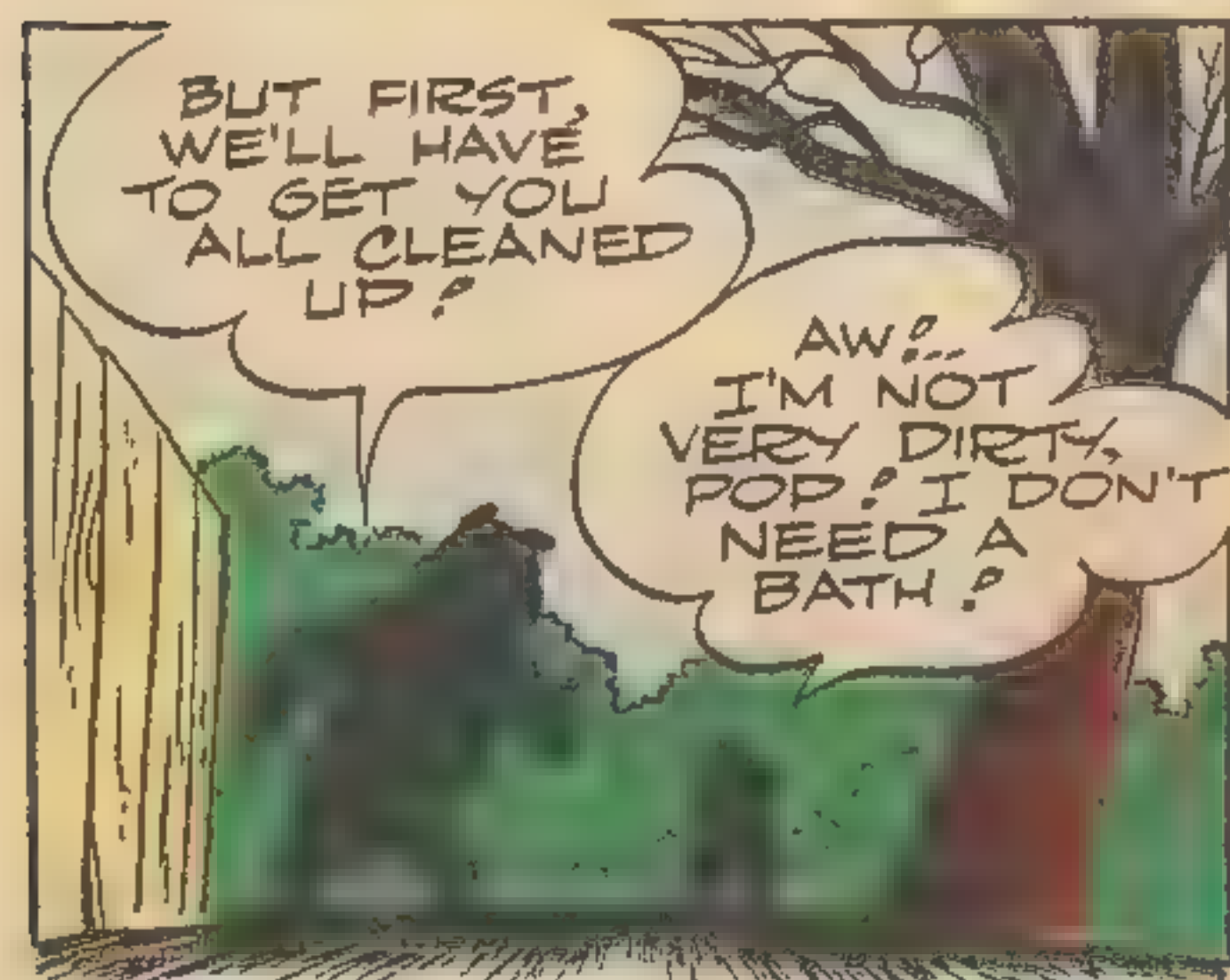
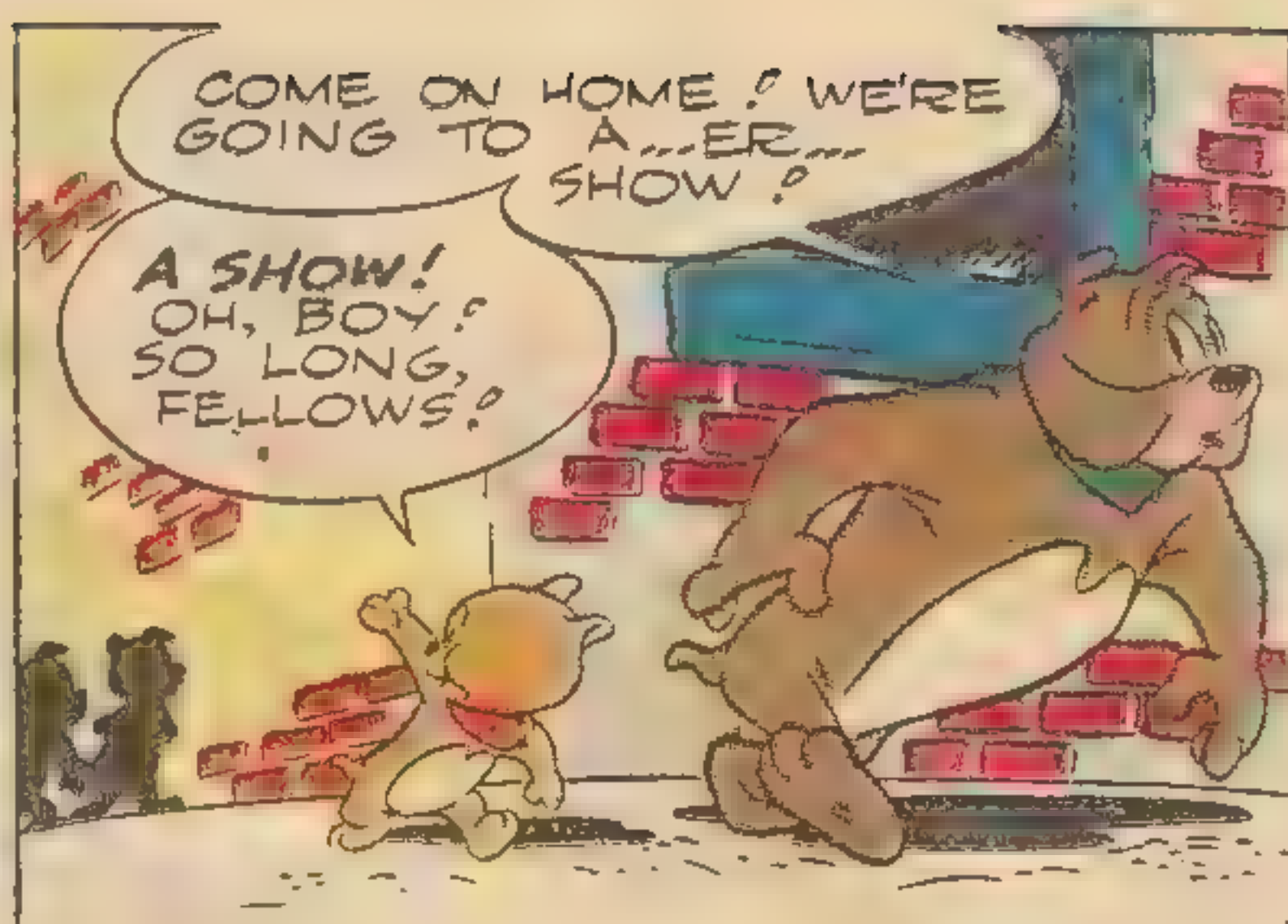
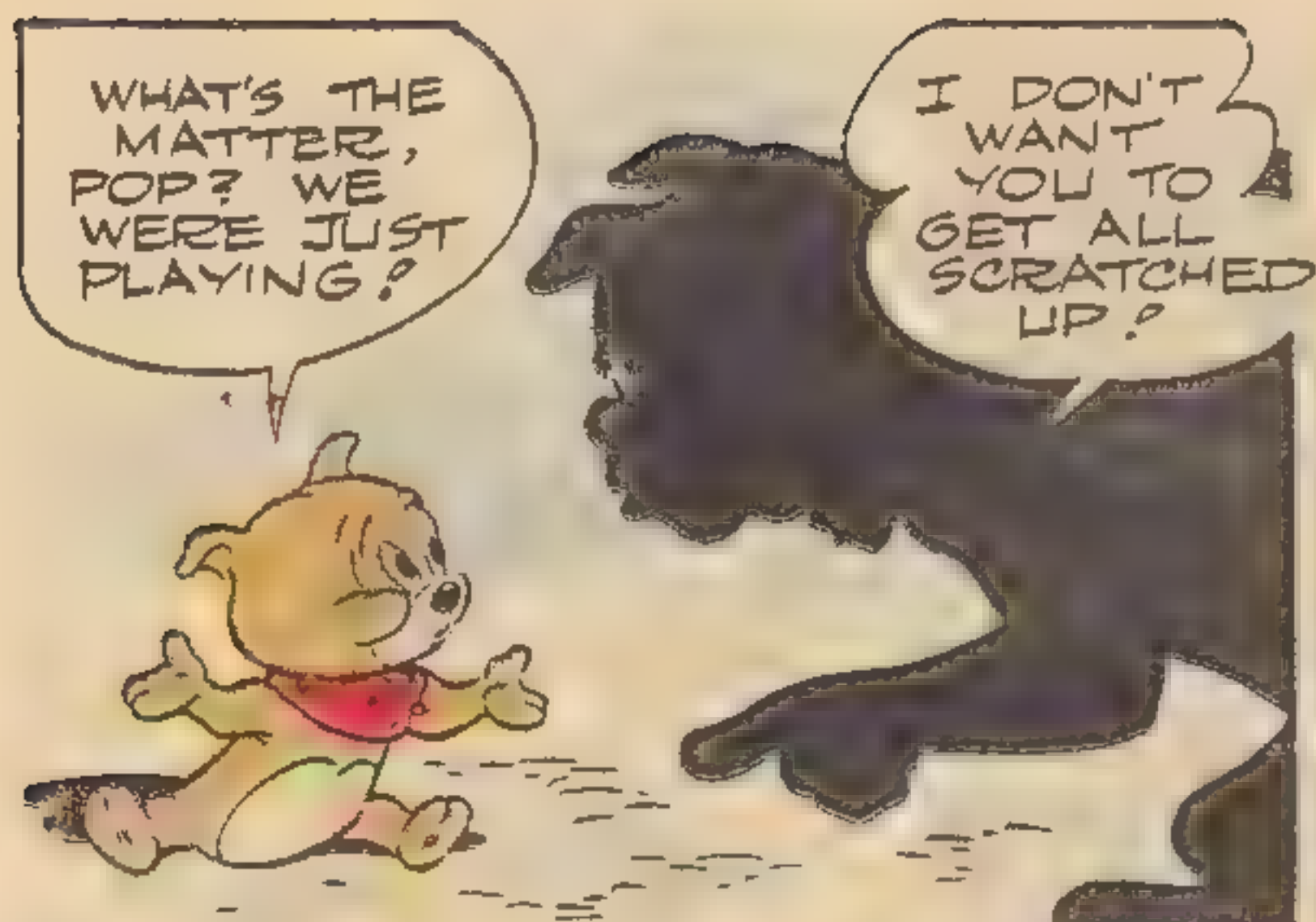


M-G-M-CARTOONS  
PRESENT

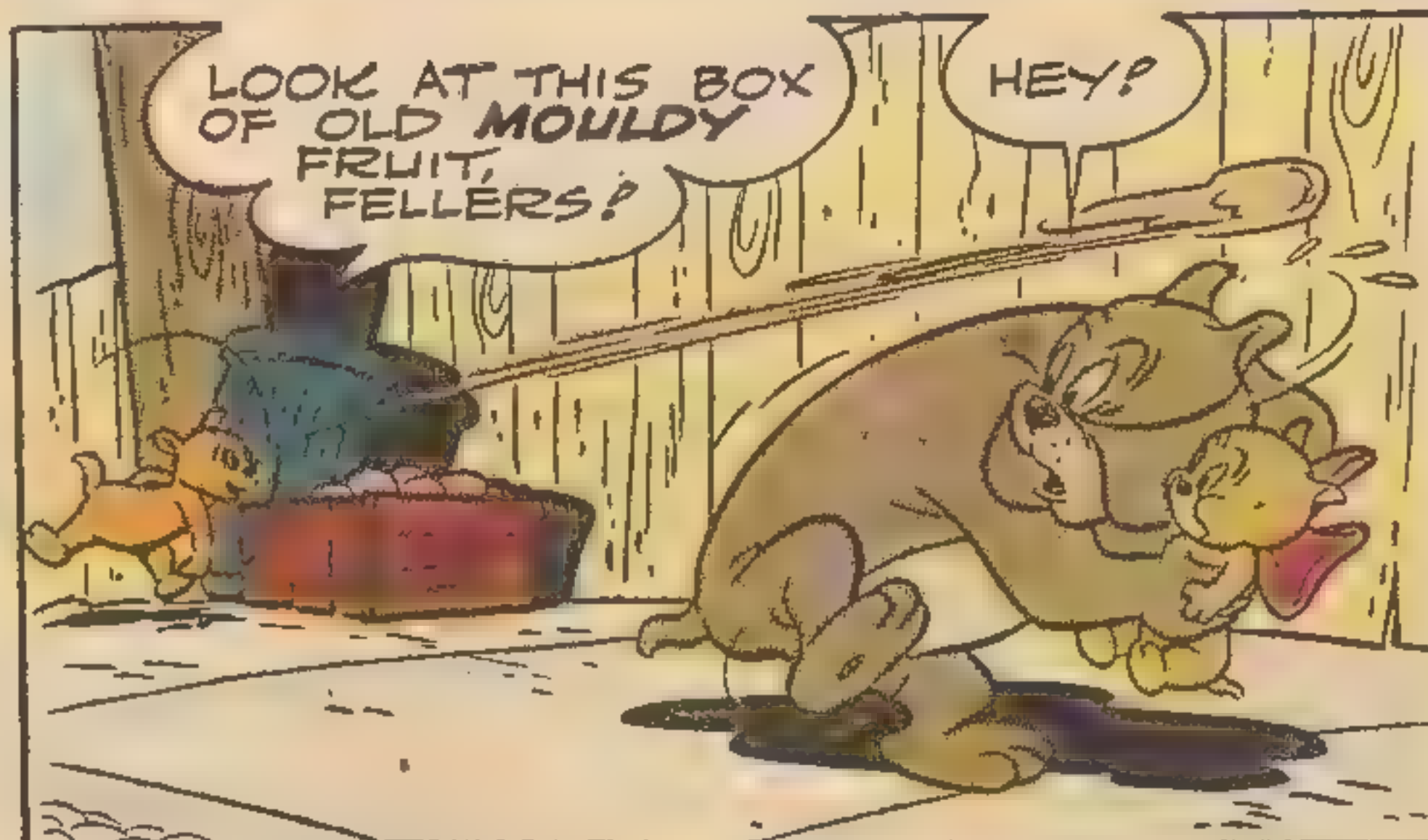
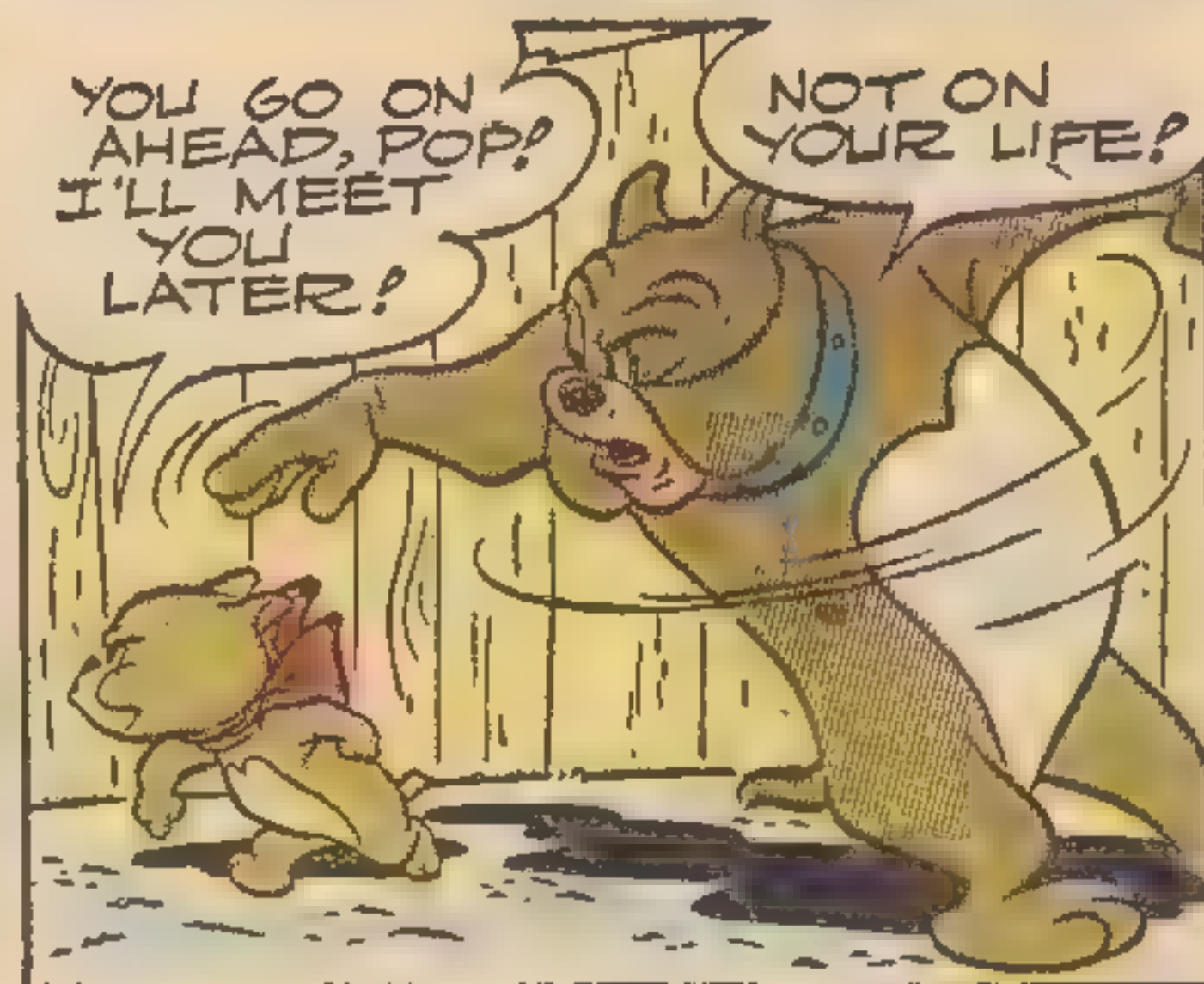
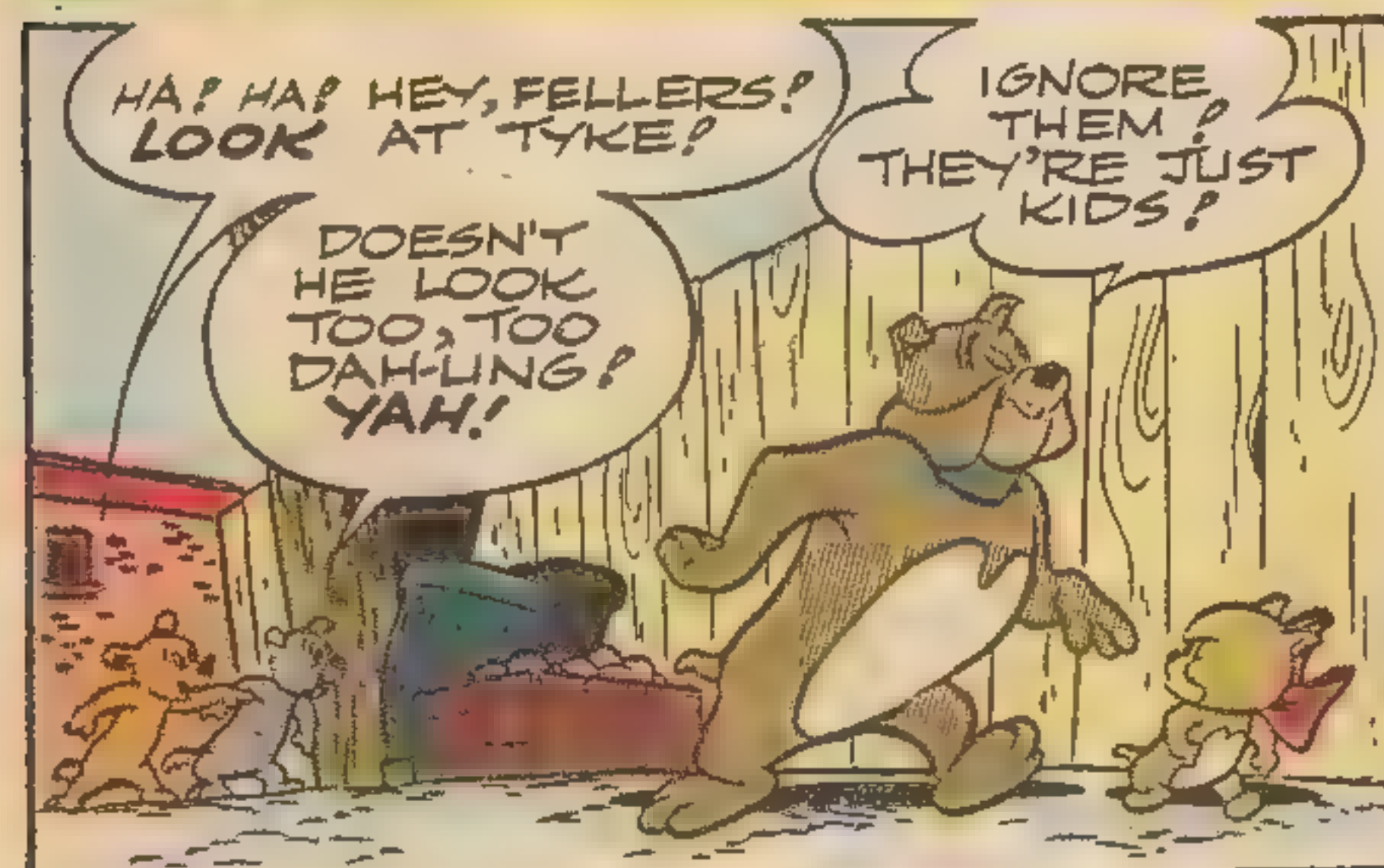
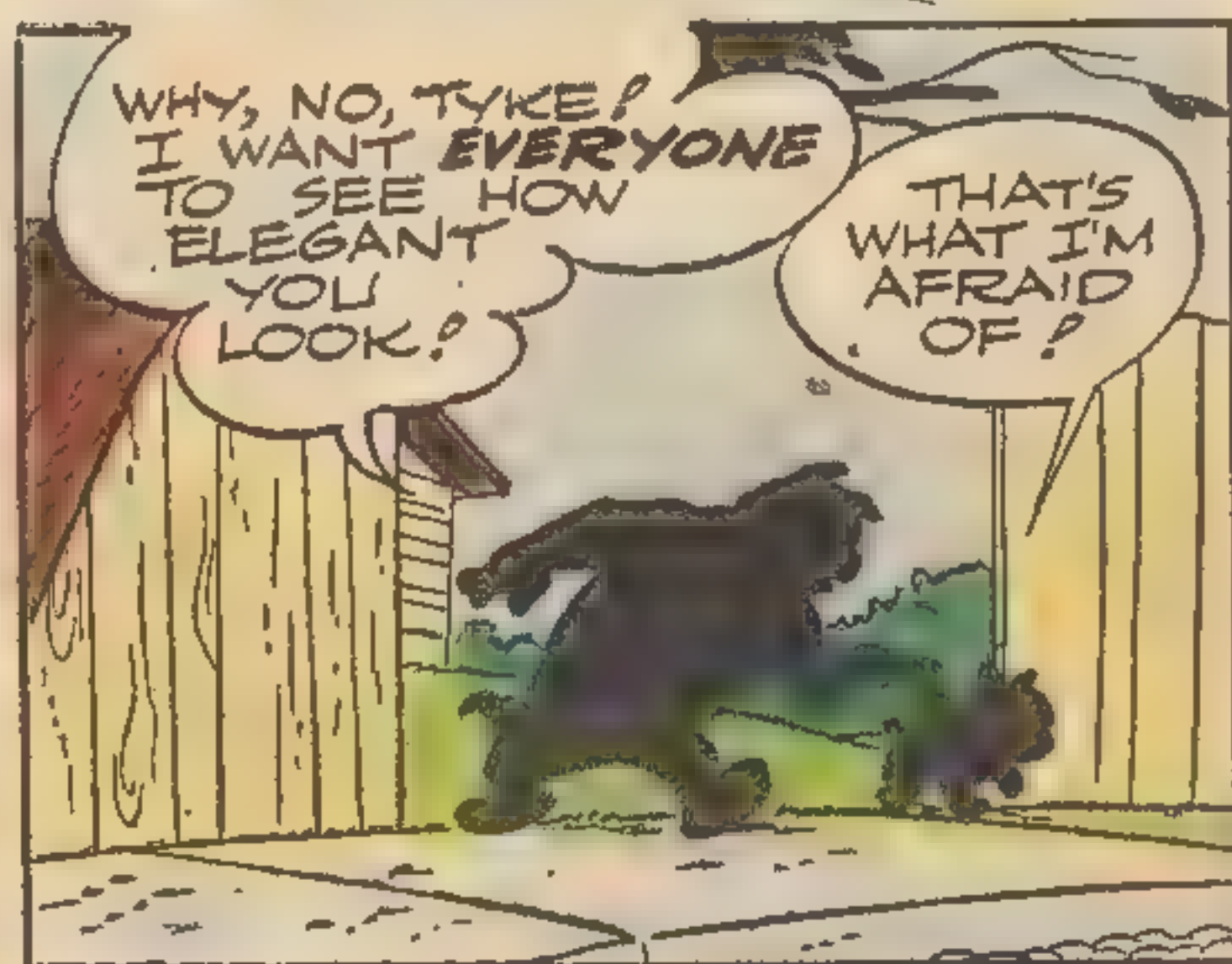
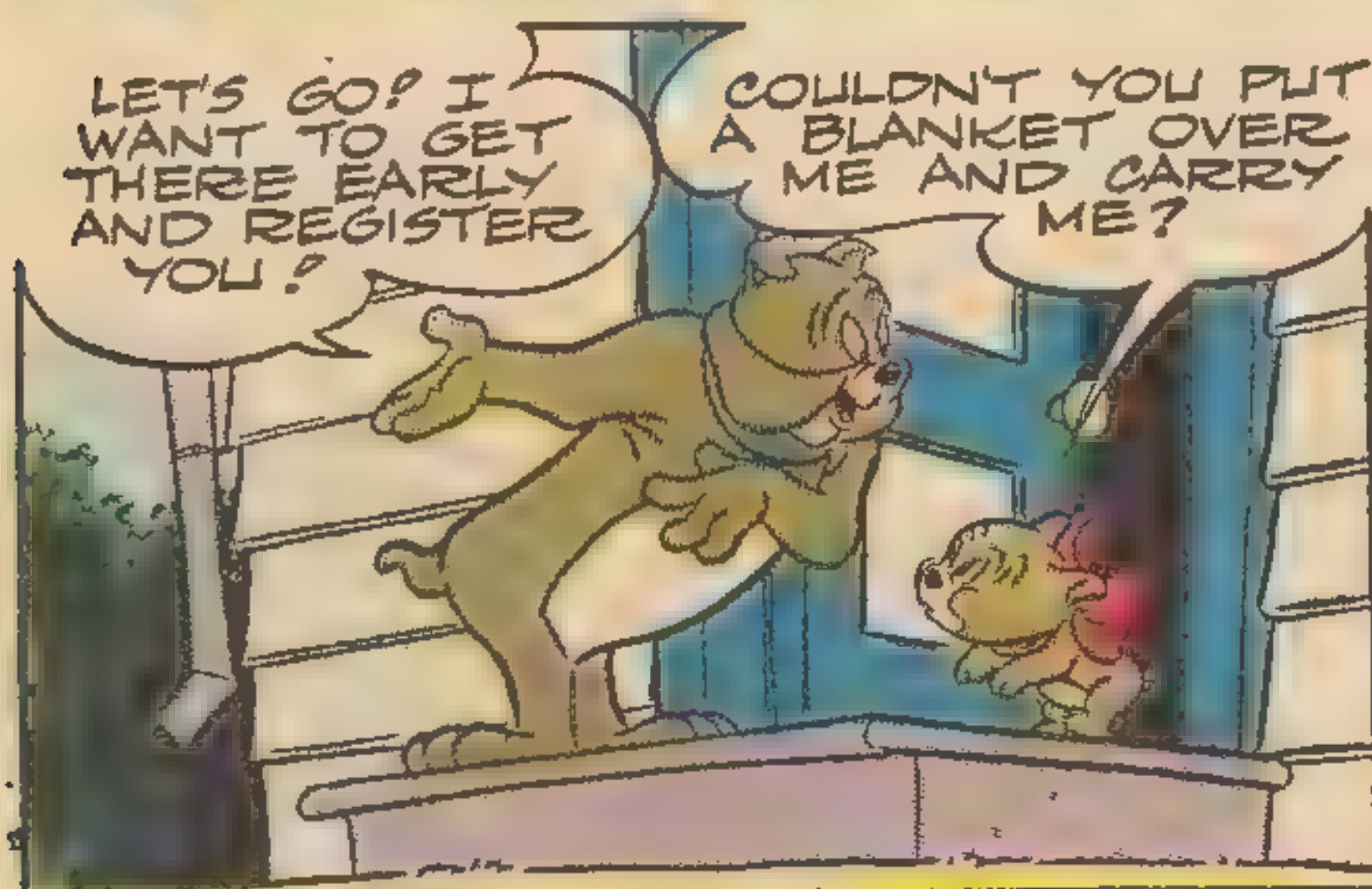
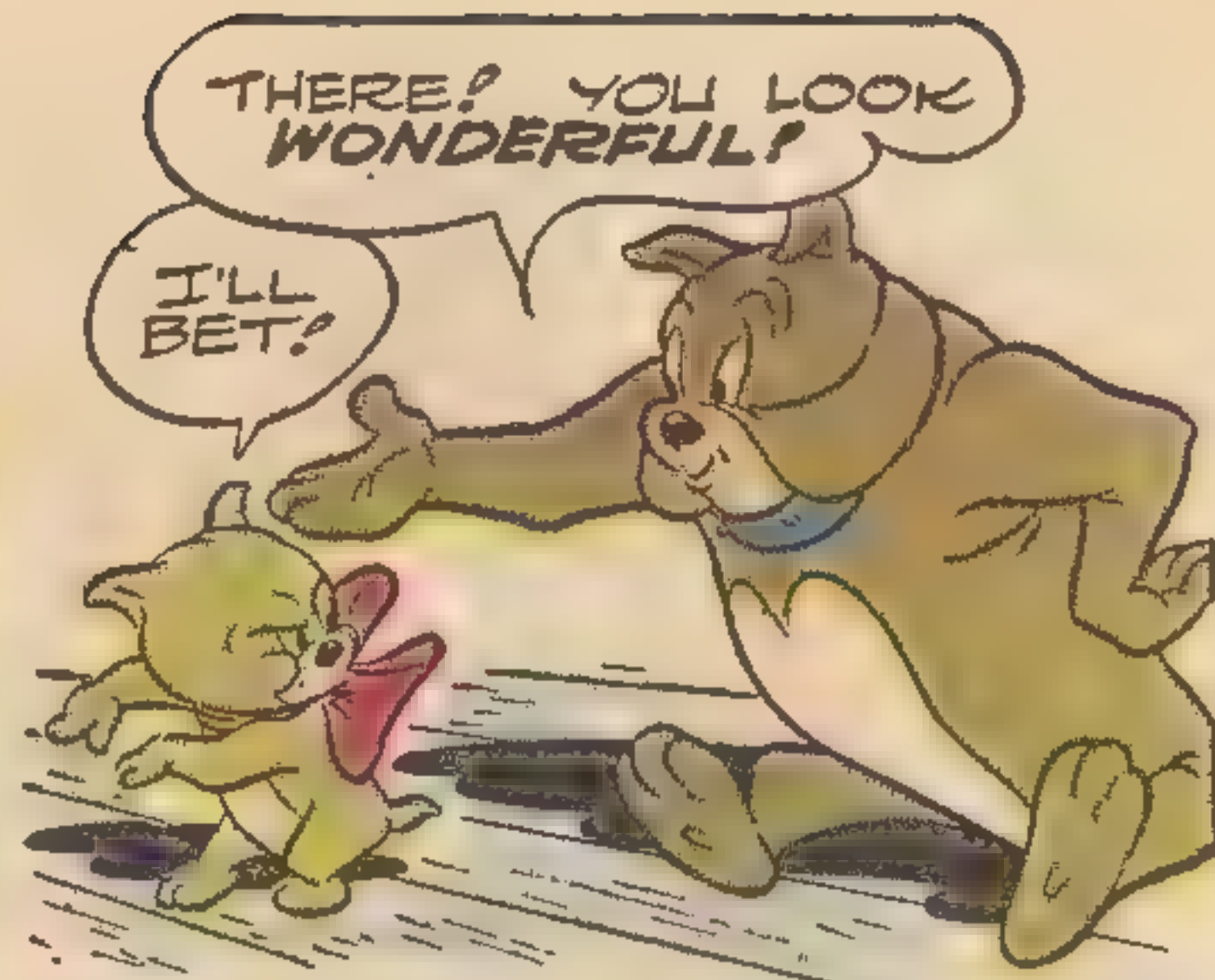
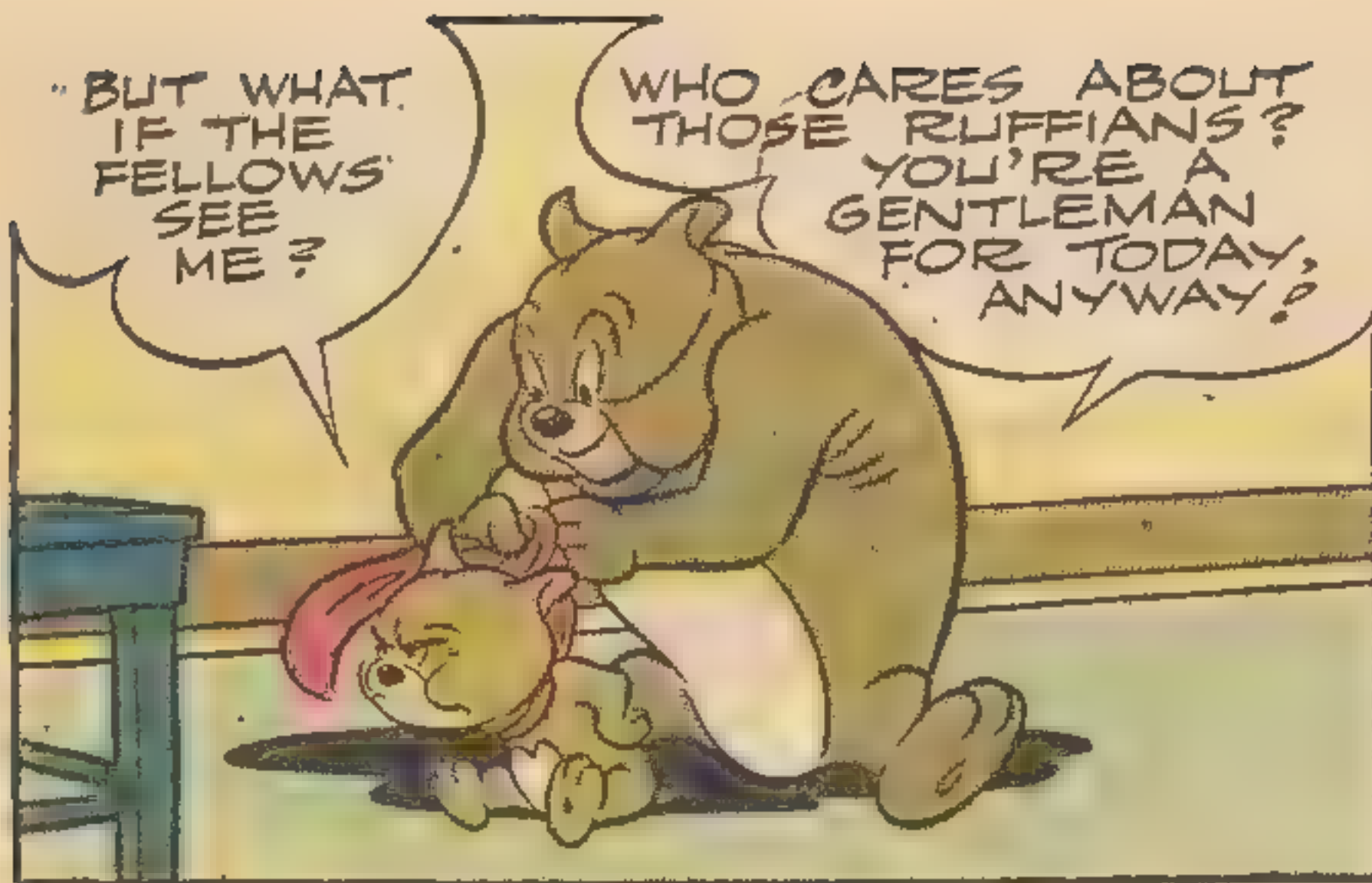
# Big DADDY AND Little TYKE



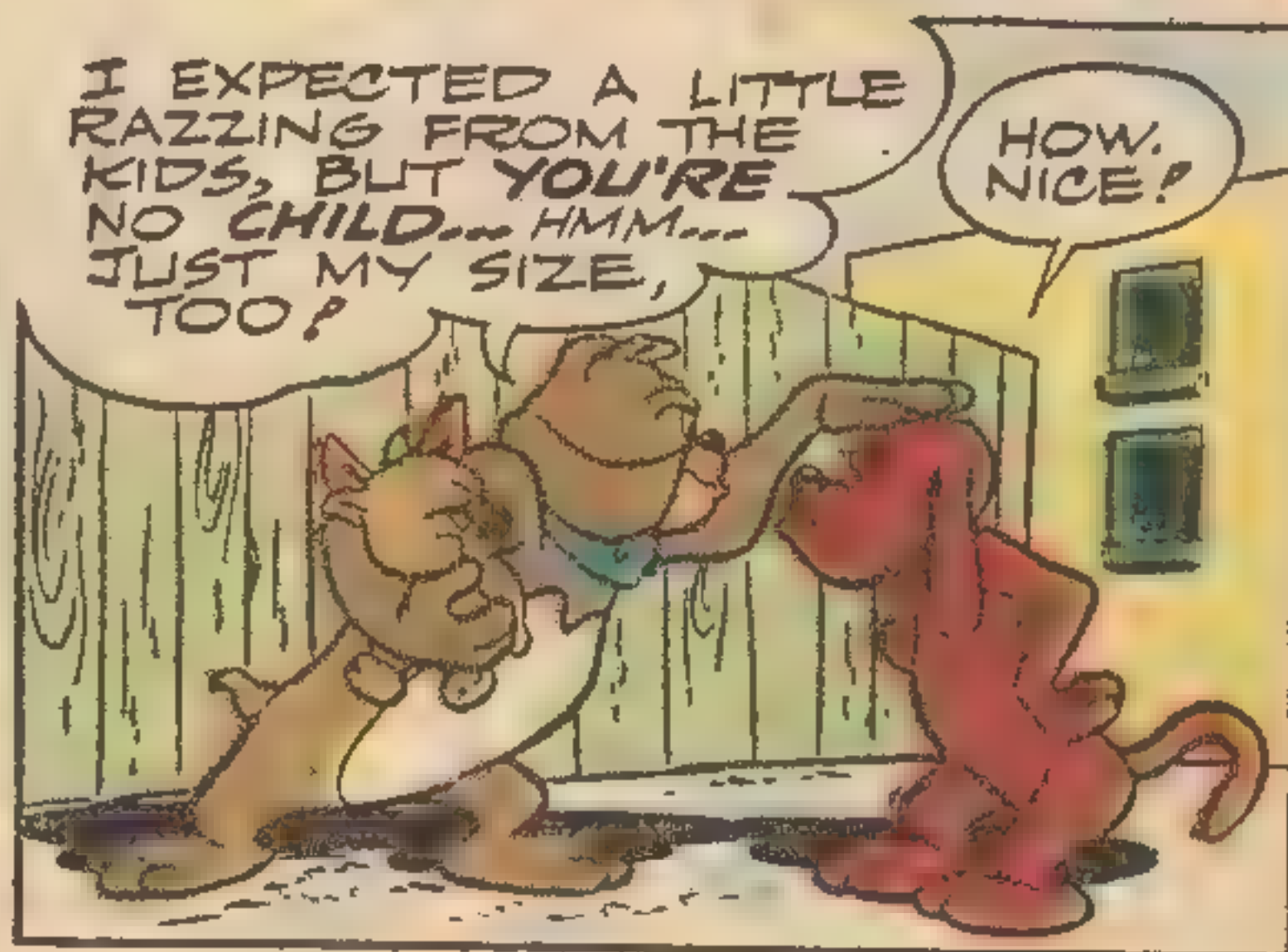
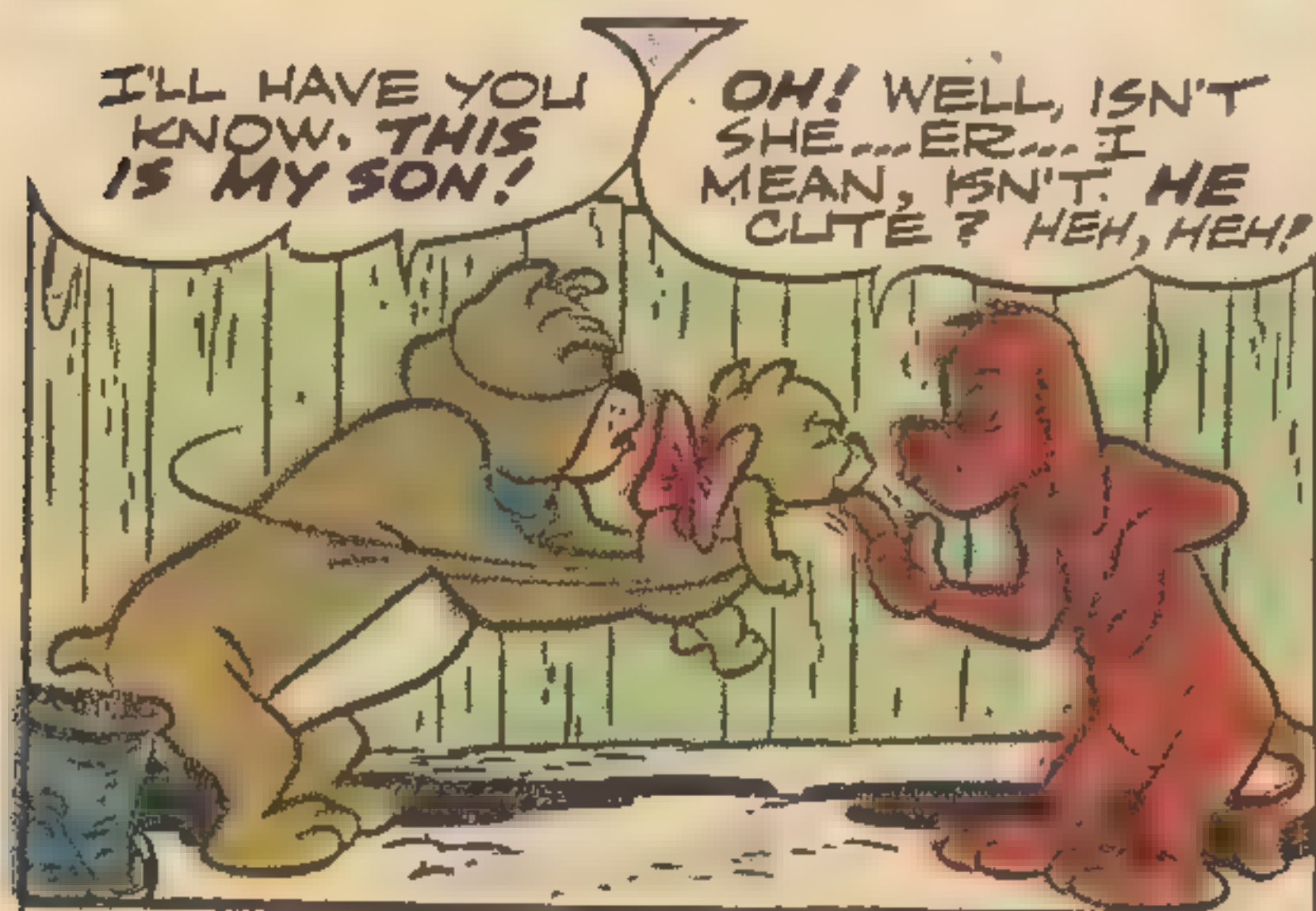
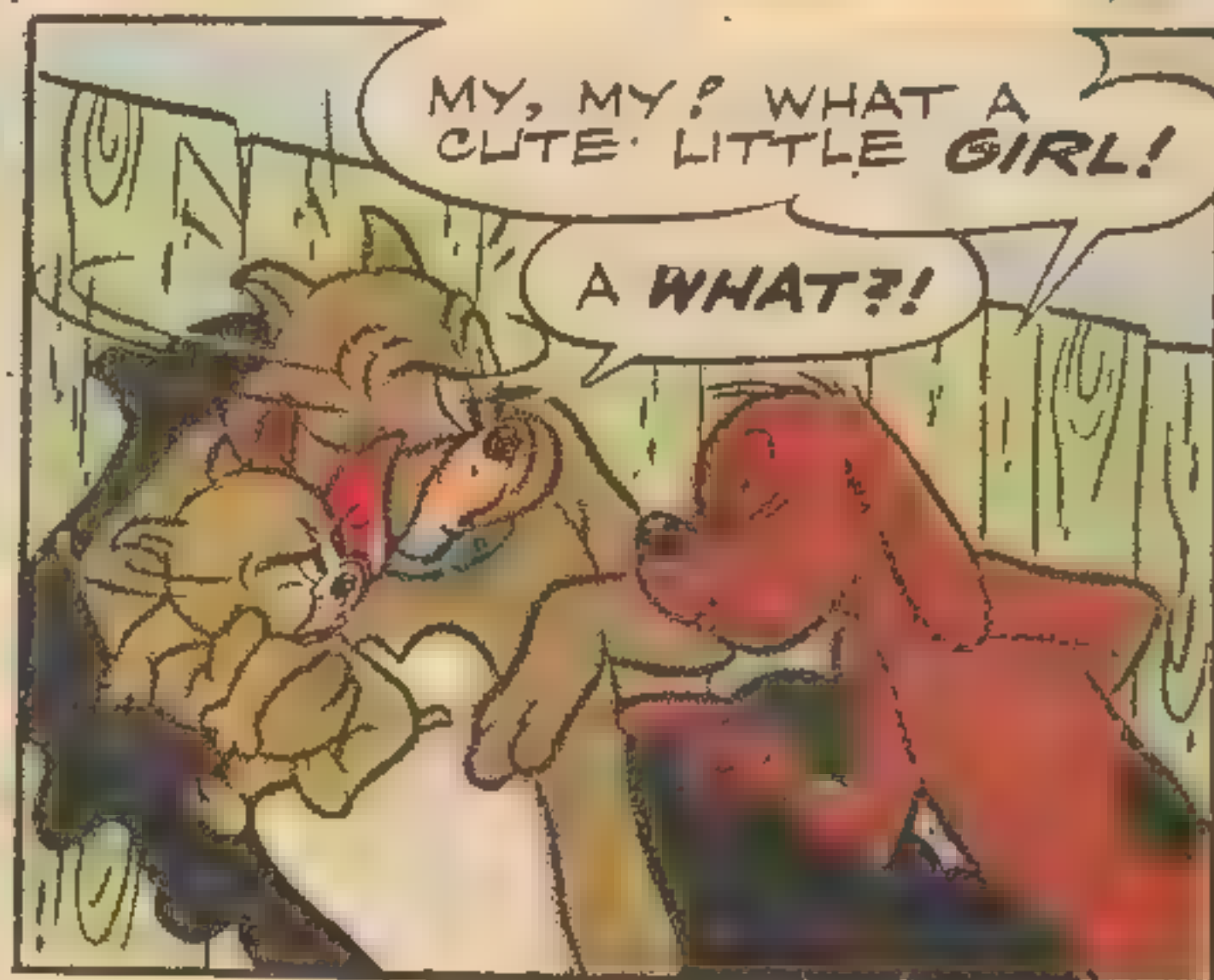
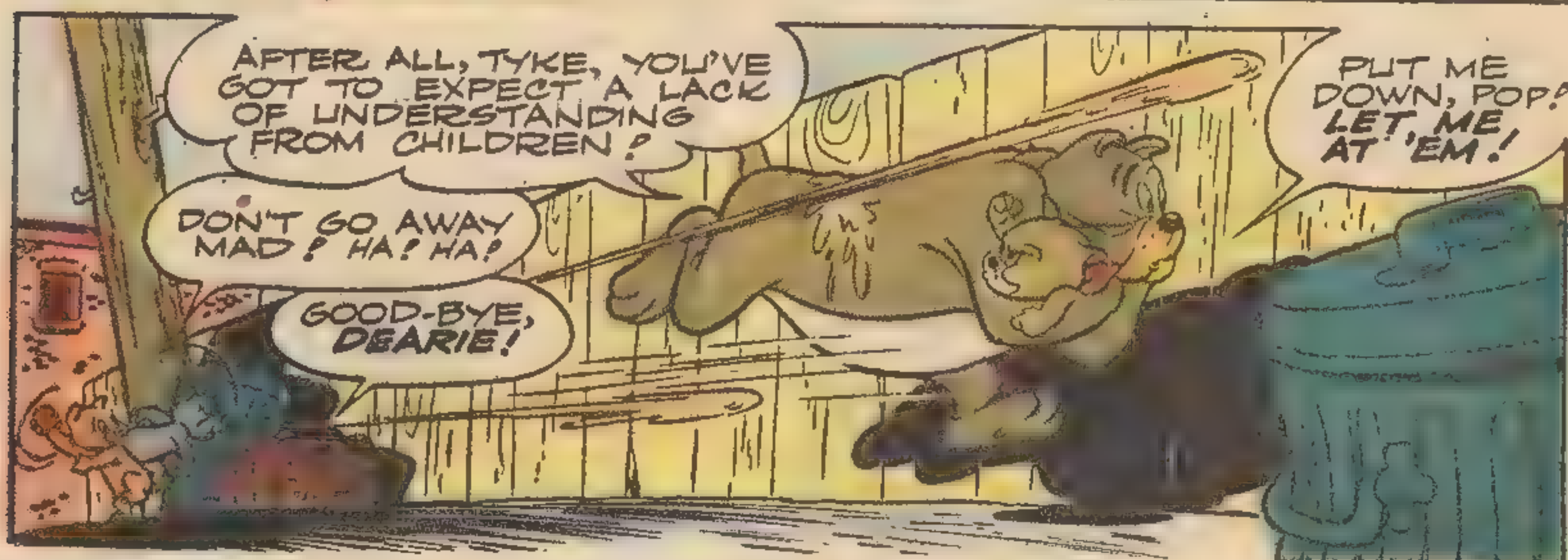
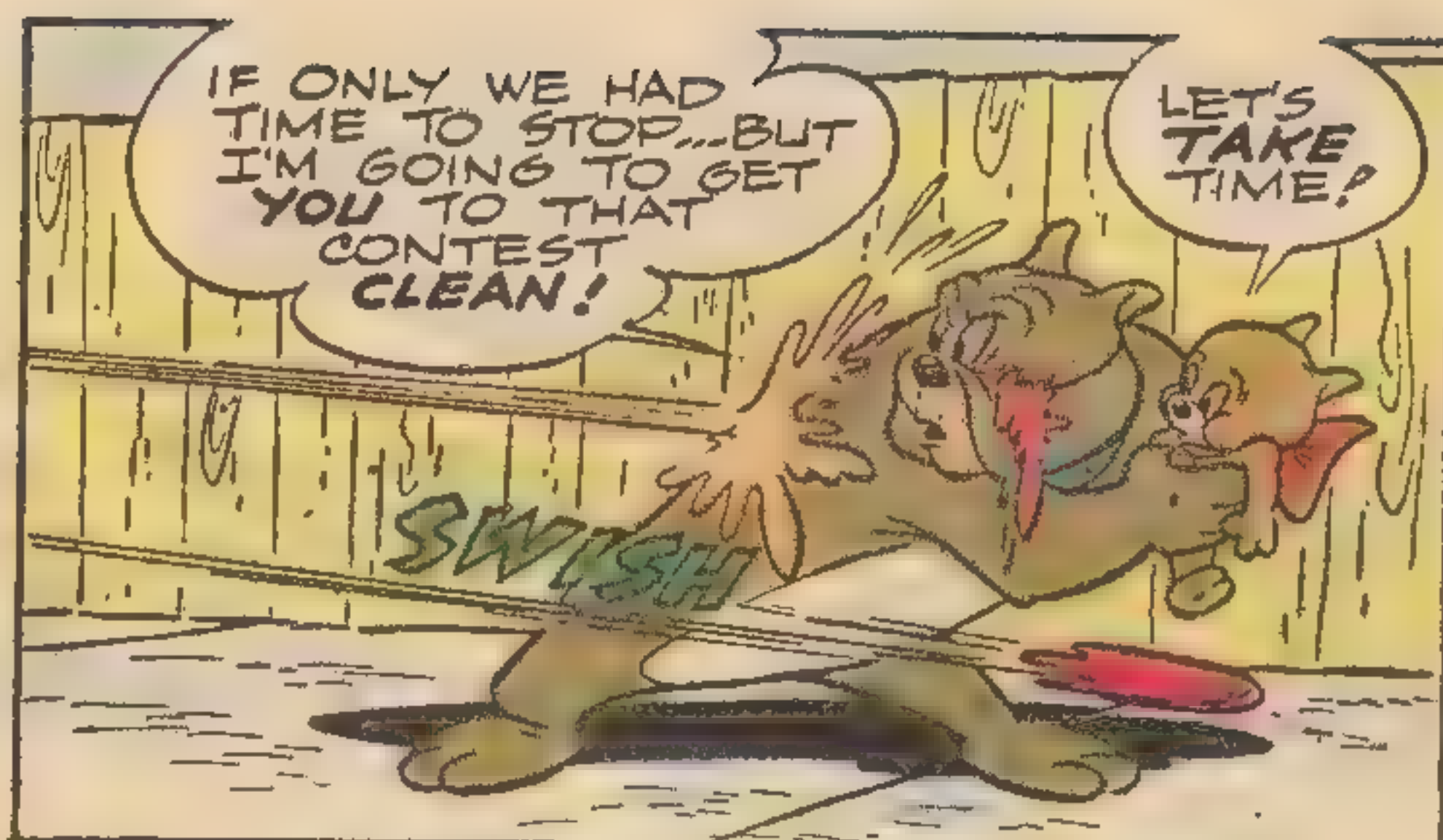
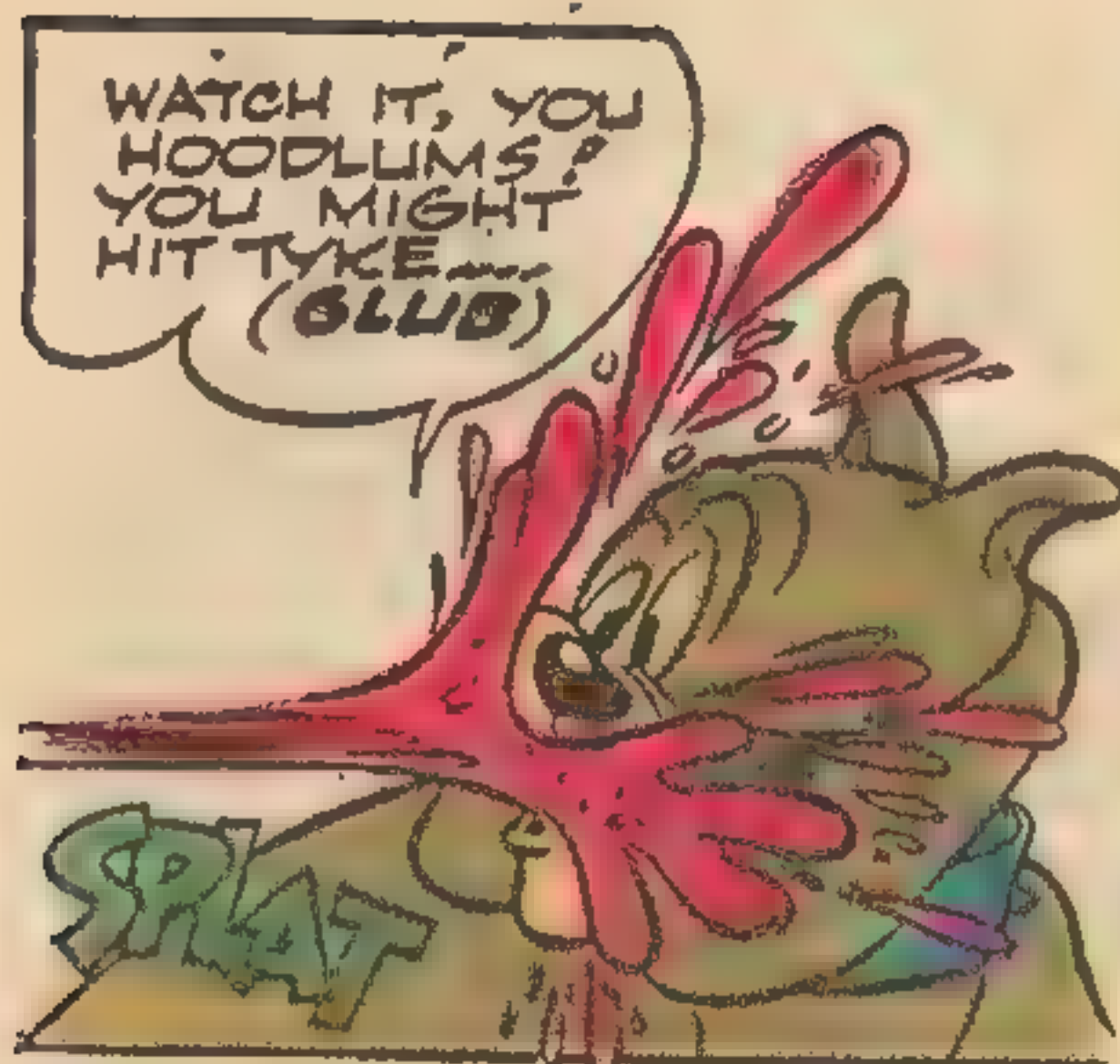




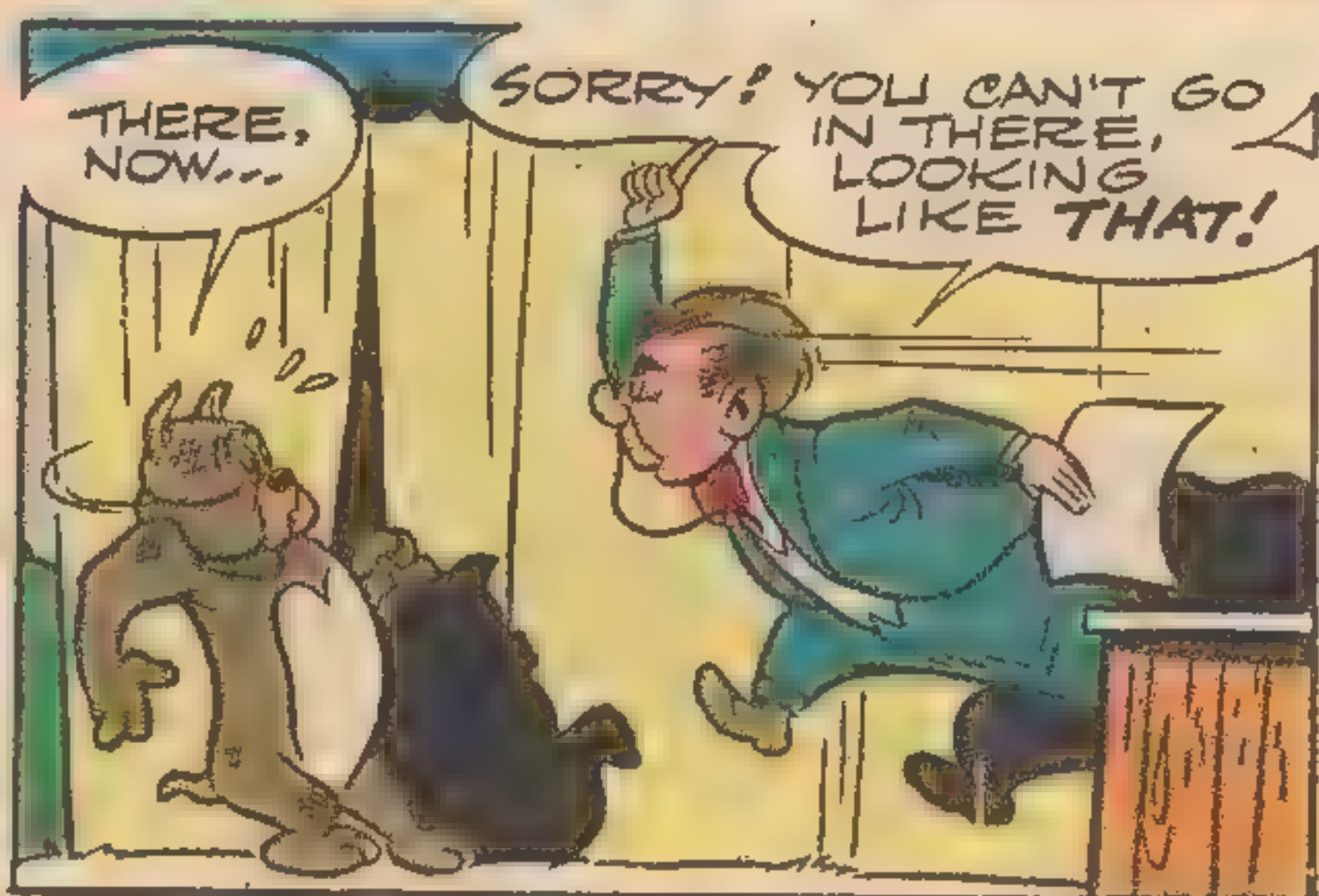
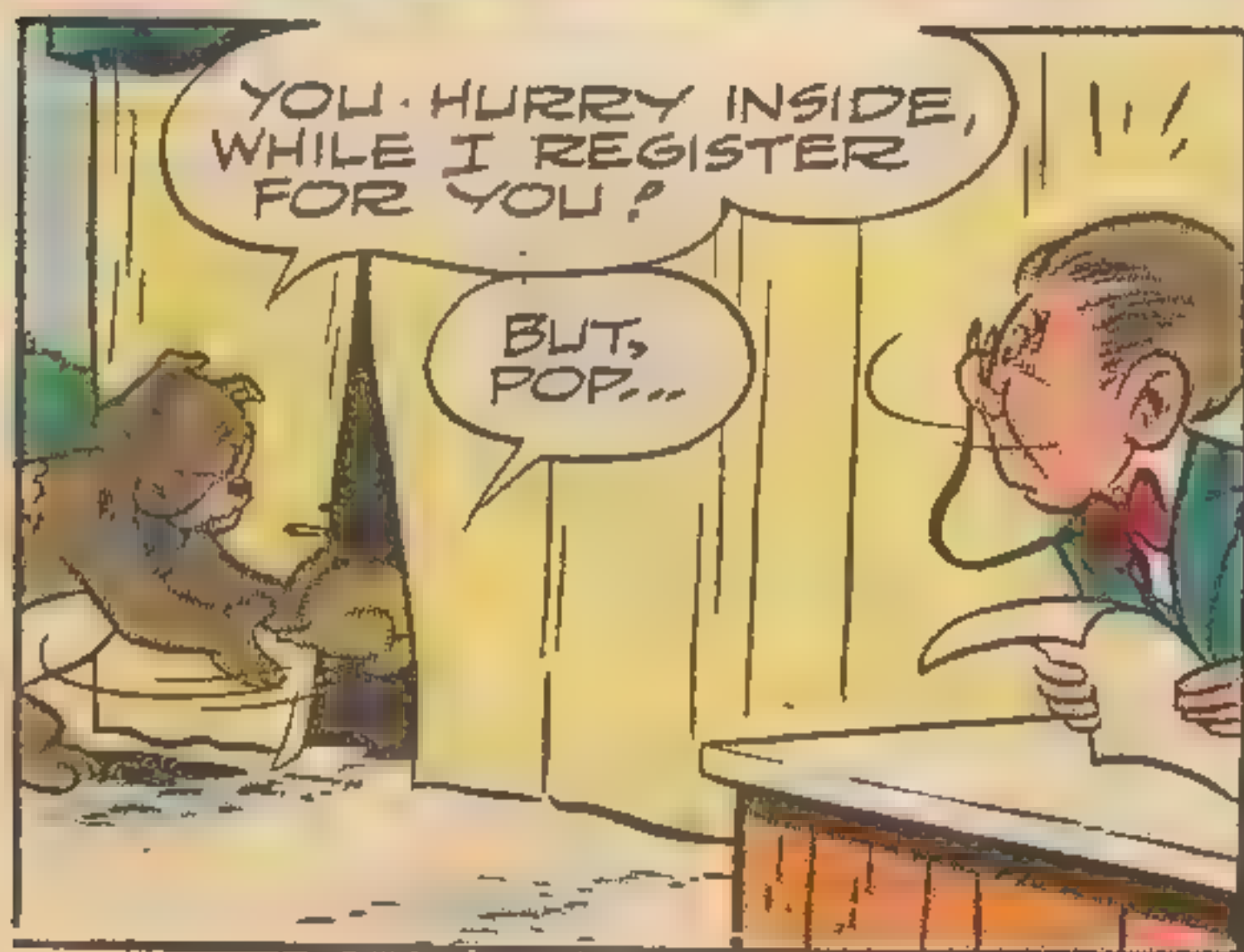
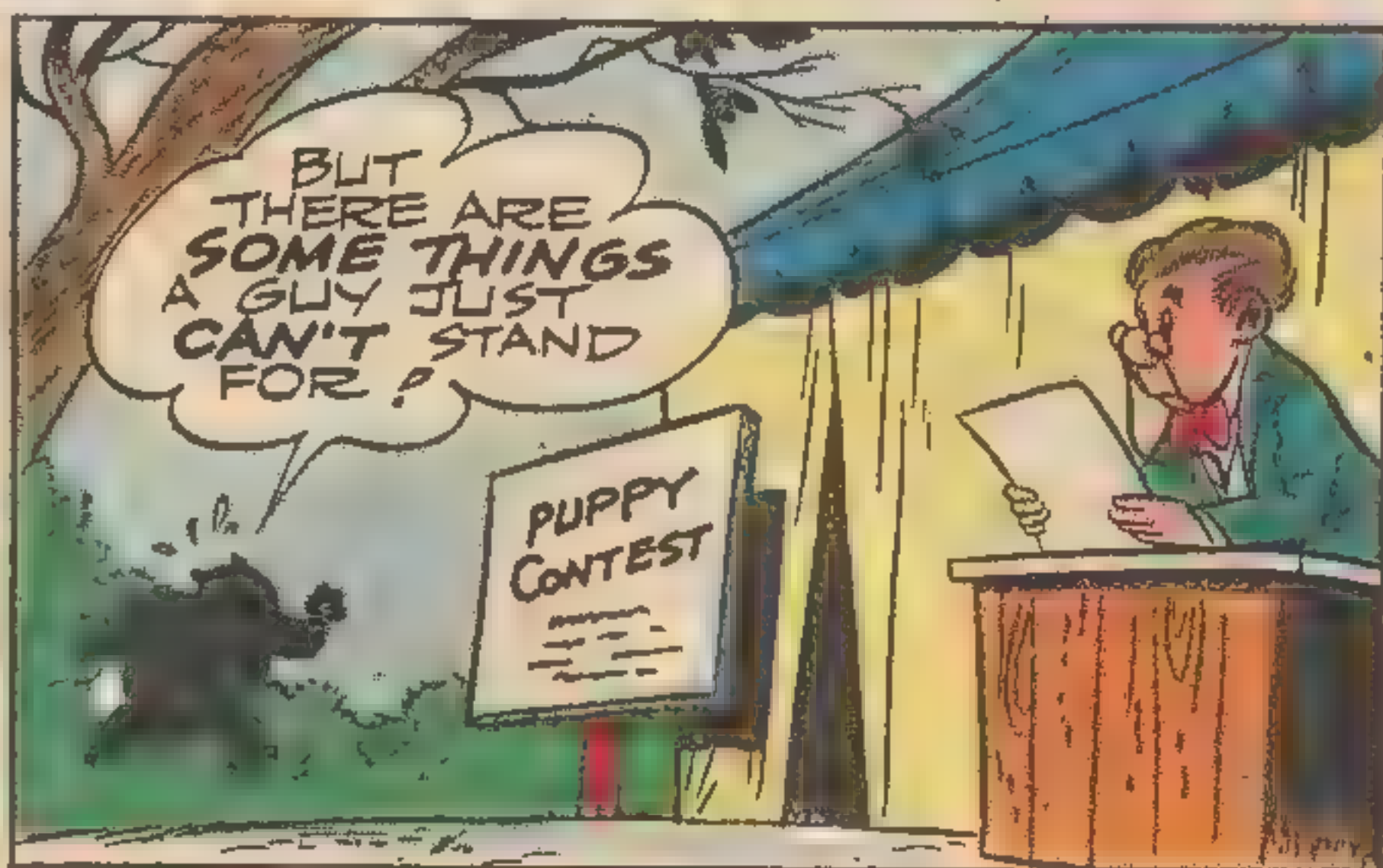
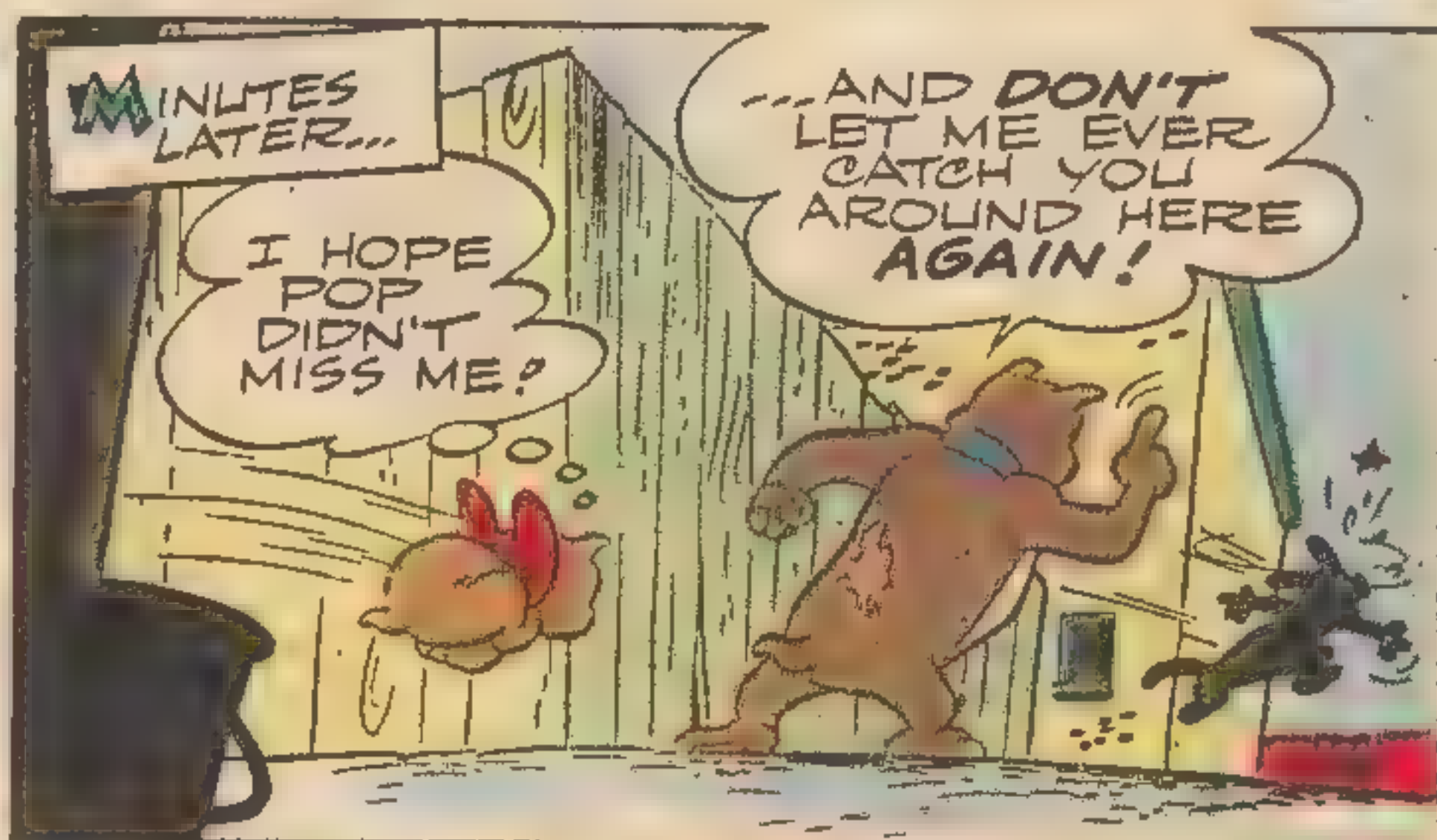
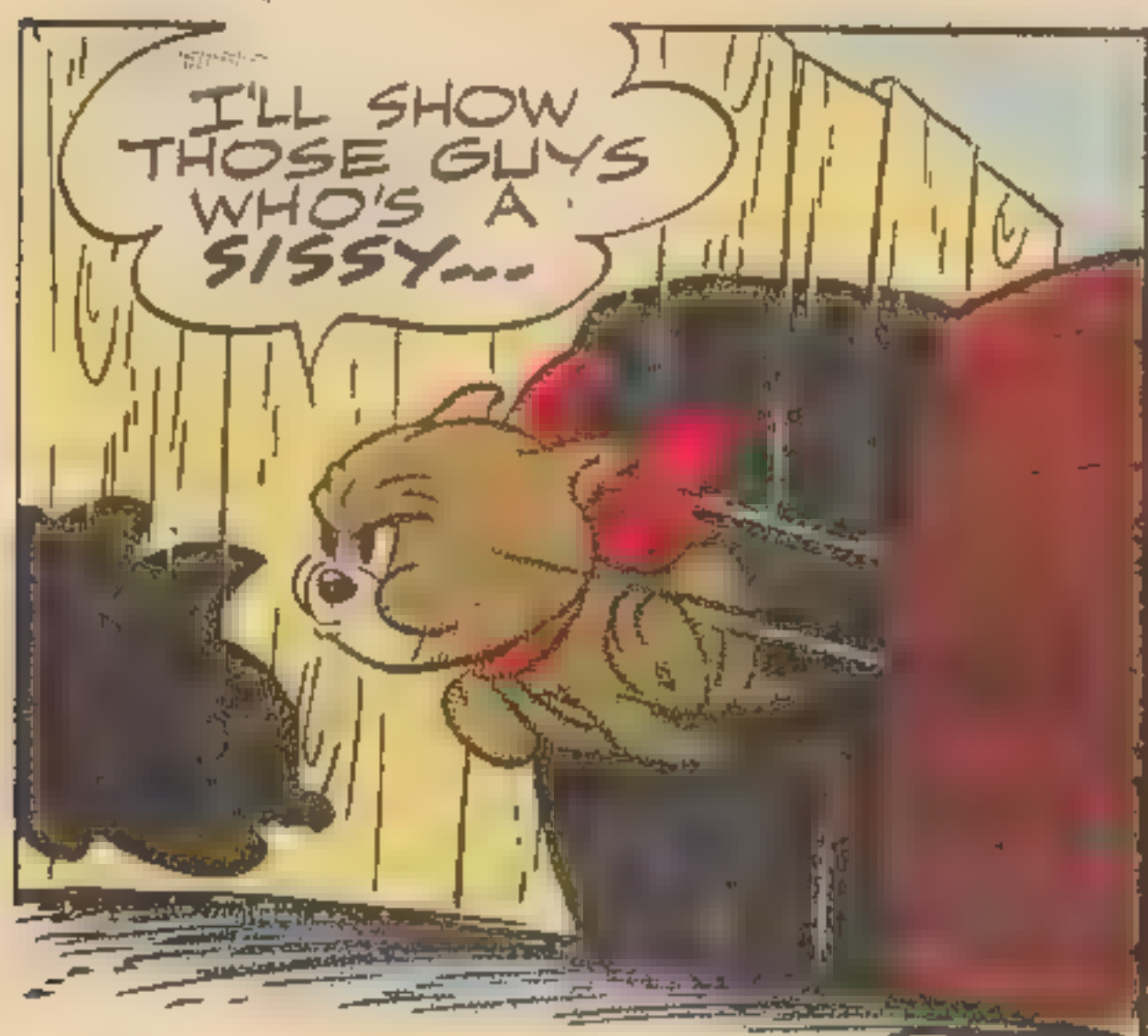
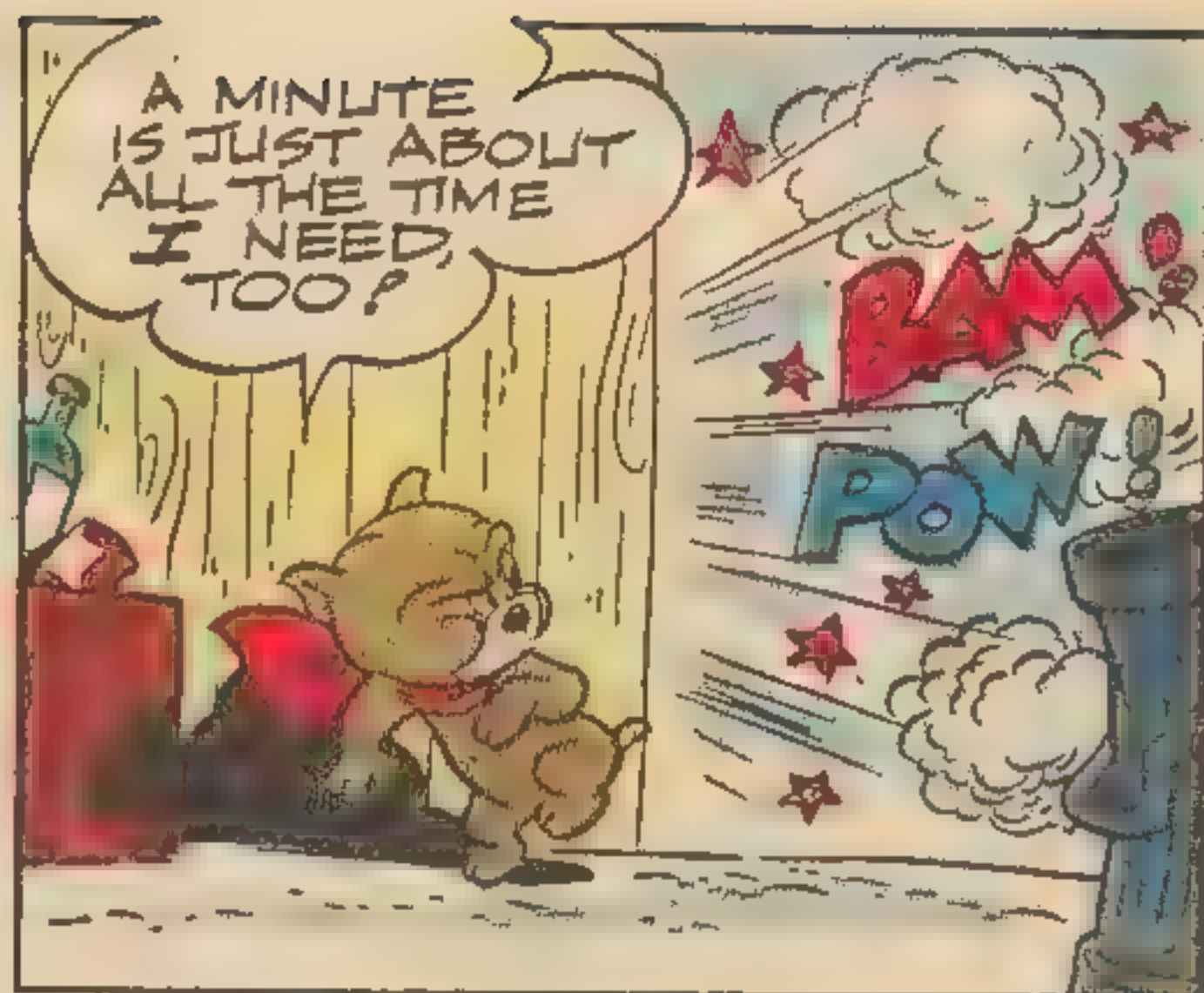
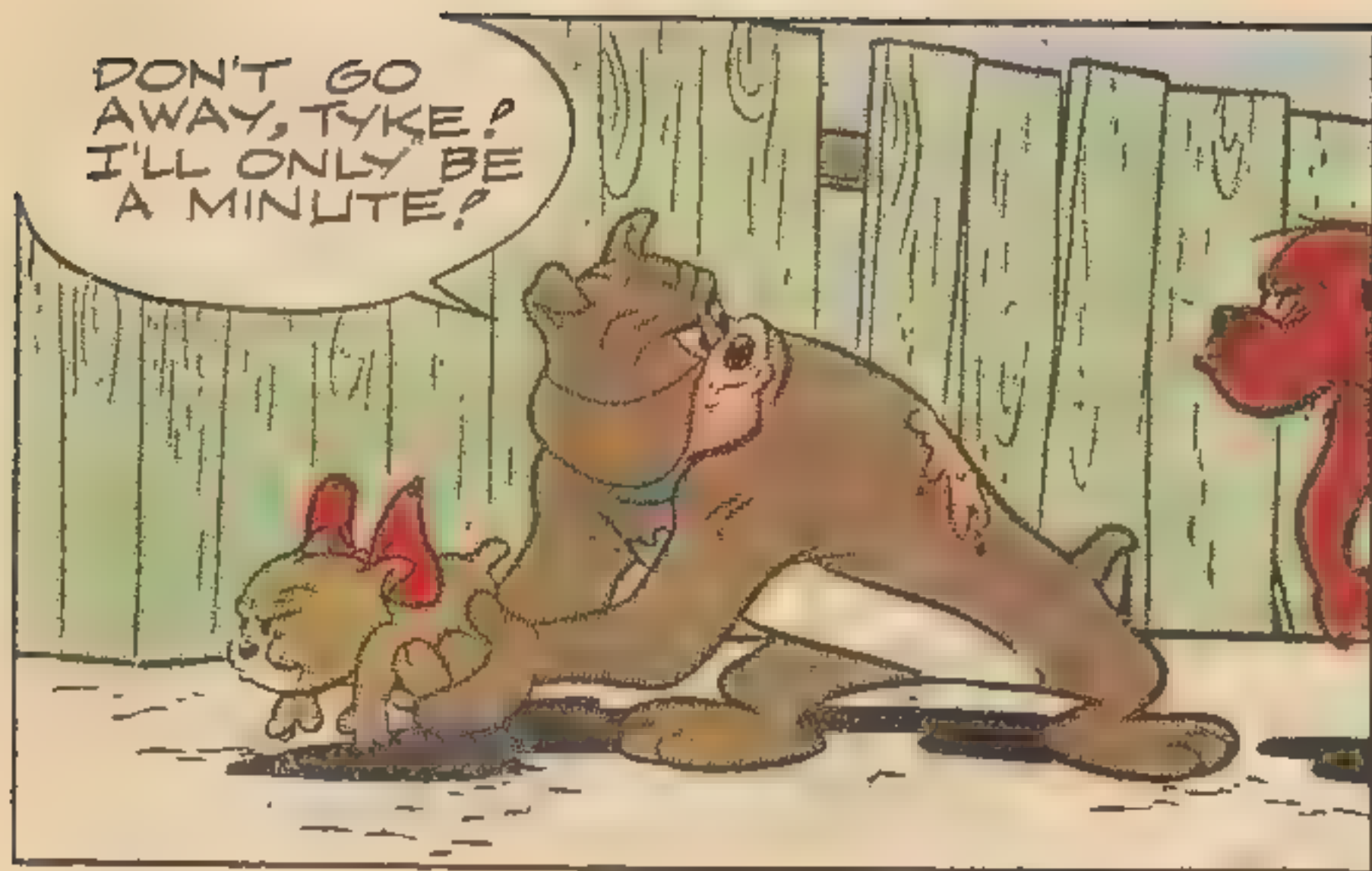




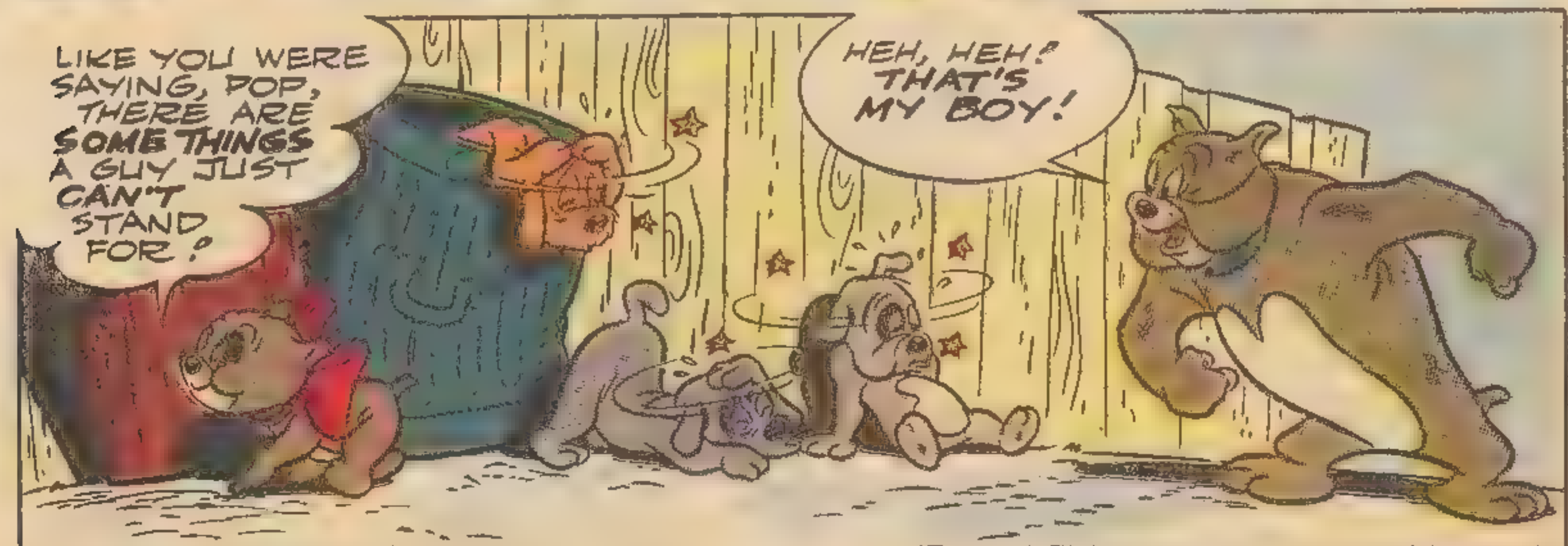
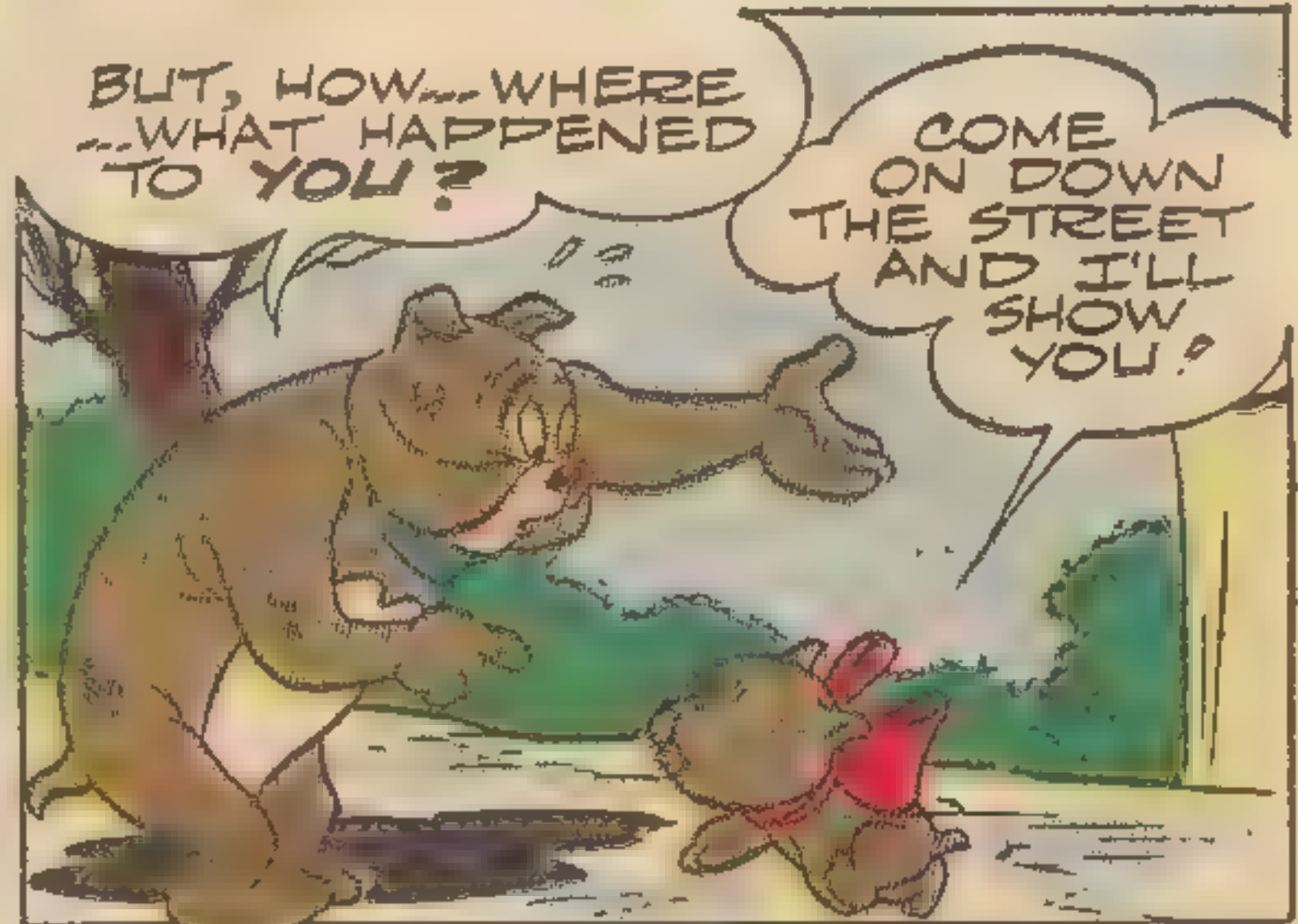
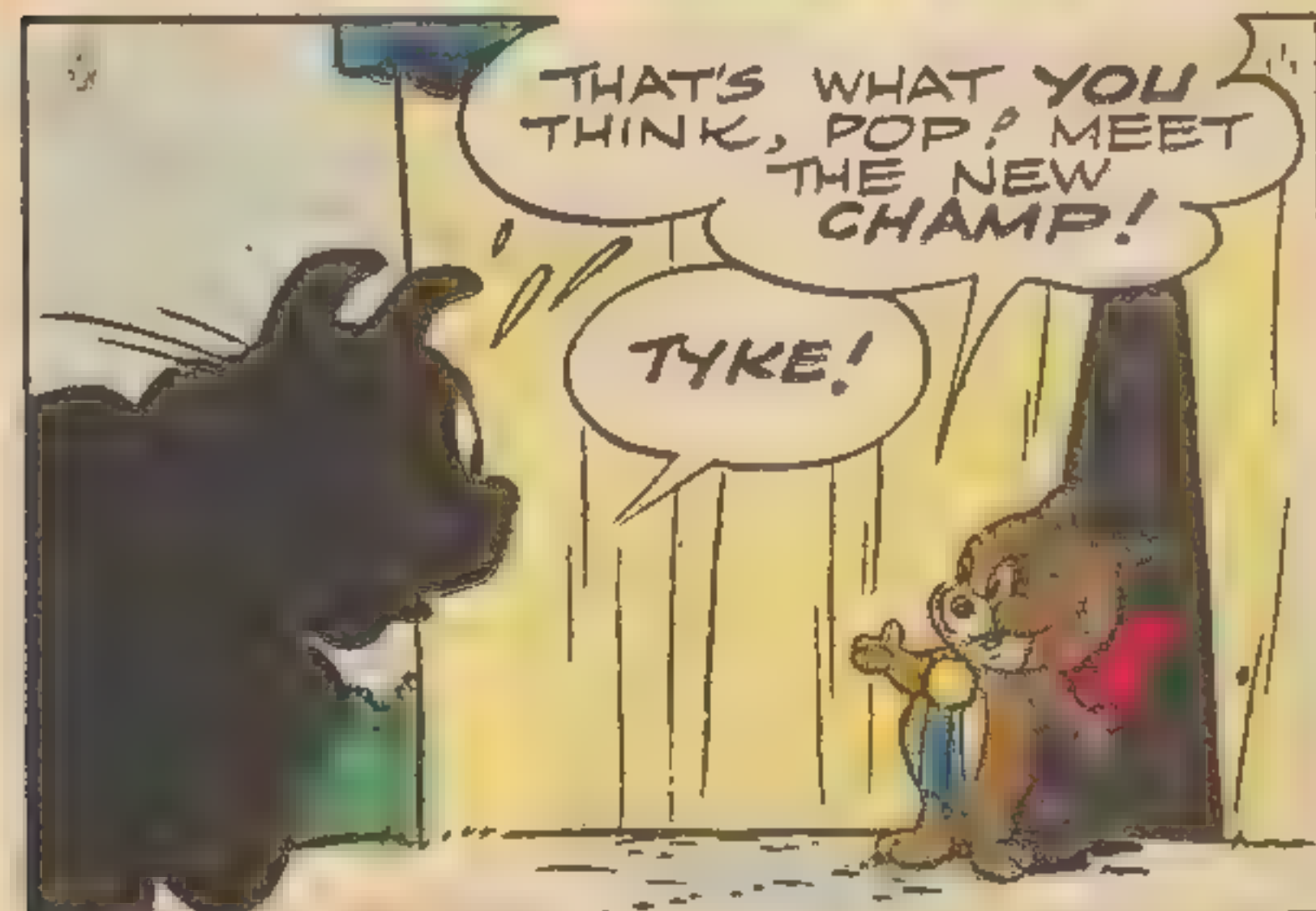
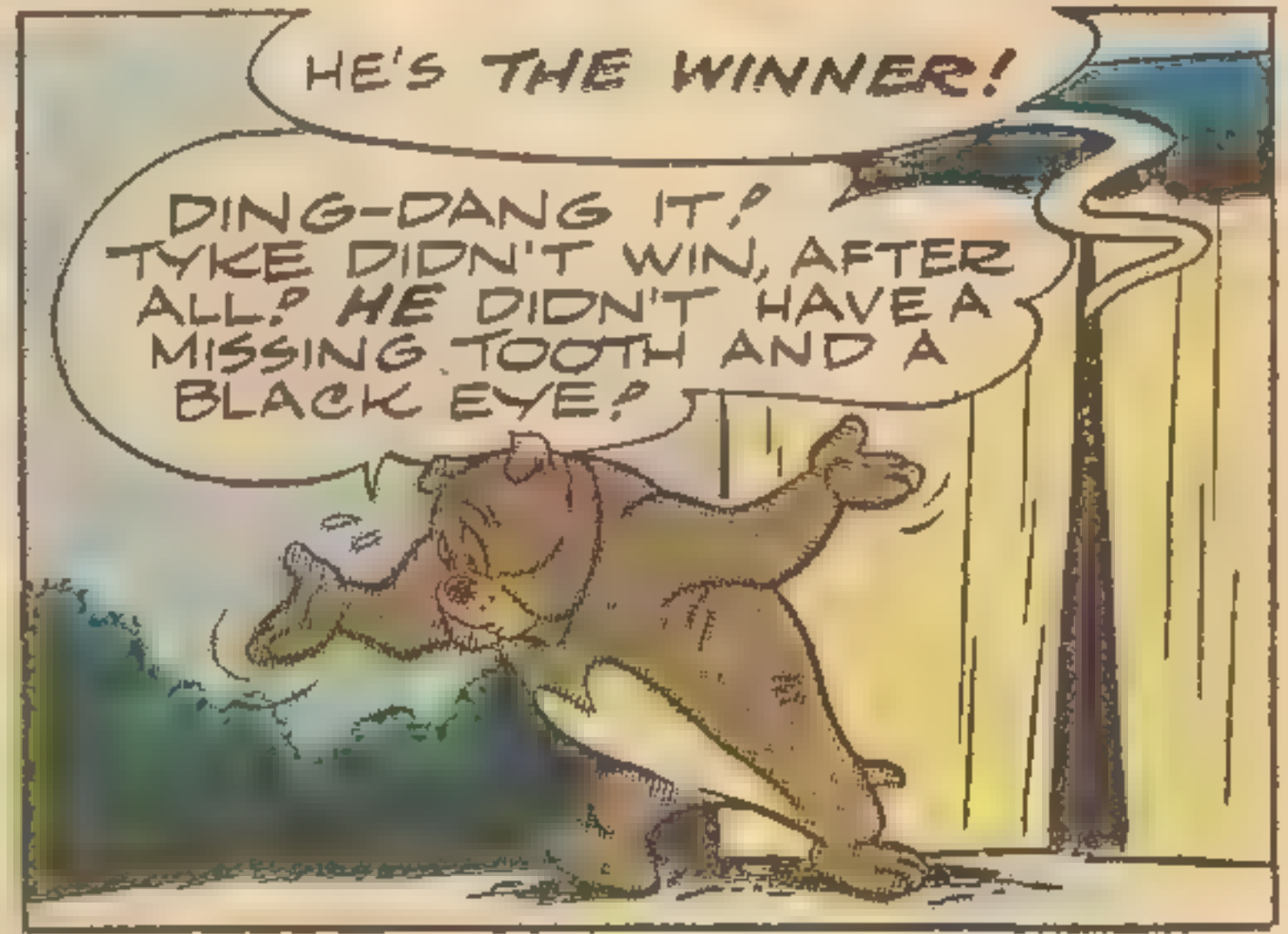
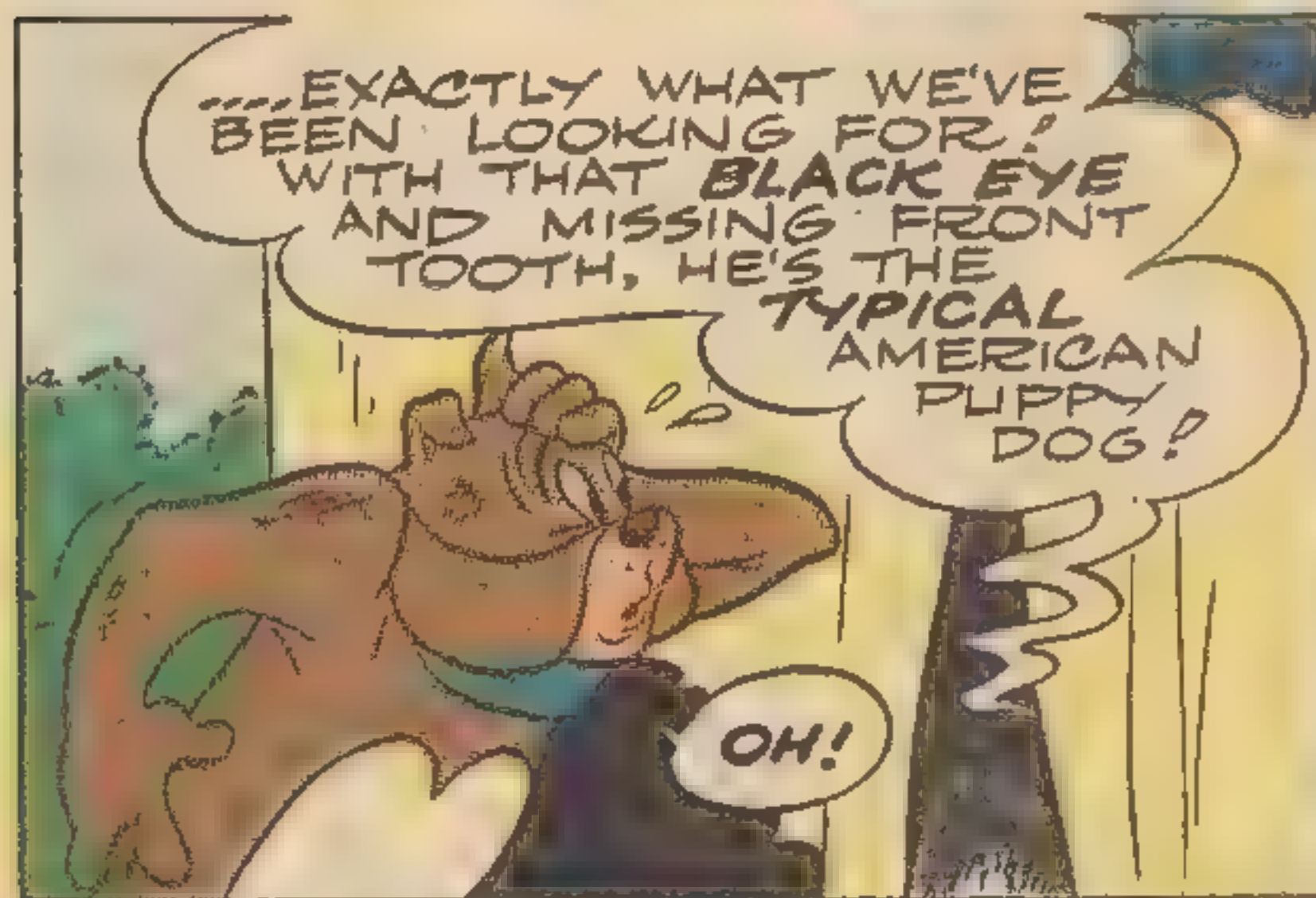
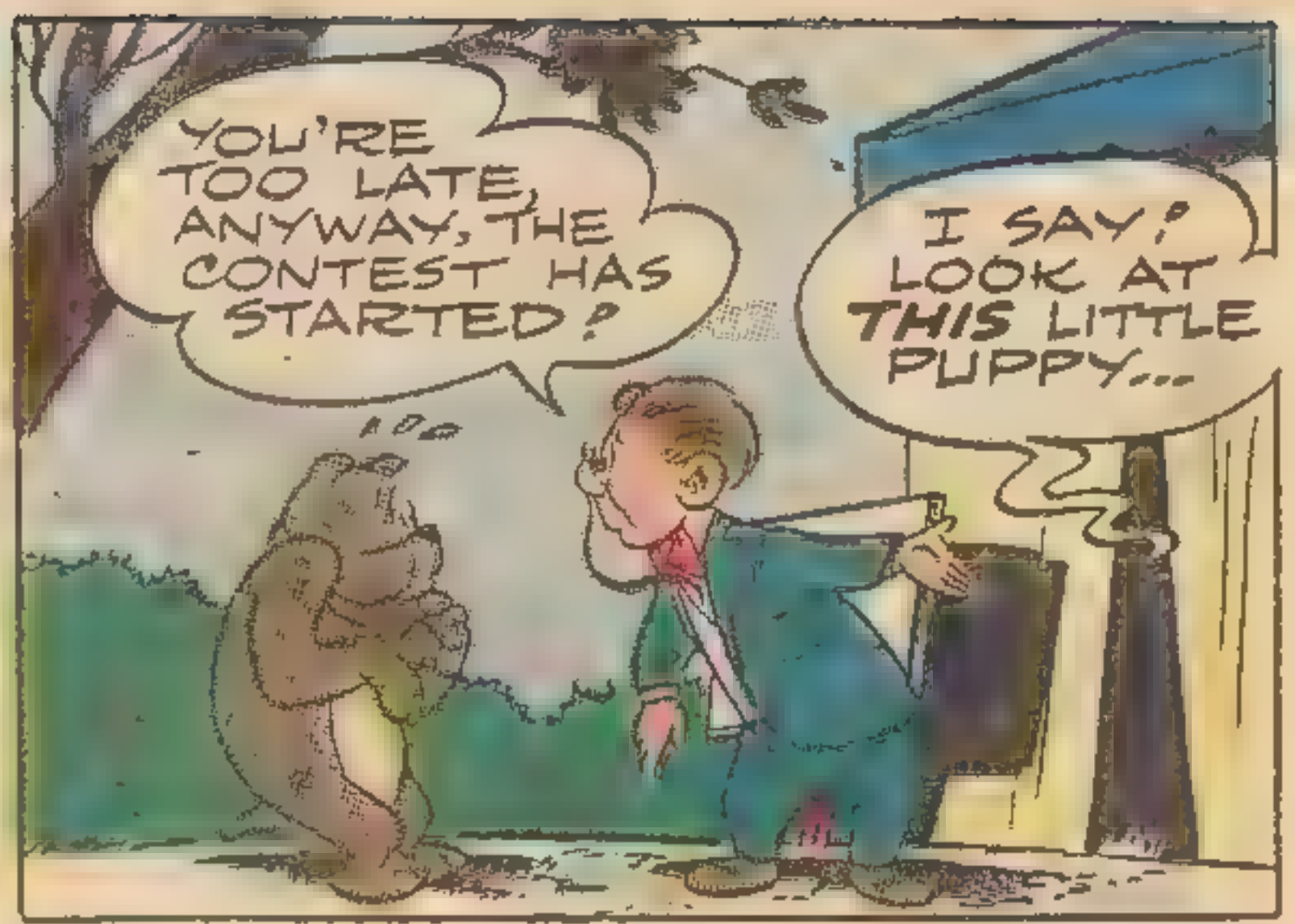
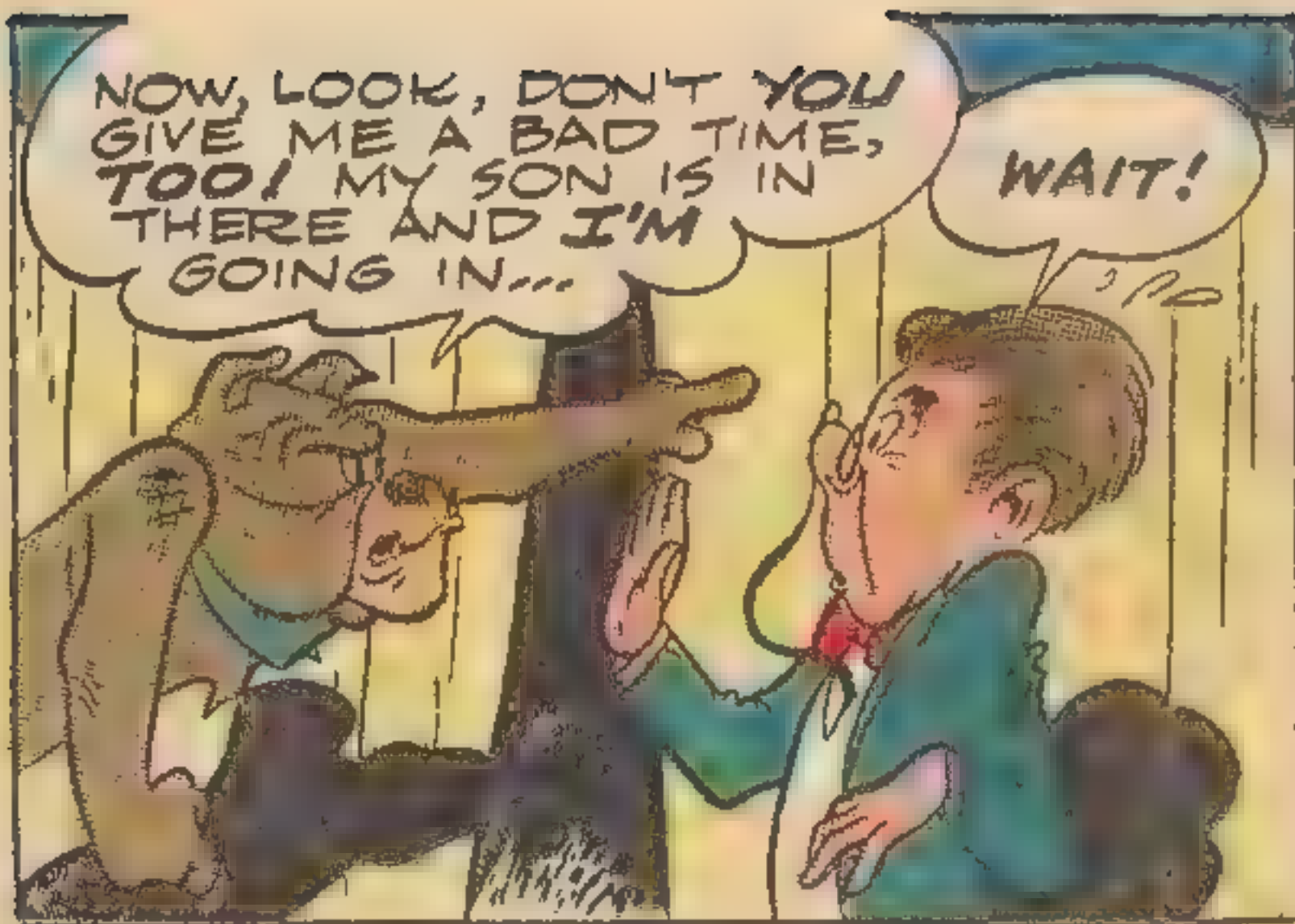










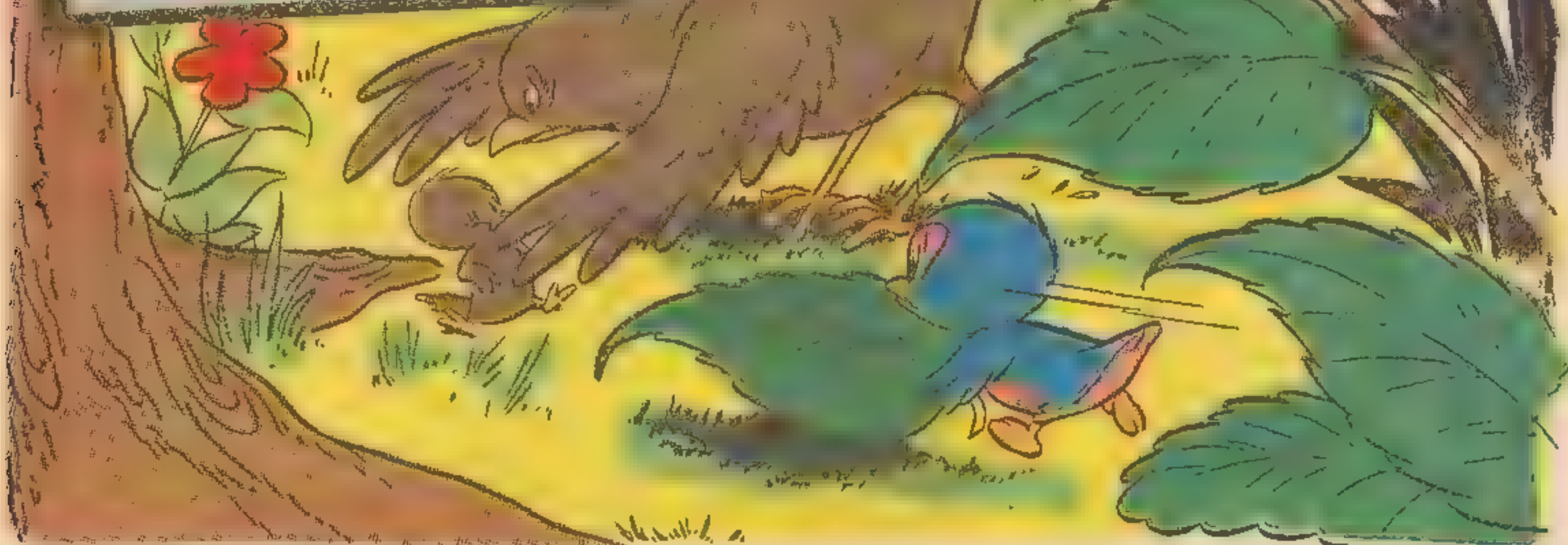




M-G-M. CARTOONS present

# BERTIE BIRD

and "THE MYSTERIOUS CAT"



The golden rays of the autumn sun sparkled like tiny jewels on the water of the birdbath. Bertie Bird, perching on the rim of the bath, watched them bob and dance merrily about. He felt so gay and happy, he wanted to bob and dance, too. So, he did!

Hopping up and down, he swayed this way and that, fluttered his wings, and sang and sang. Then, after a while, Bertie stopped his funny little monkeyshines and stood poised on the edge of the bath. The next minute, he dived—kersplash! The water sprayed up over him like a pretty fountain and Bertie twittered with glee. "Ooh! What FUN!"

But Bertie had no sooner started his bath, than he heard the mewing cry of a cat dangerously near. Peeping up over the edge of the birdbath, Bertie's bright little eyes scanned the grass and the bushes all around, but he could see neither head nor tail of a cat. "Guess he isn't around HERE!" he chirped, splashing back into the water.

At that very moment, Mrs. Sparrow, perched in a poplar tree close to the birdbath, screamed, "Help! Help!"

Up out of the water popped Bertie. And without a moment's pause, he flew straight to the poplar tree. But to his surprise, Mrs. Sparrow was not there.

"Here I am, Bertie!" she called from the grass below. Bertie dived down beside her and saw at once the cause of her woe. For,

huddled in the grass and whimpering with fright, was Rupert, Mrs. Sparrow's youngest baby.

"What happened to HIM?" asked Bertie.

"He fell off the branch of the tree," sobbed Mrs. Sparrow, "while I was teaching him to fly. That terrible cat will surely catch him if I don't get him back in the nest."

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Sparrow!" chirped Bertie. "I'll help you!"

Bertie hopped up close to Rupert and started to flap his wings. "Now, Rupert!" he said. "Stand up and flap your wings like this."

"No, no!" cried Rupert, cowering back under the grass. "I can't!"

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid it's no use," sighed the mother sparrow. "He's much too frightened to try."

"Meow!"

The frightening cry came again. This time it sounded very close. Bertie tried hard not to show how scared he was, but Mrs. Sparrow fluttered her wings and shrieked in terror. "Oh, Bertie! What shall we do?"

"Quick!" he cried. "Help me cover Rupert with leaves! Then, I'll go after that pesty cat!"

So Mrs. Sparrow and Bertie scurried about gathering leaves. But they soon found that covering Rupert was an impossible task. The baby bird shook so with fright, that the leaves would not stay in place.

"Please lie still!" coaxed Bertie.



"I would if I could, wouldn't I?" cried little Rupert, shaking harder than ever.

Finally they gave up. Hopping back and forth, Bertie tried to think of a better plan to protect the helpless little bird. Suddenly, his thoughts were interrupted by another cat cry from a nearby bush.

"Oh, Bertie!" screamed Mrs. Sparrow. "Save us!"

"I will!" answered Bertie bravely. And he flew right up to the top of the bush. He hopped from branch to branch peering down to the ground below. But he could see no sign of a cat. Bertie was puzzled.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed, rejoining the sparrows. "What a mysterious cat! He must disappear by magic!"

"Meow!" This time the cry came from the direction of the large brick house to the east of them.

Bertie hopped up and down with vexation. "Now, how did he get away over there so quickly?"

"I don't know!" sighed Mrs. Sparrow. "I'm completely befuddled!"

"Well, I'm going to find that mysterious cat and chase him away until we can get Rupert back in the nest," chirped Bertie, flying off toward the big brick house. There he caught his first glimpse of Mister Tom Cat. For he had no sooner landed in the yard than a black furry streak shot past him, closely

followed by a large dog, barking furiously. In an instant, both cat and dog disappeared.

"Yippee!" chirped Bertie happily. "That's the end of my cat troubles!"

Quickly he flew back to tell the good news to Mrs. Sparrow. But, to his amazement, another cat cry came from the poplar tree directly ABOVE him. "That pesty cat must have wings!" he cried.

And Bertie was right. For, their tormentor was not the cat from the big house, at all. It was little CHARLIE CATBIRD. And Charlie was shaking with mirth, as he looked down at his two angry victims.

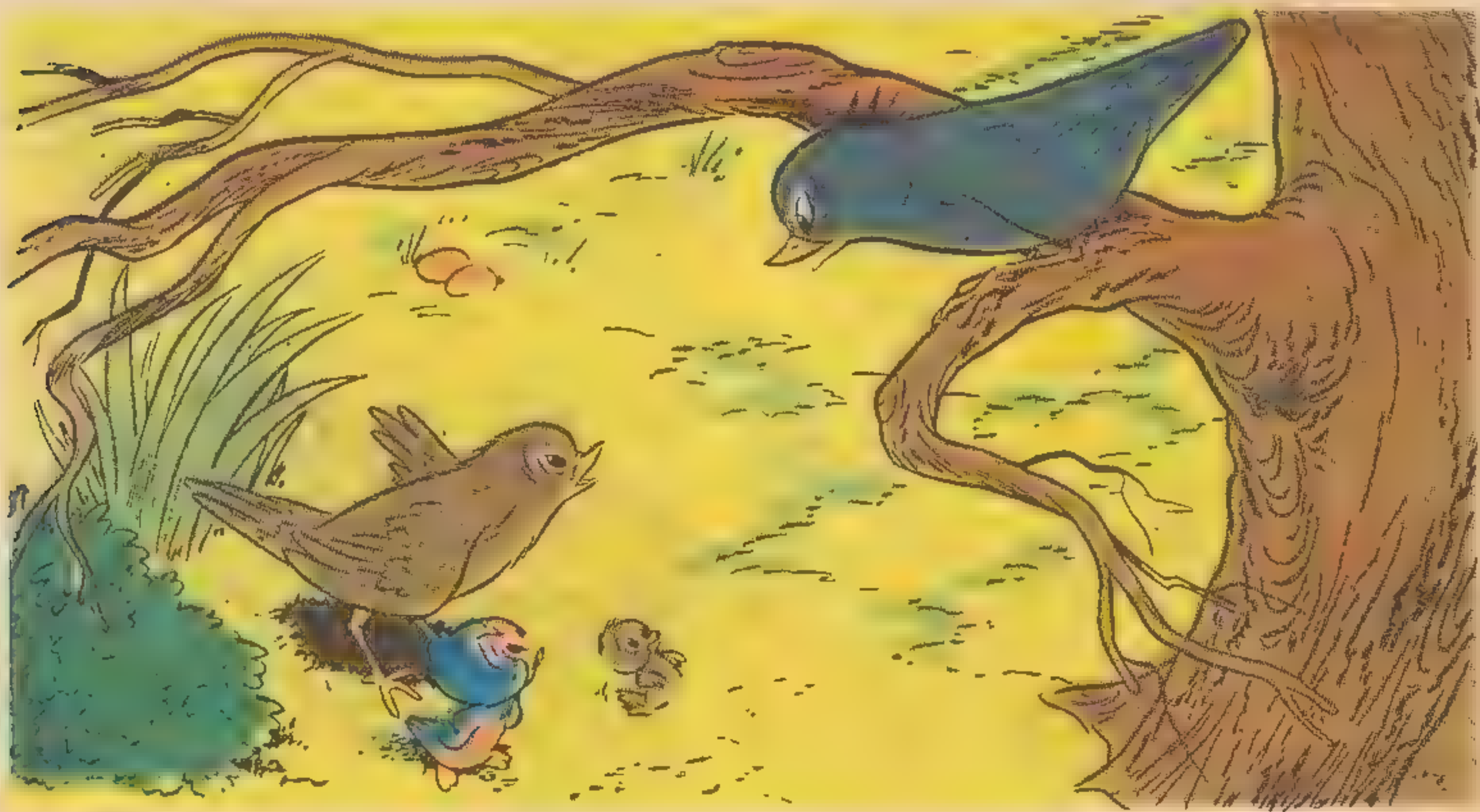
"I'll fix you!" yelled Bertie, starting for Charlie. But Charlie did not wait to be fixed. He took to his wings and flew quickly away.

"That," exclaimed Bertie settling down beside Mrs. Sparrow again, "solves our cat mystery! But we've still got to get Rupert back into the nest!"

"No, we don't!" cried Mrs. Sparrow. "Look!"

Bertie looked. Then, he gaped with open beak. For, at that moment, Rupert rose out of the grass, furiously flapping his tiny wings. In a wobbly, zigzagging course, he made his way up to the nest.

"Why, that little rascal!" twittered Bertie. Then he flew back to his birdbath, where he had a wonderful time splashing and singing in the sparkling water.





M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

# WUFF

The  
PRAIRIE DOG

THIS SAND IS  
SURE GOOD TO  
PRACTICE OUR  
SKIING ON,  
WUFF!

I'LL SAY!

A FEW MORE DAYS OF  
THIS, AND WE'LL BE READY  
TO TRY SKIING ON  
REAL SNOW!

I'M  
READY  
NOW...

AND I HEAR THERE'S  
QUITE A BIT OF SNOW  
'WAY UP AT THE TOP  
OF THE MOUNTAIN!

LET'S GET  
ON UP THERE!  
I'M GAME!

WHEW!  
THAT  
SNOW SURE  
IS A LONG  
WAY  
UP!

I WISH THERE WAS SOME  
OTHER WAY TO REACH  
THE TOP OF THIS  
MOUNTAIN BESIDES  
CLIMBING!

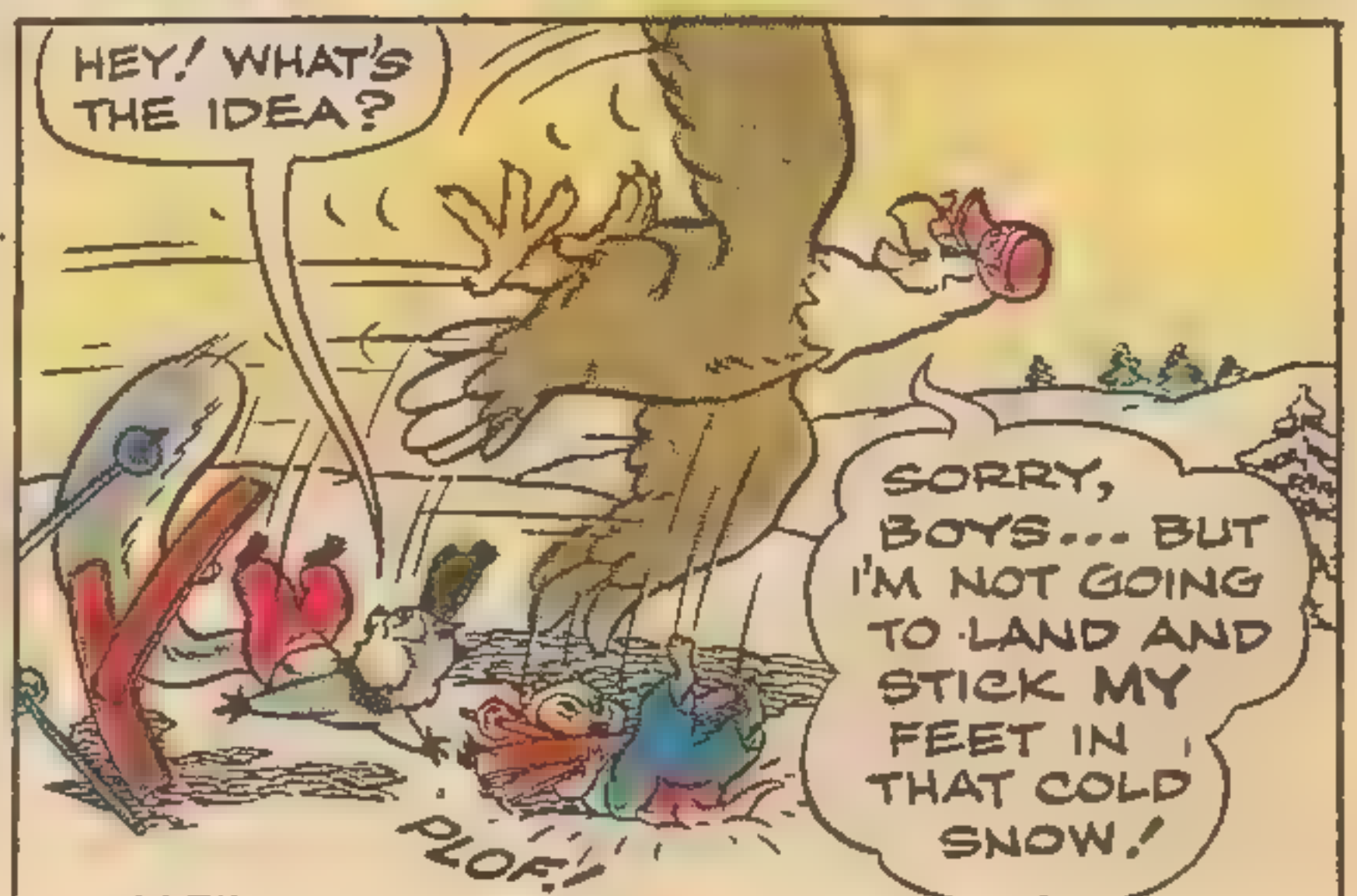
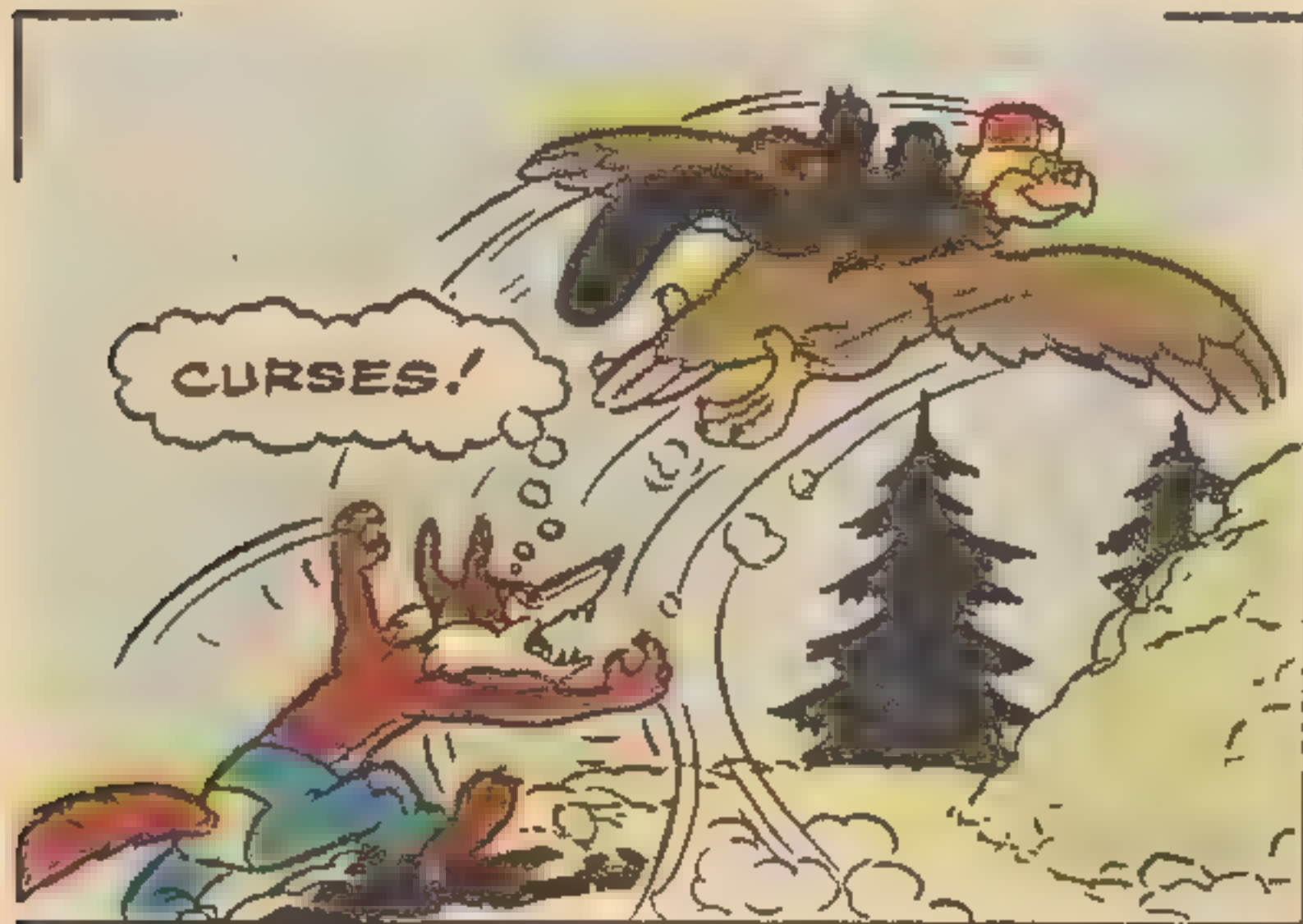
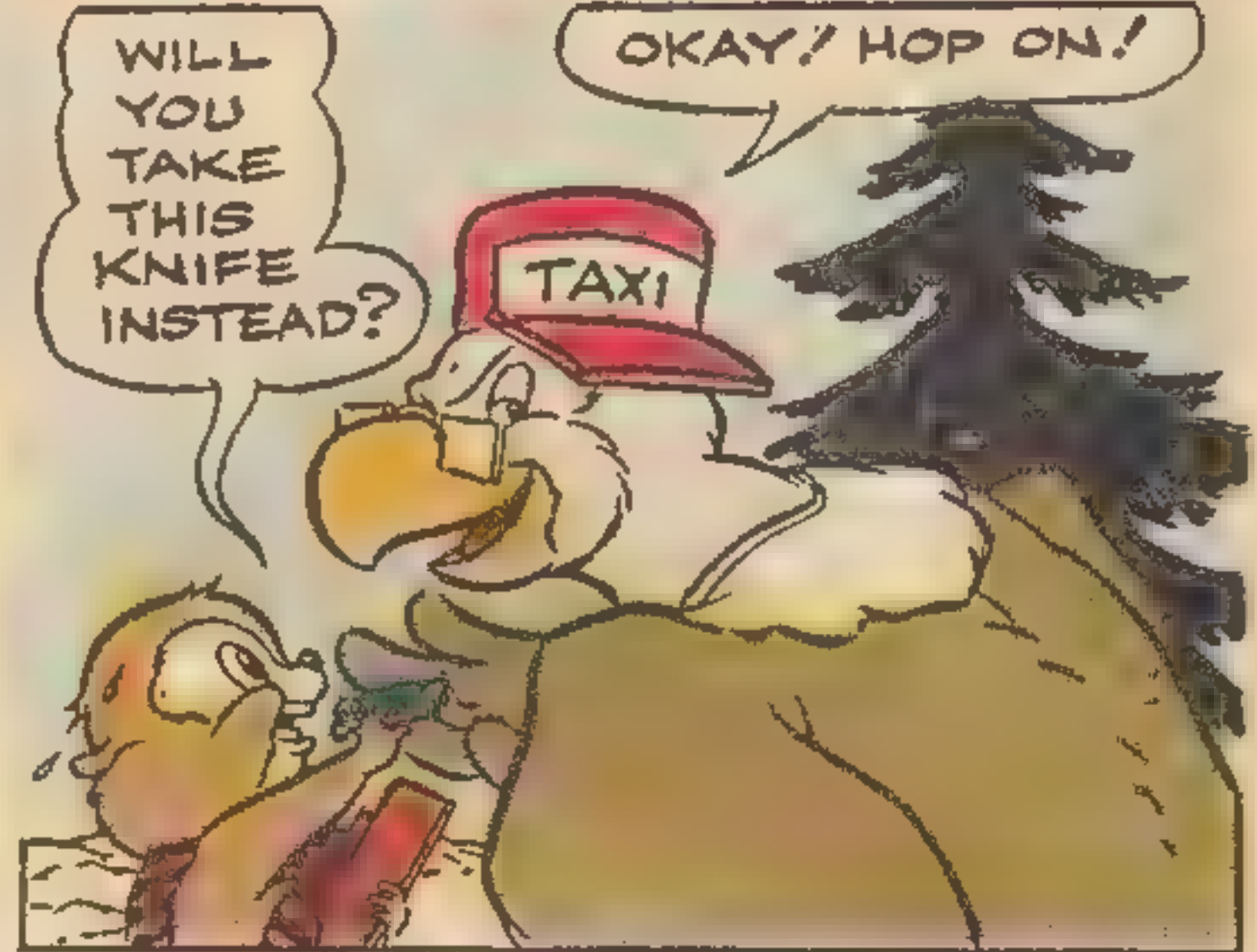
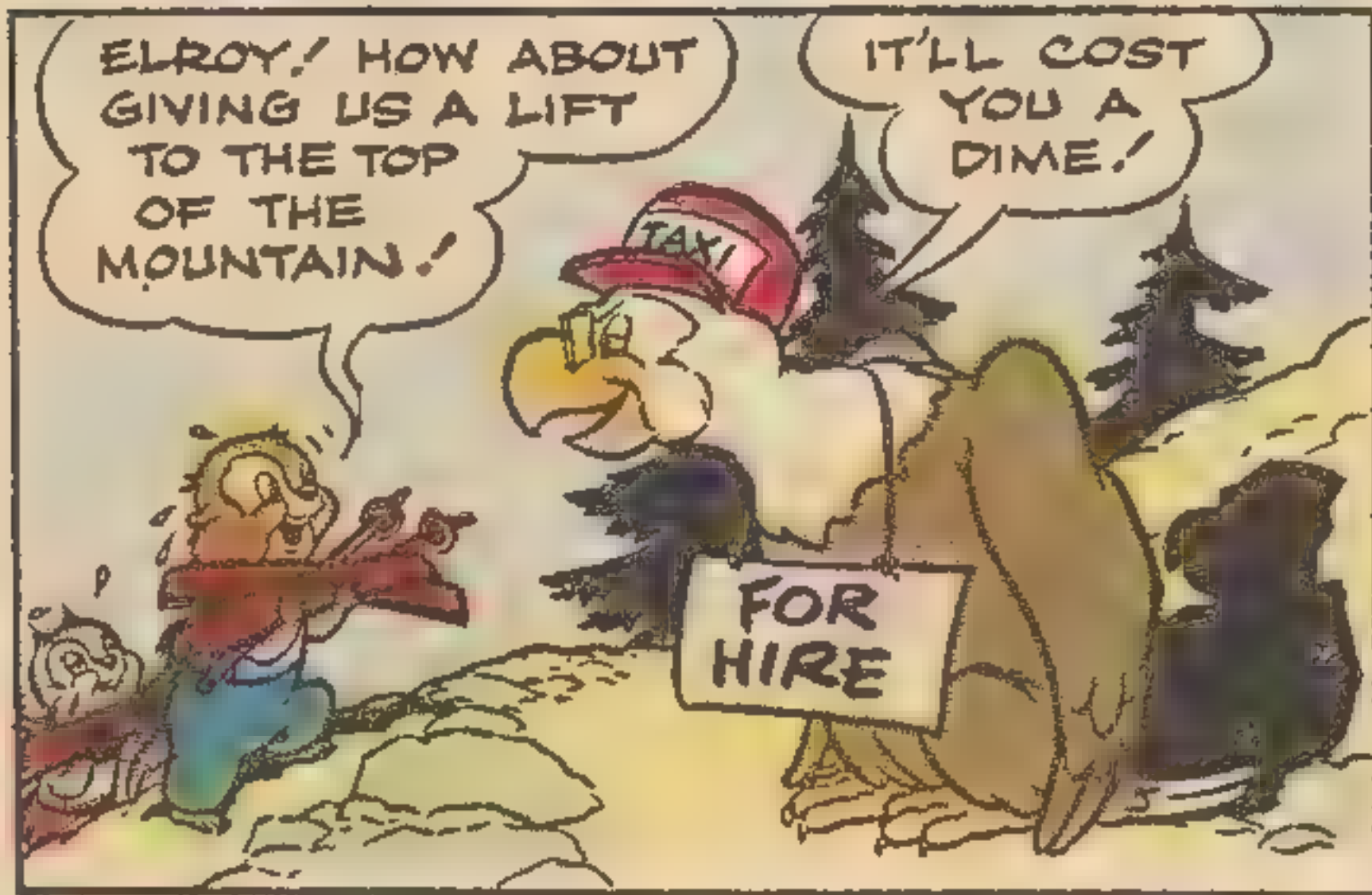
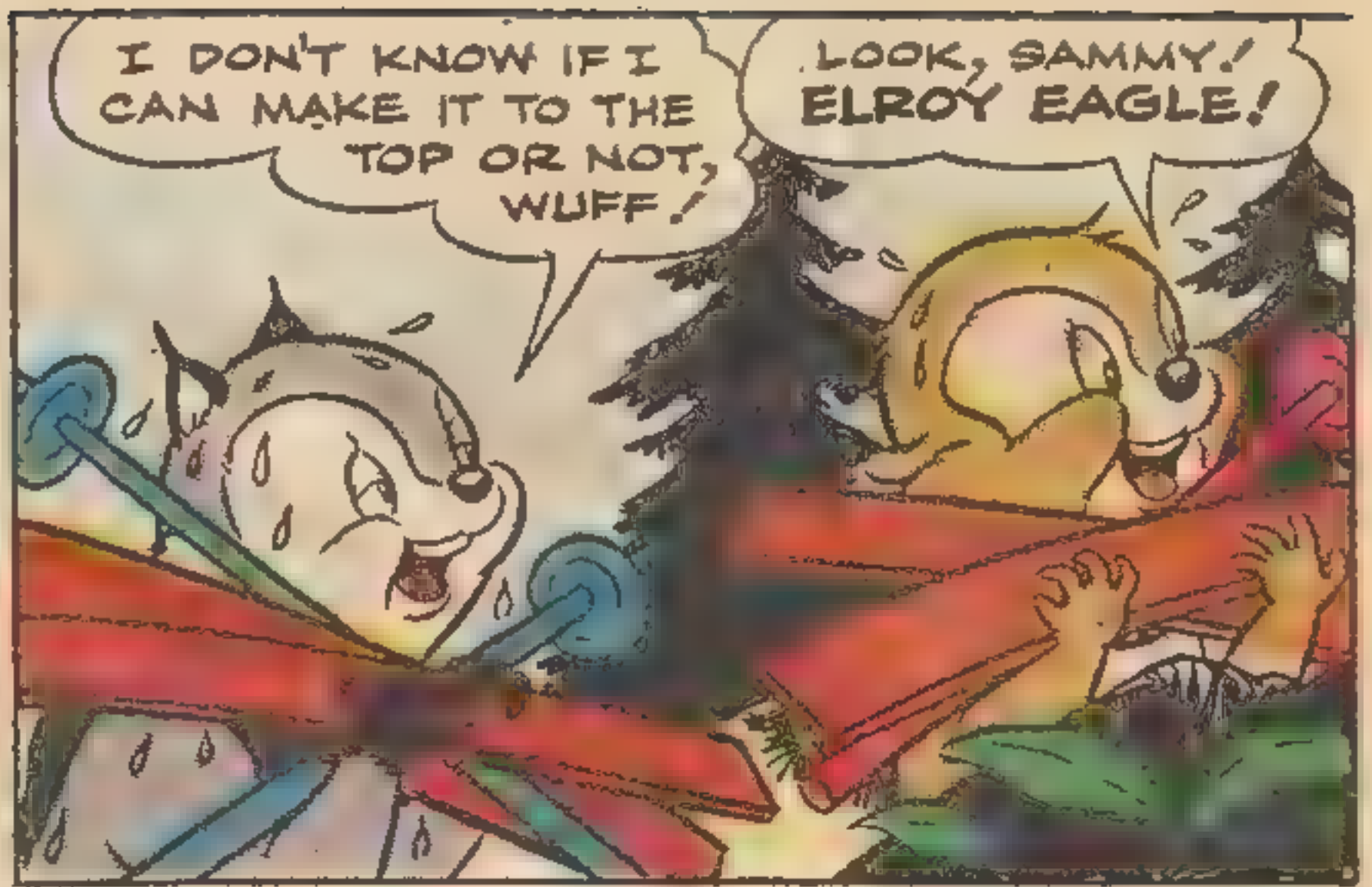
ME,  
TOO!

THIS IS THE ONLY THING ABOUT  
SKIING THAT I DON'T LIKE!  
IT'S SO LONG GOING  
UP, AND SO QUICK  
COMING  
DOWN!

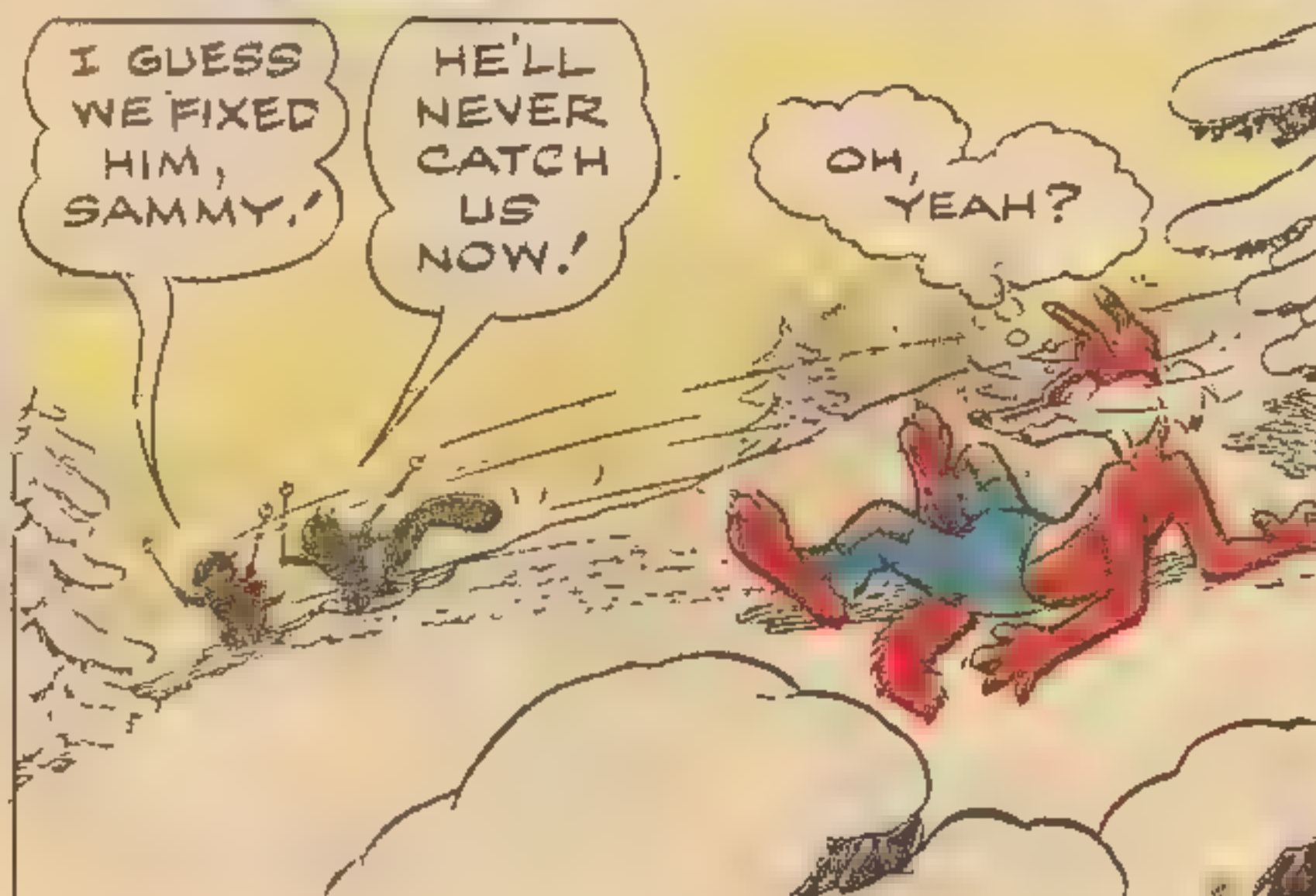
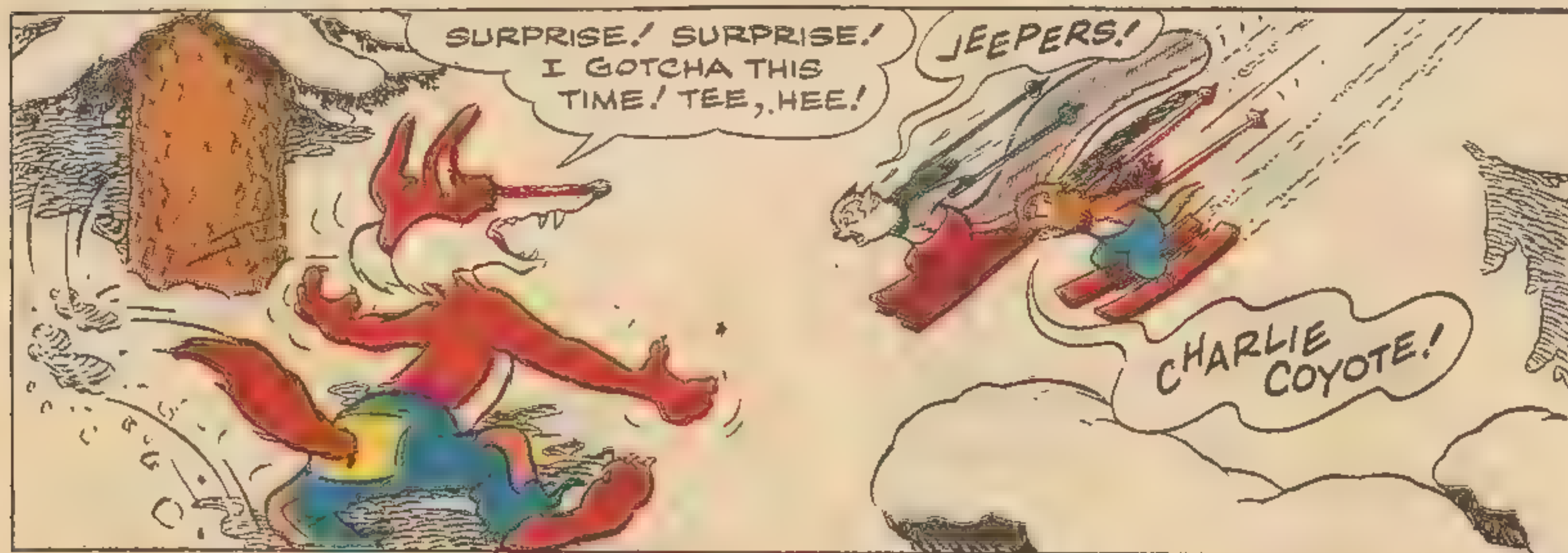
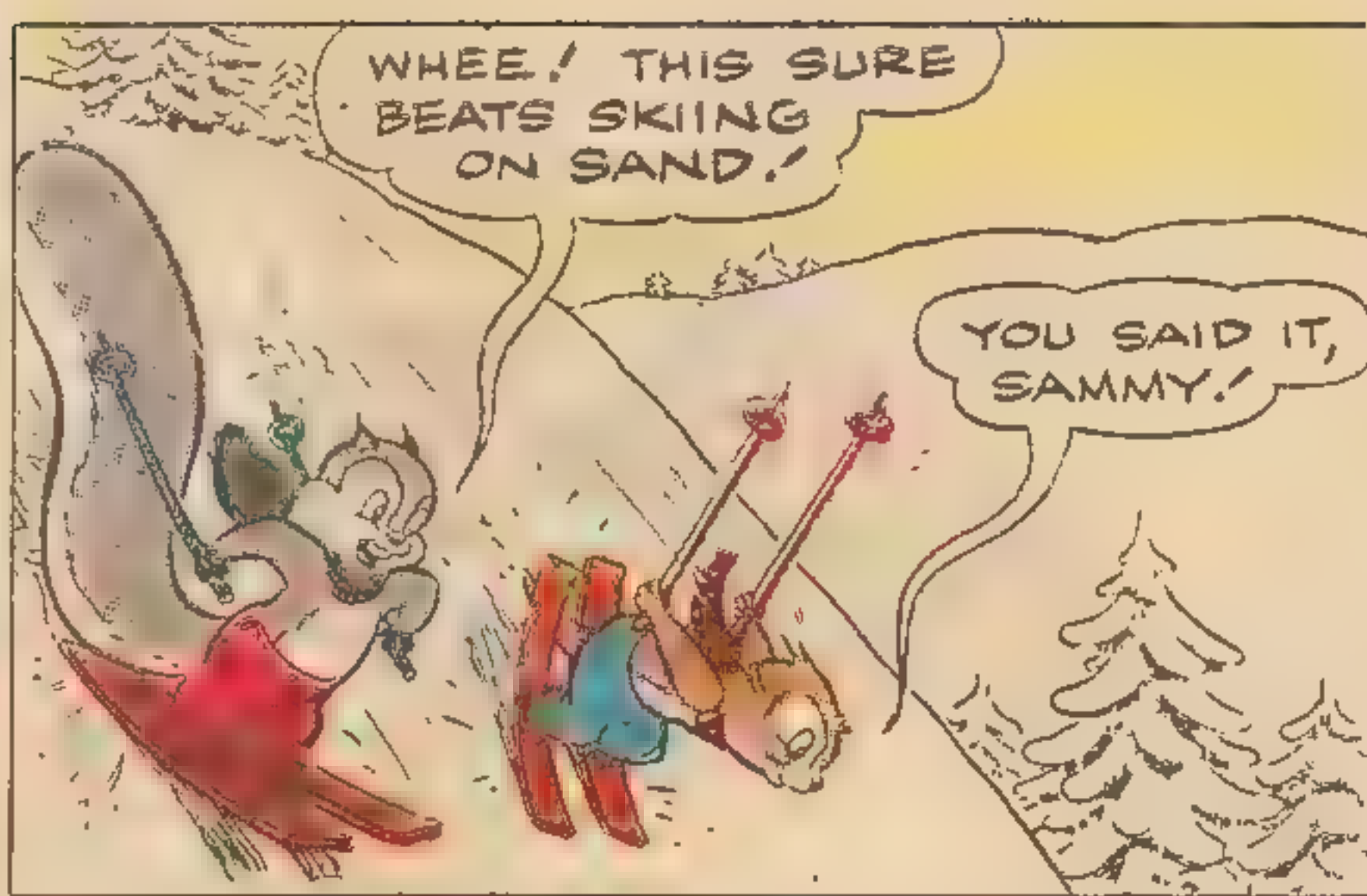
NEARBY...

WELL, BLESS MY BULGIN'  
EYEBALLS! THERE'RE TWO  
FINE INGREDIENTS FOR A  
DELICIOUS  
STEW!

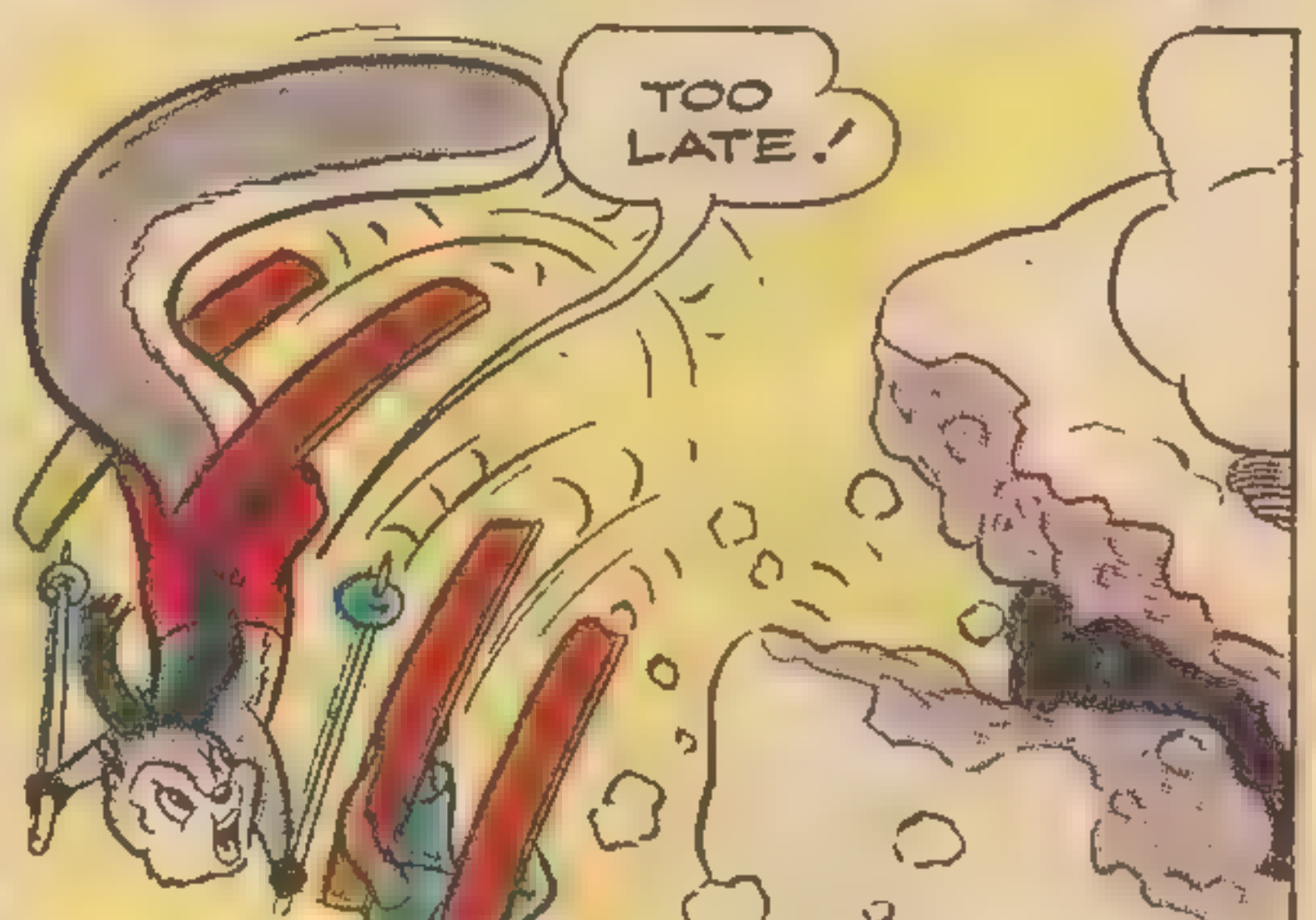
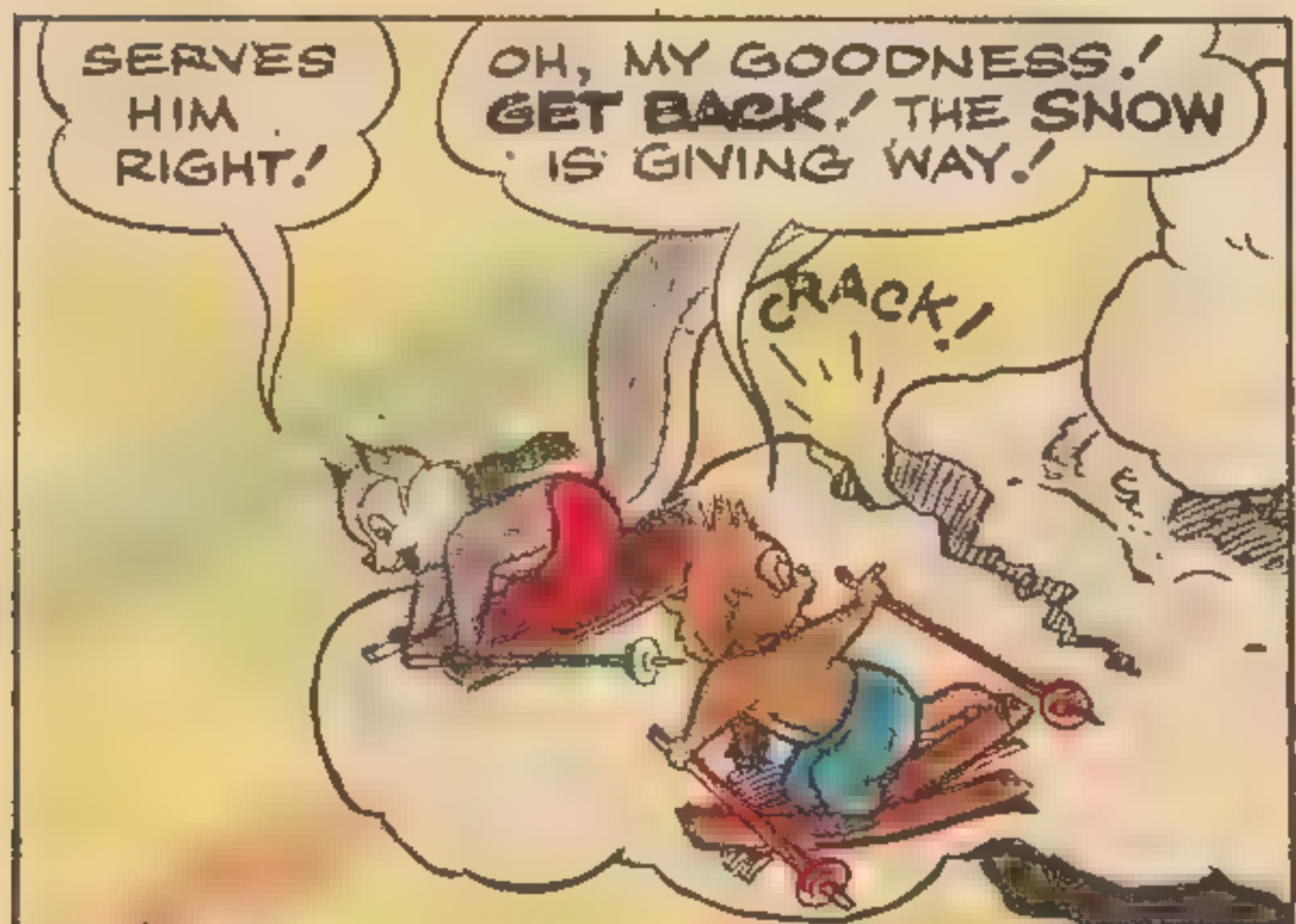
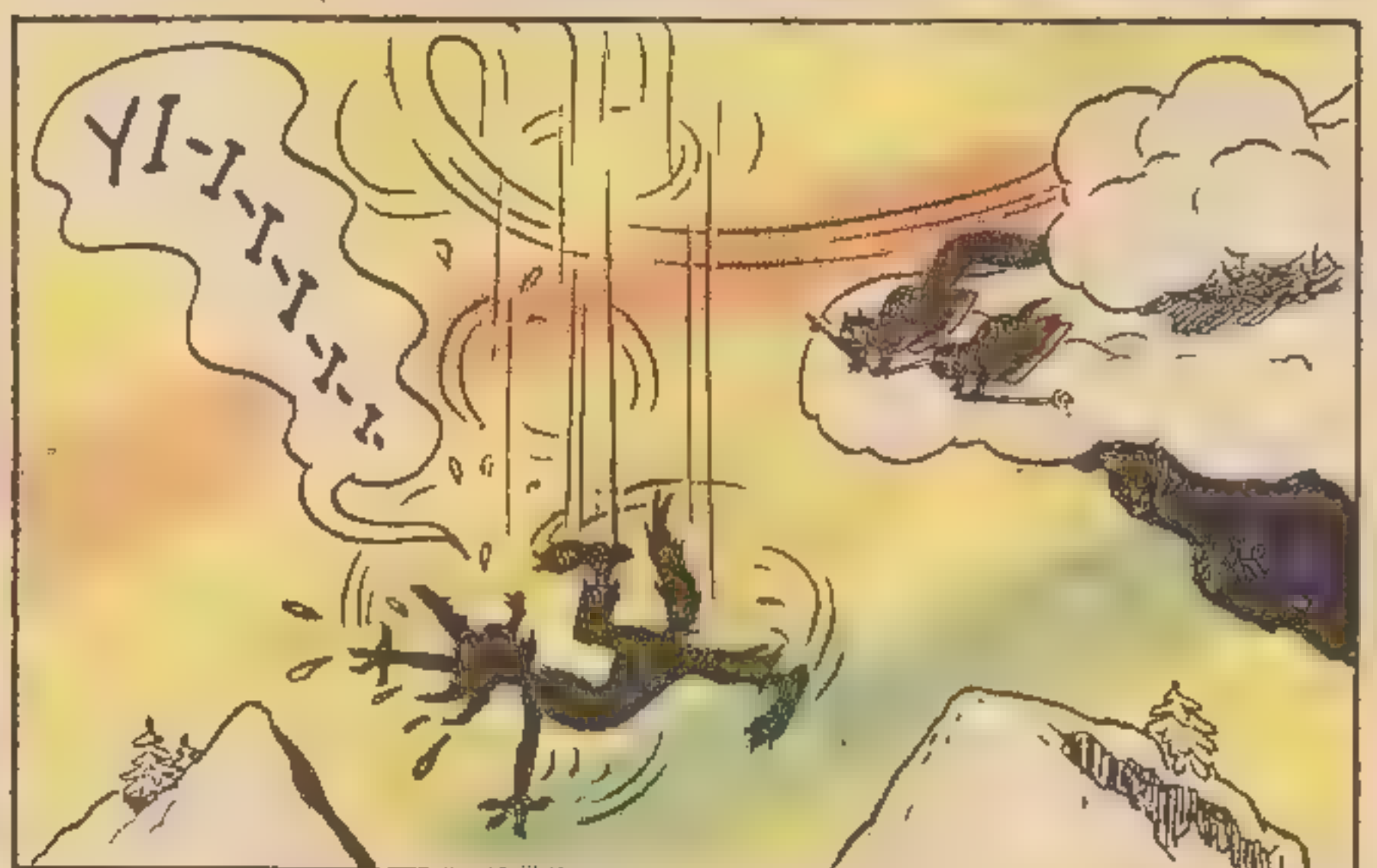
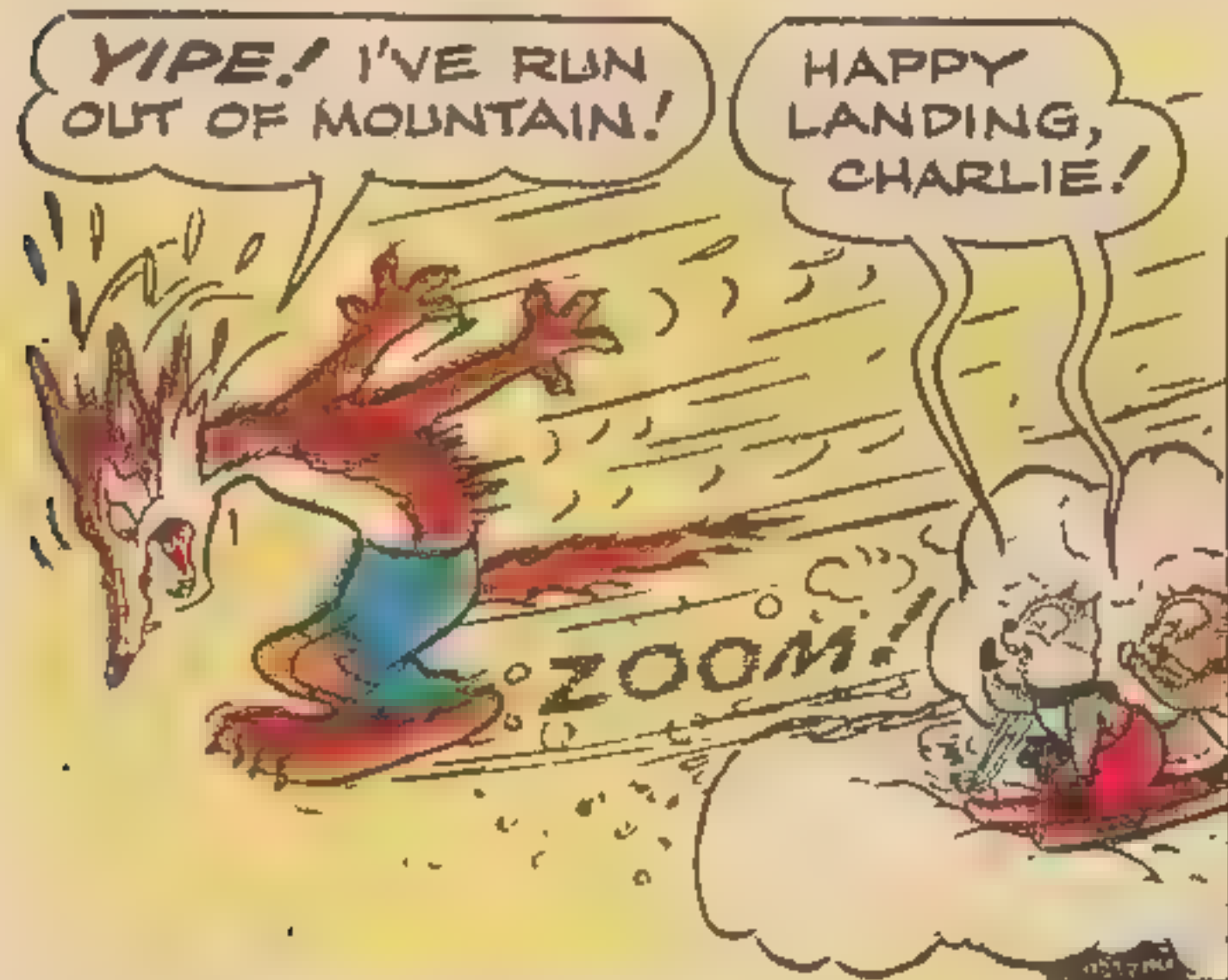
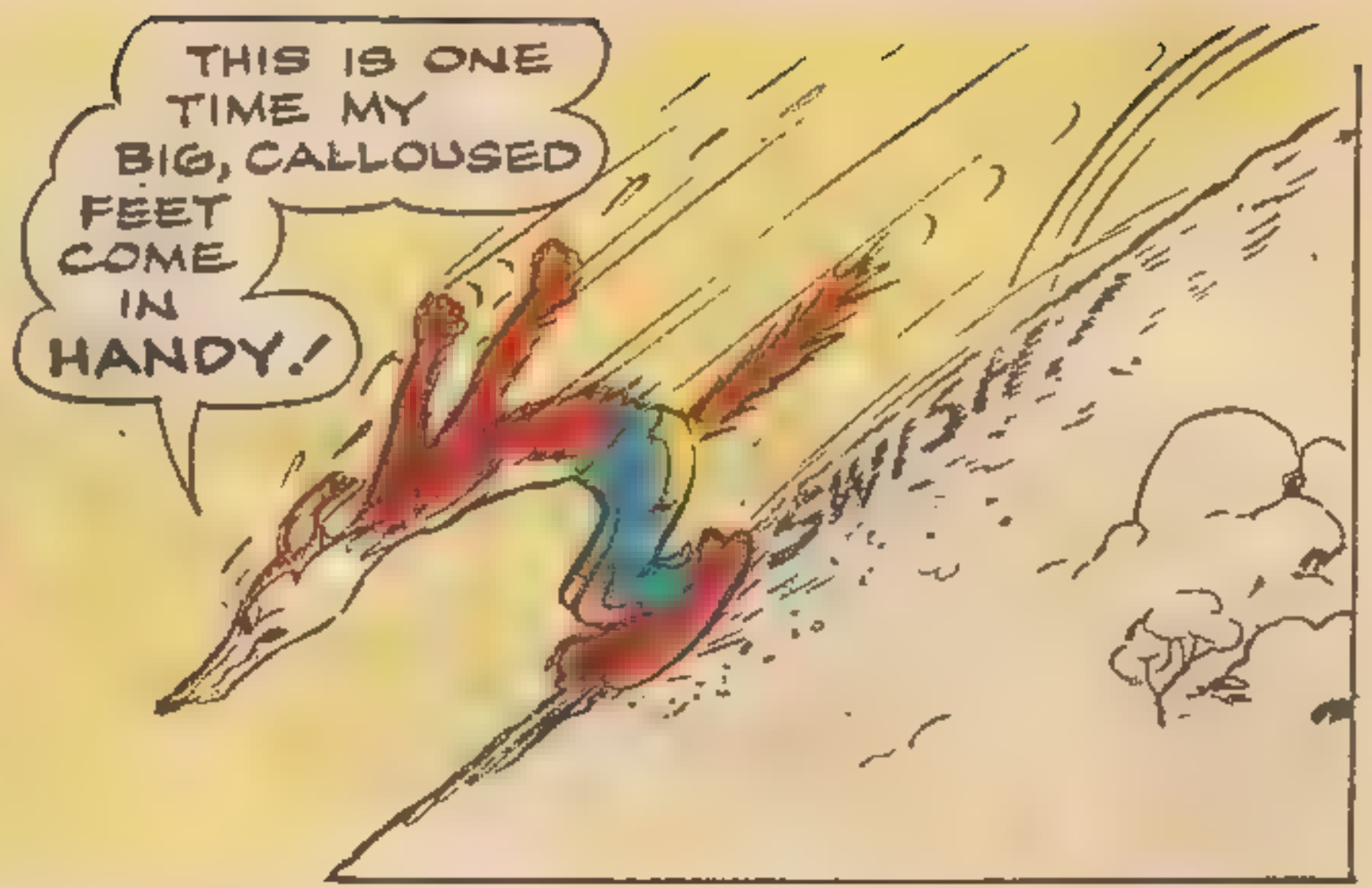
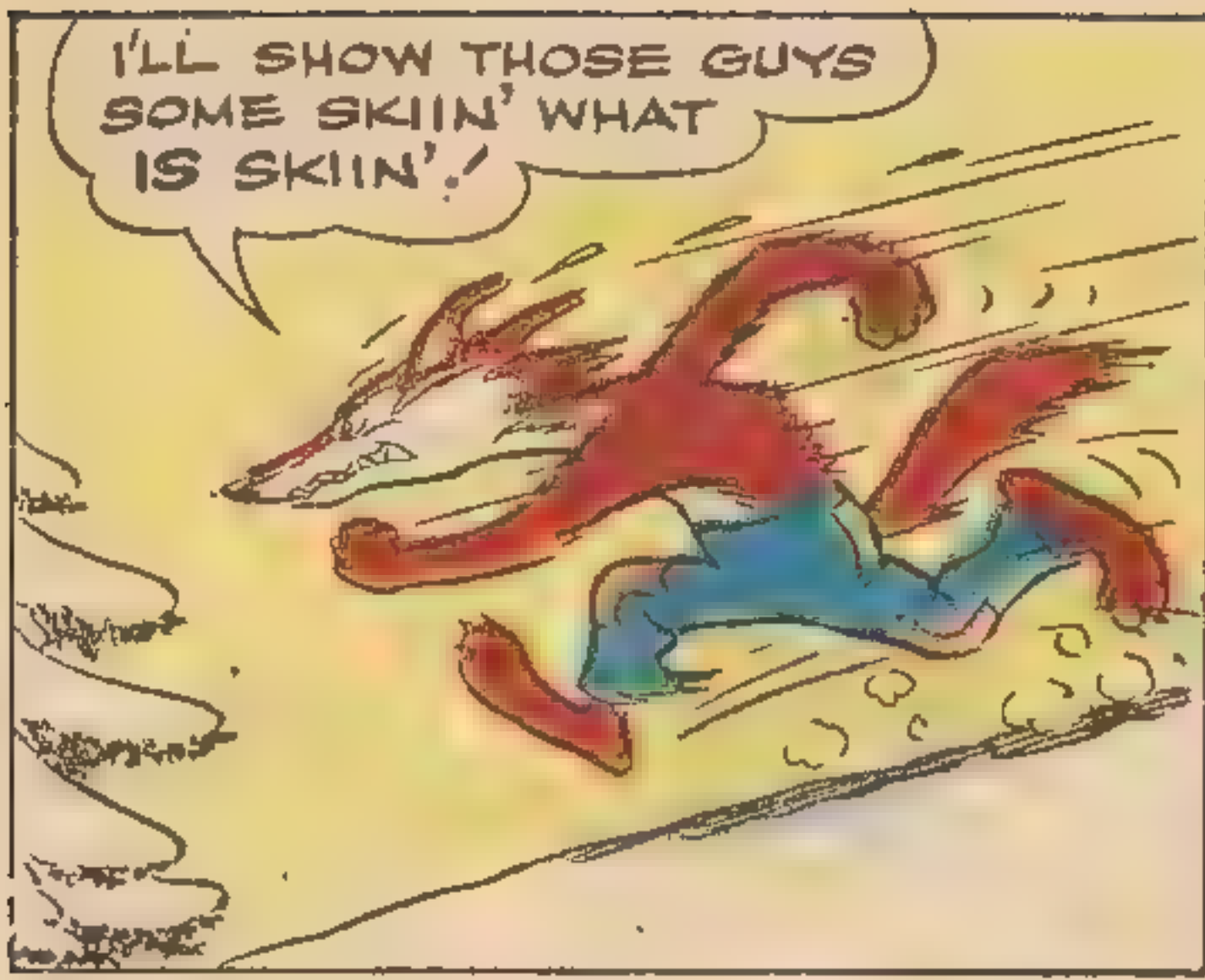




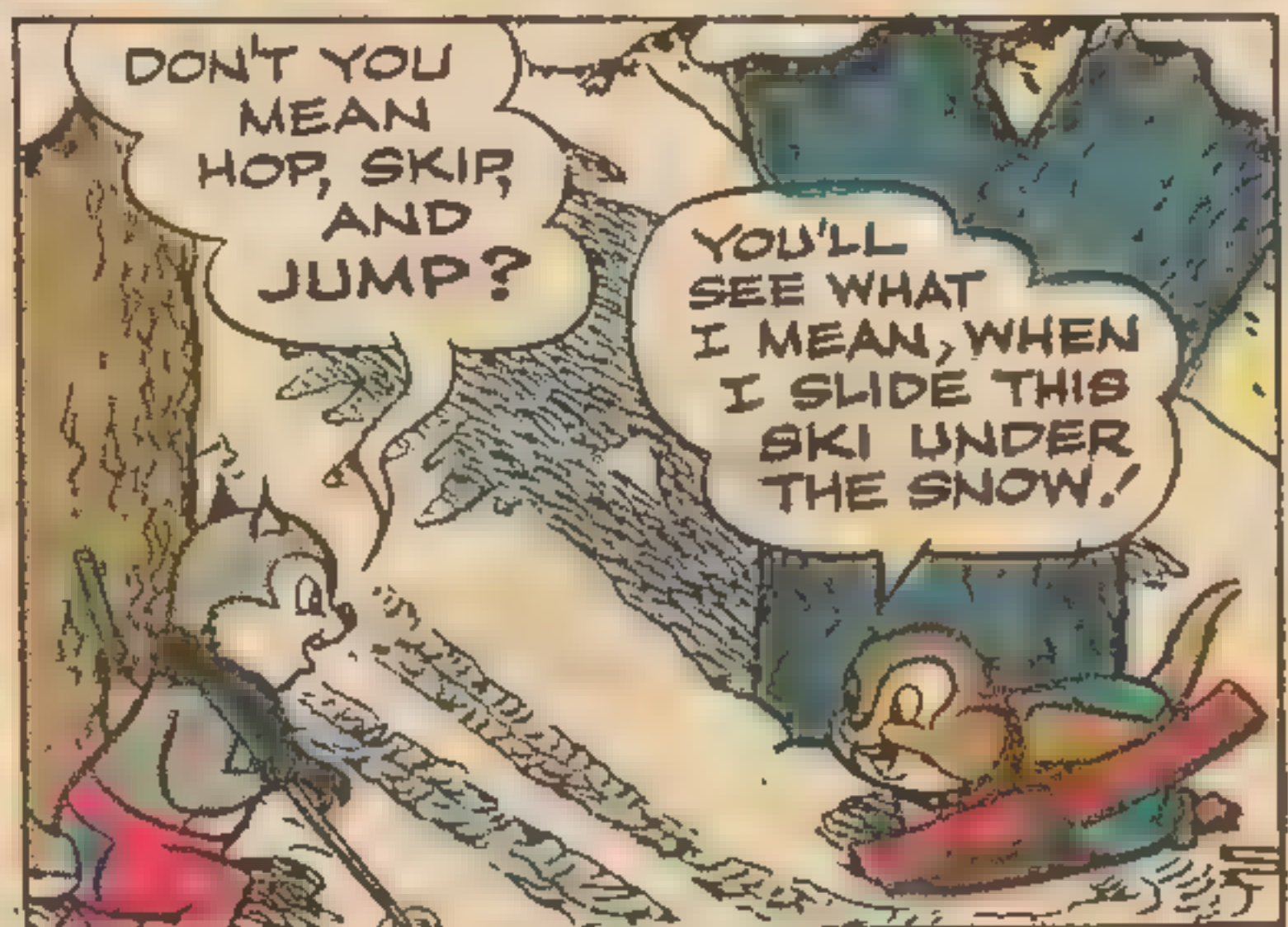
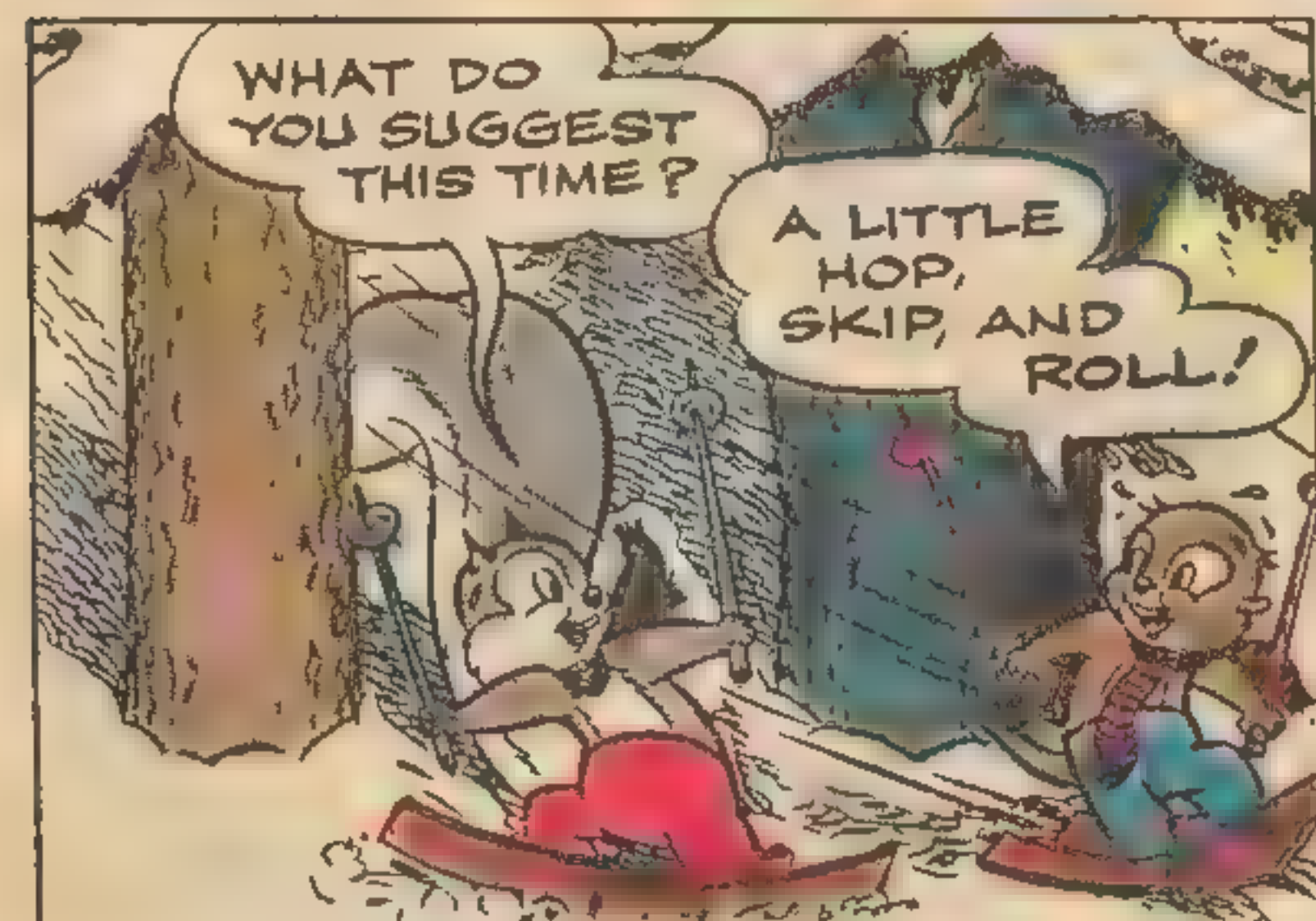
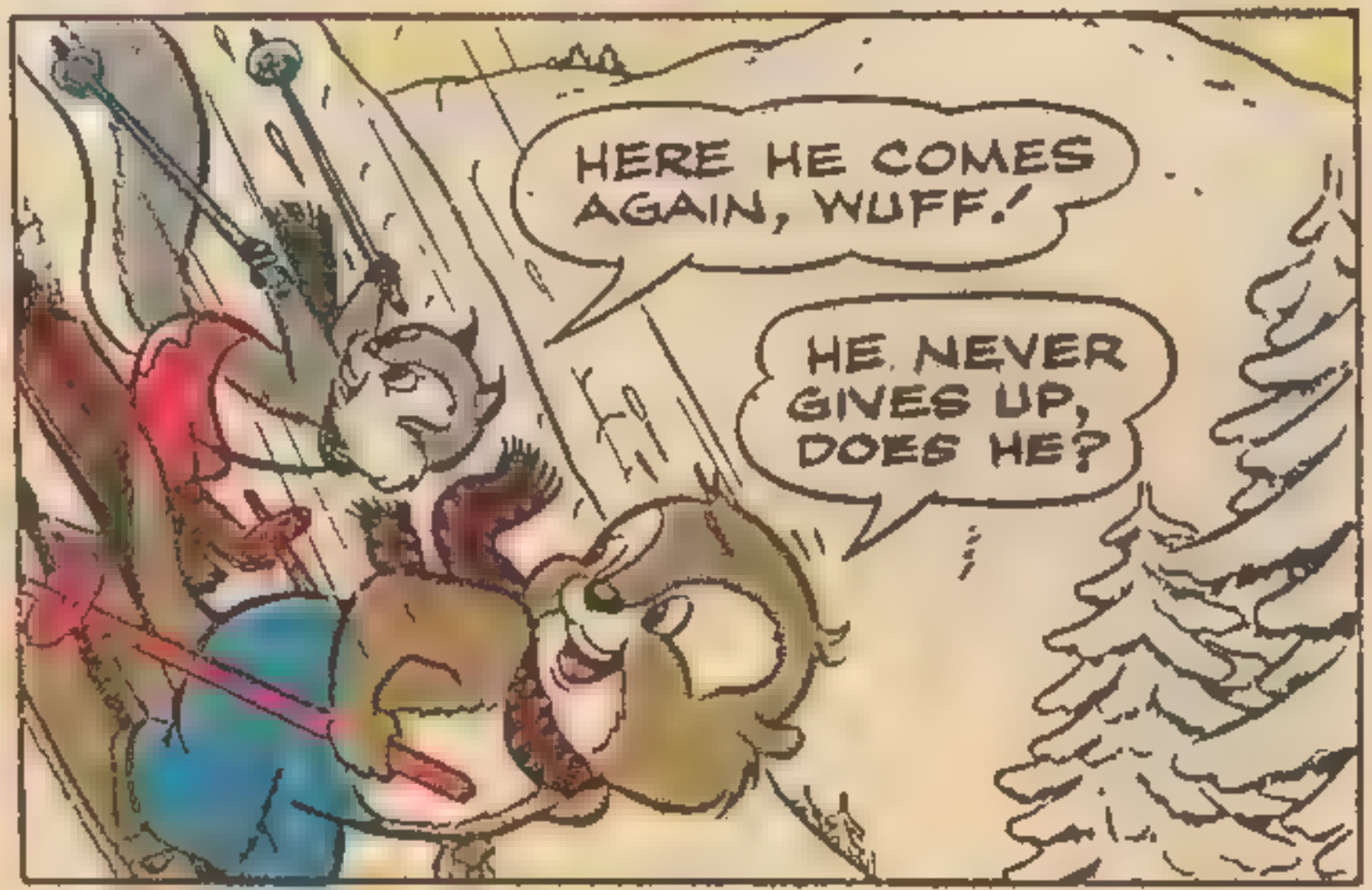
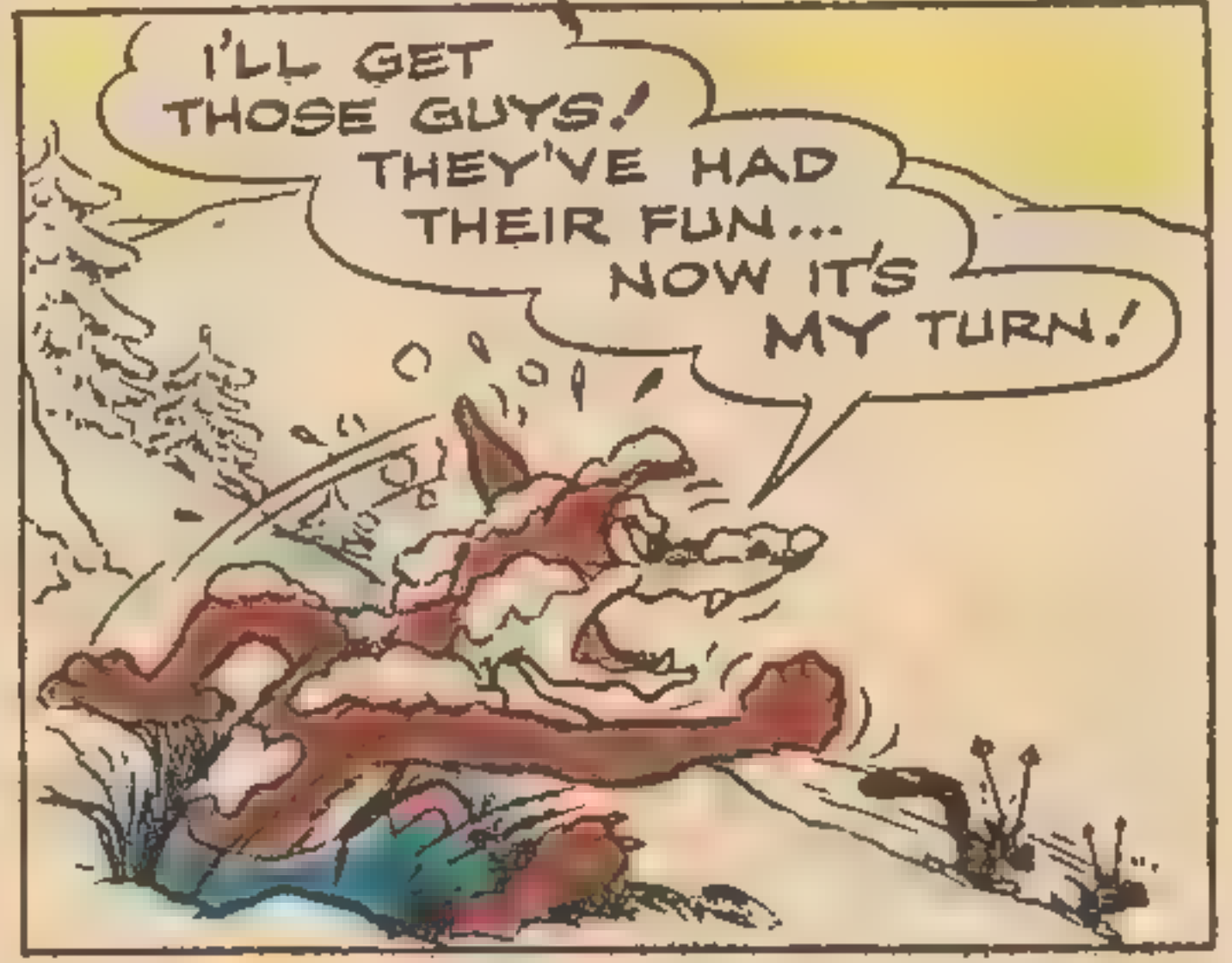
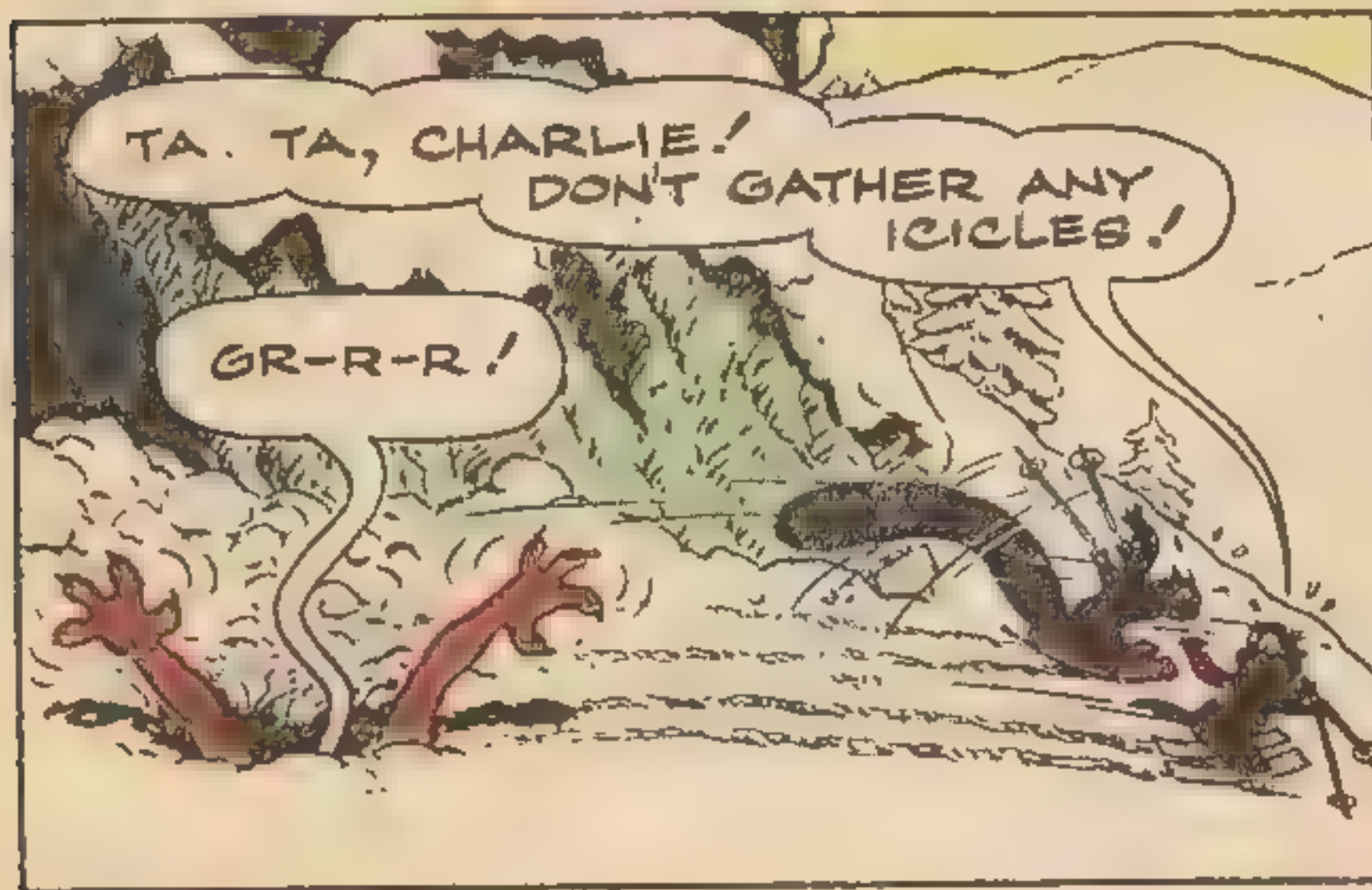
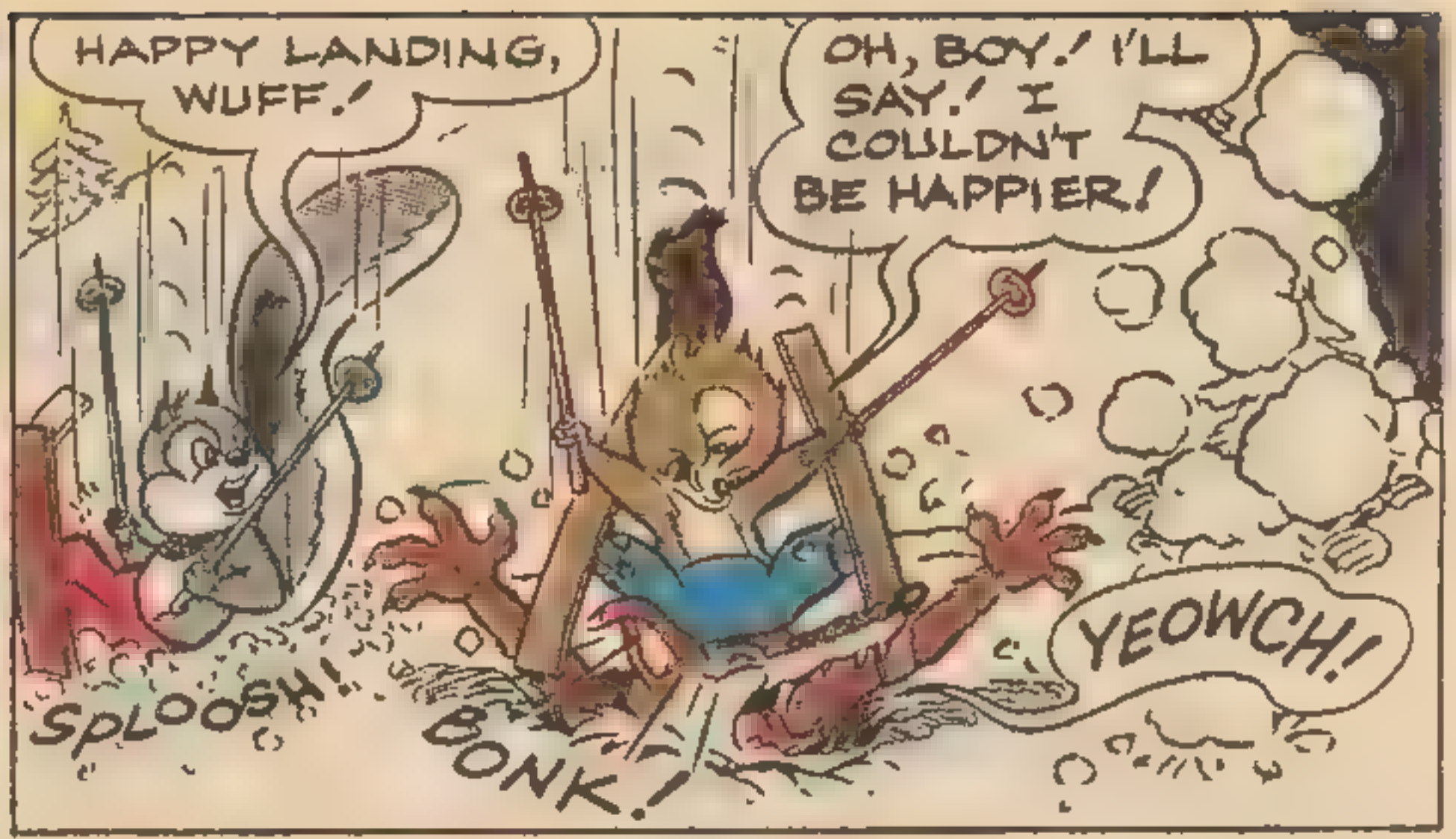




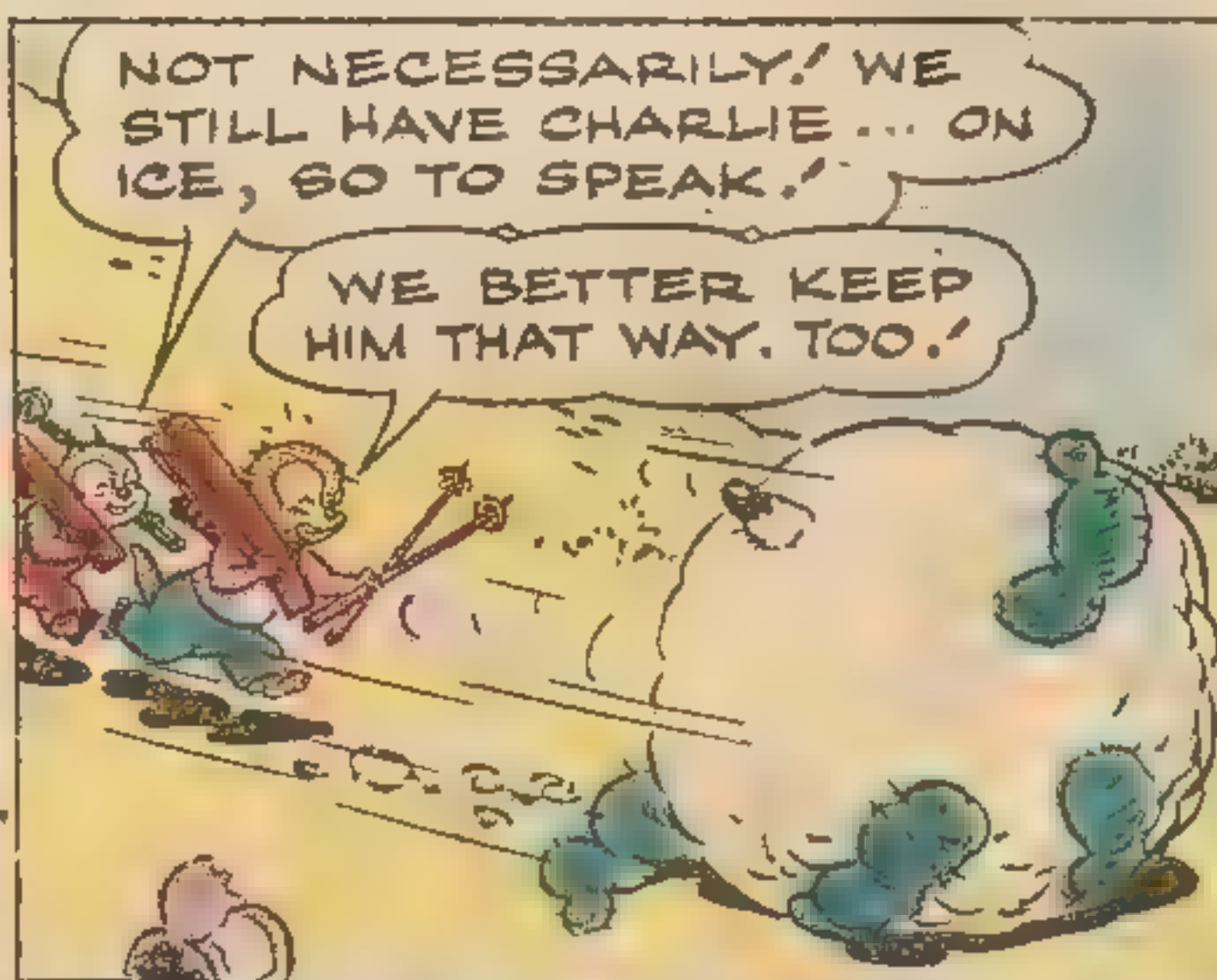
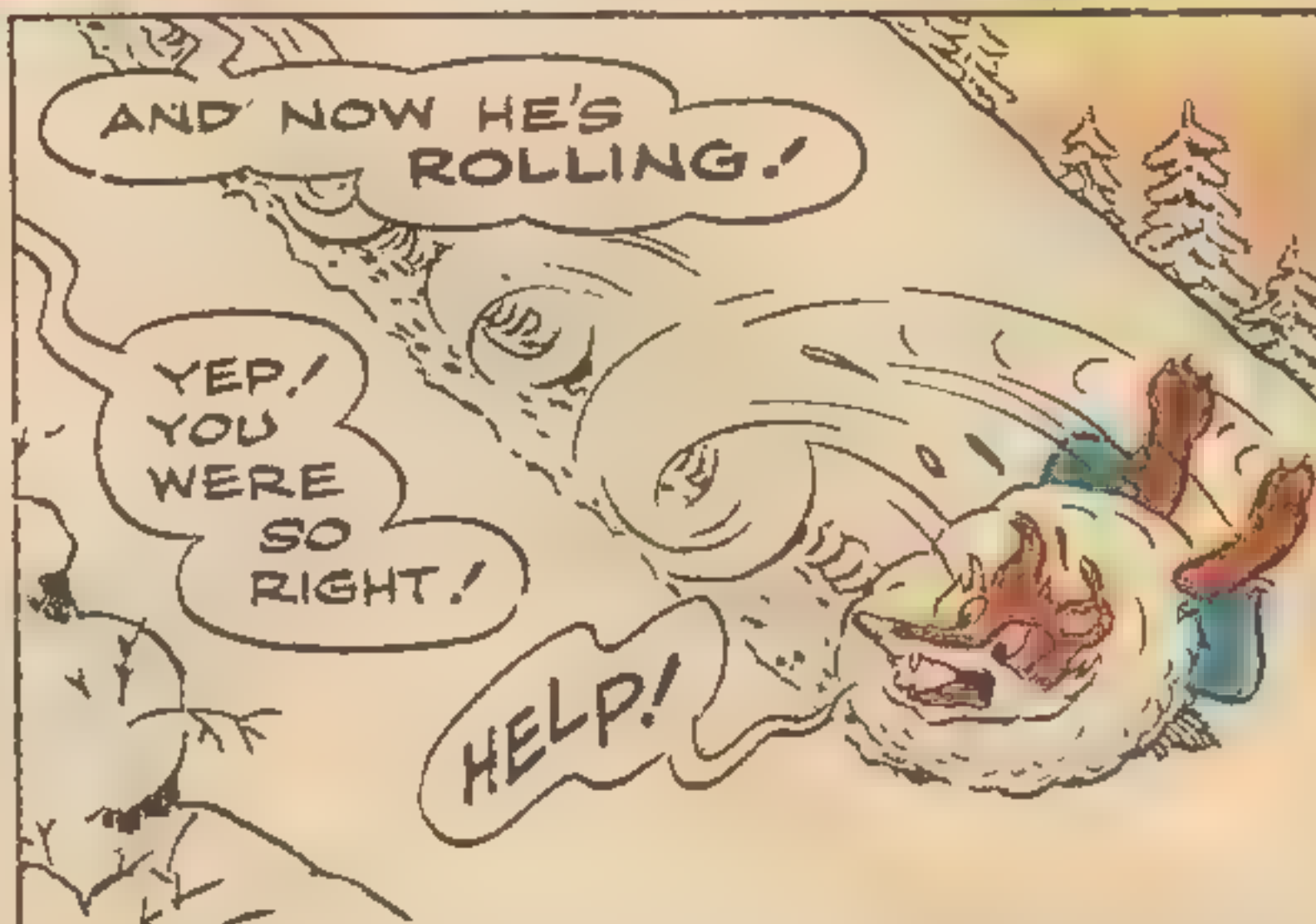
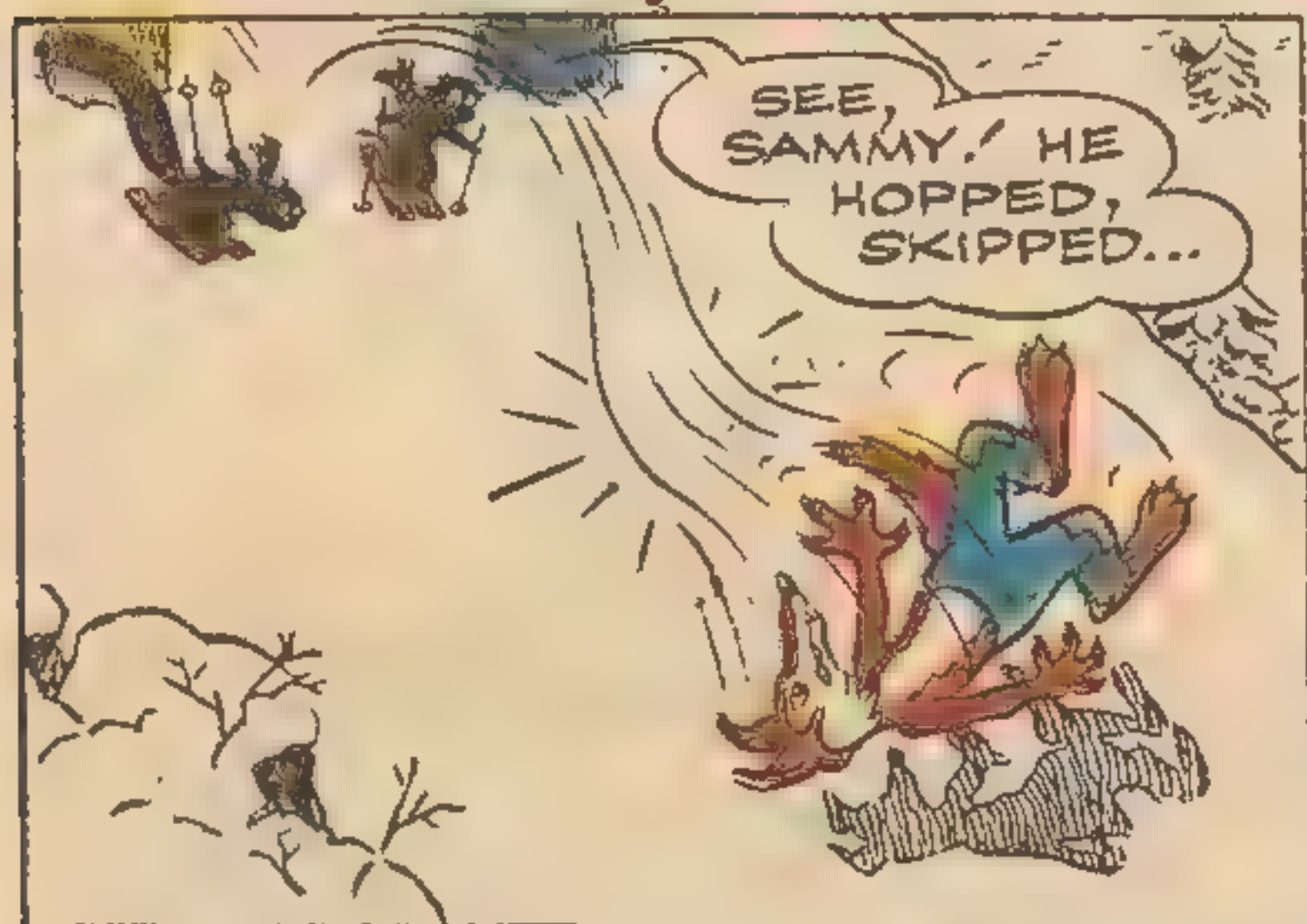
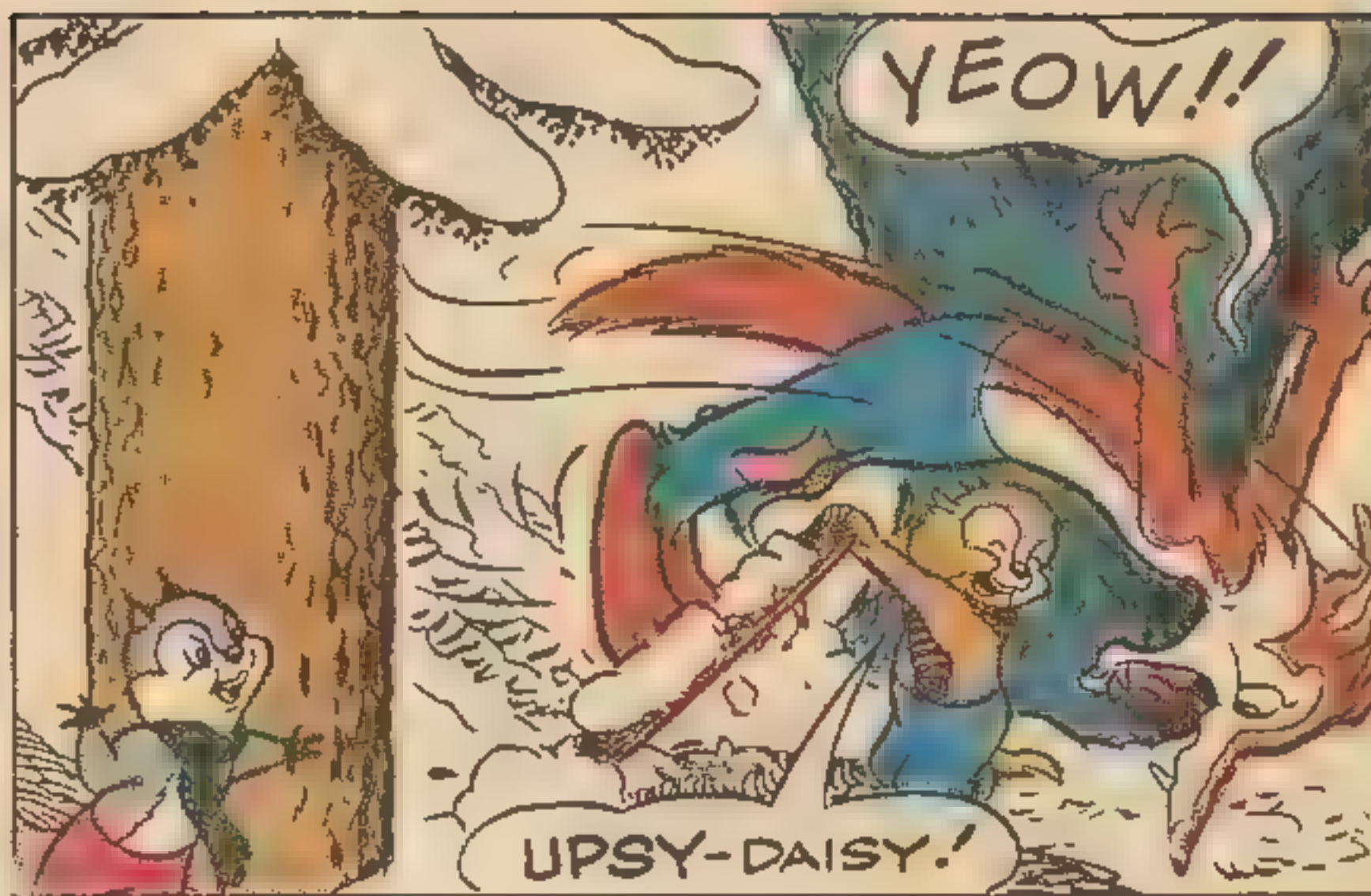
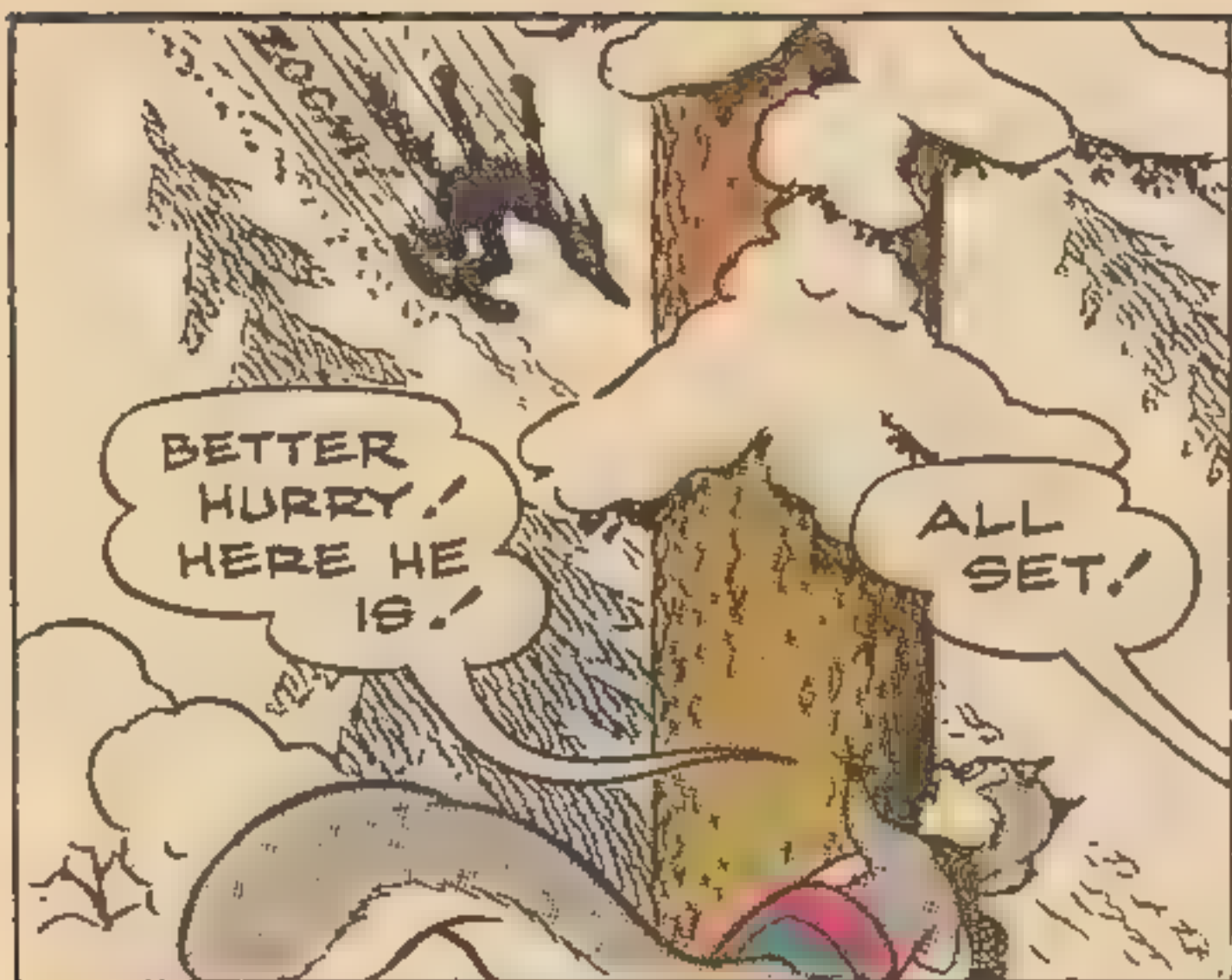




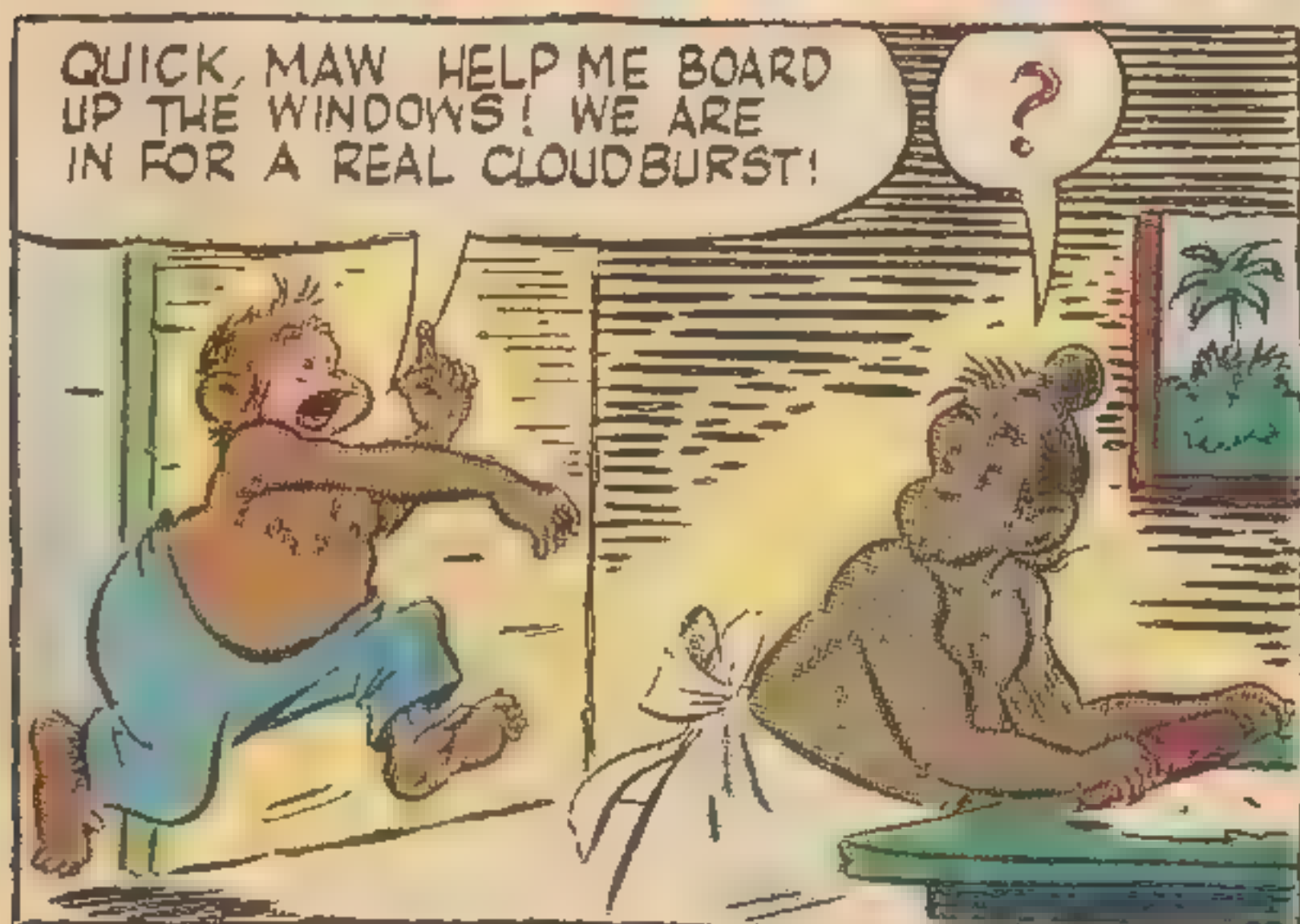
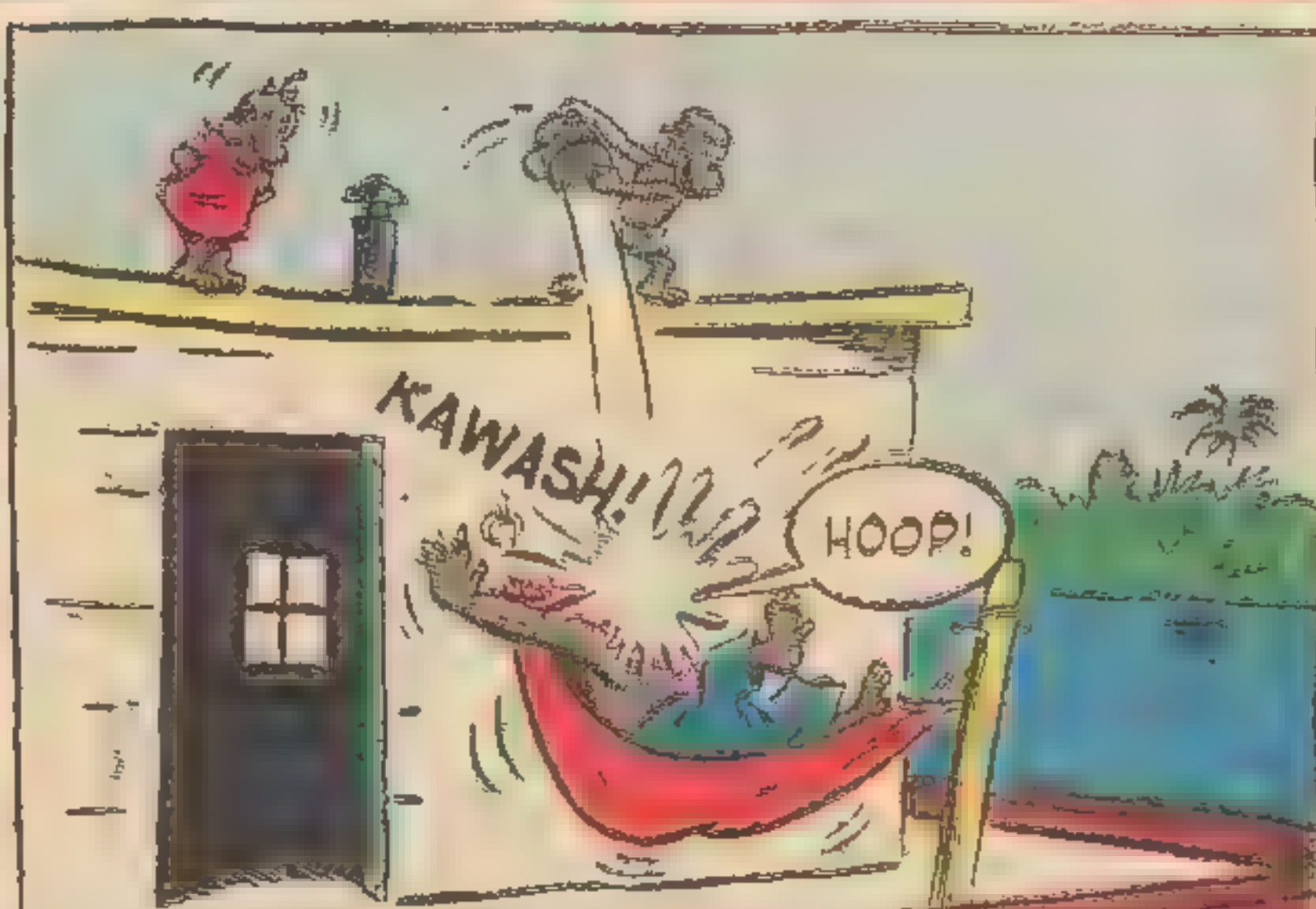
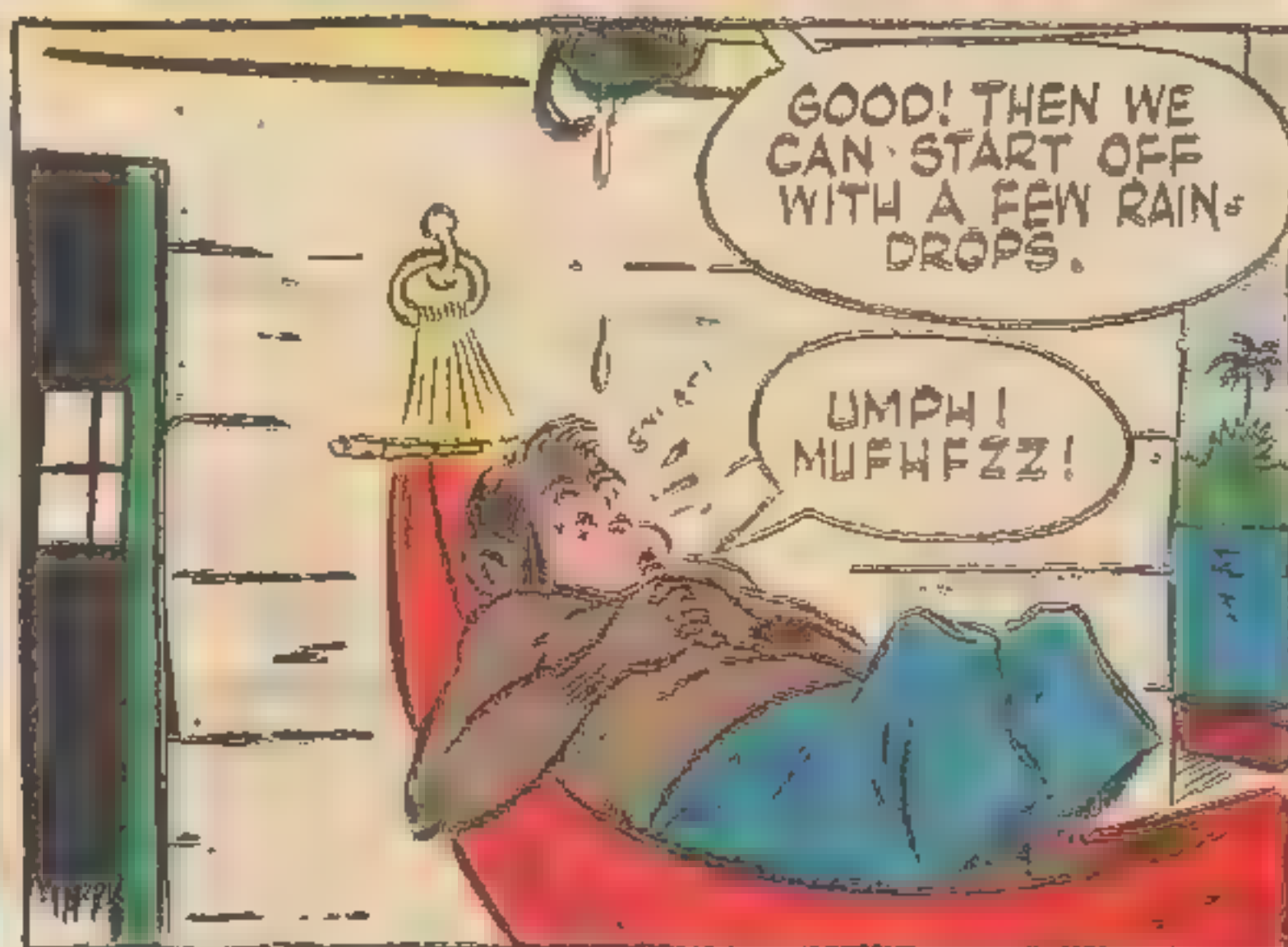
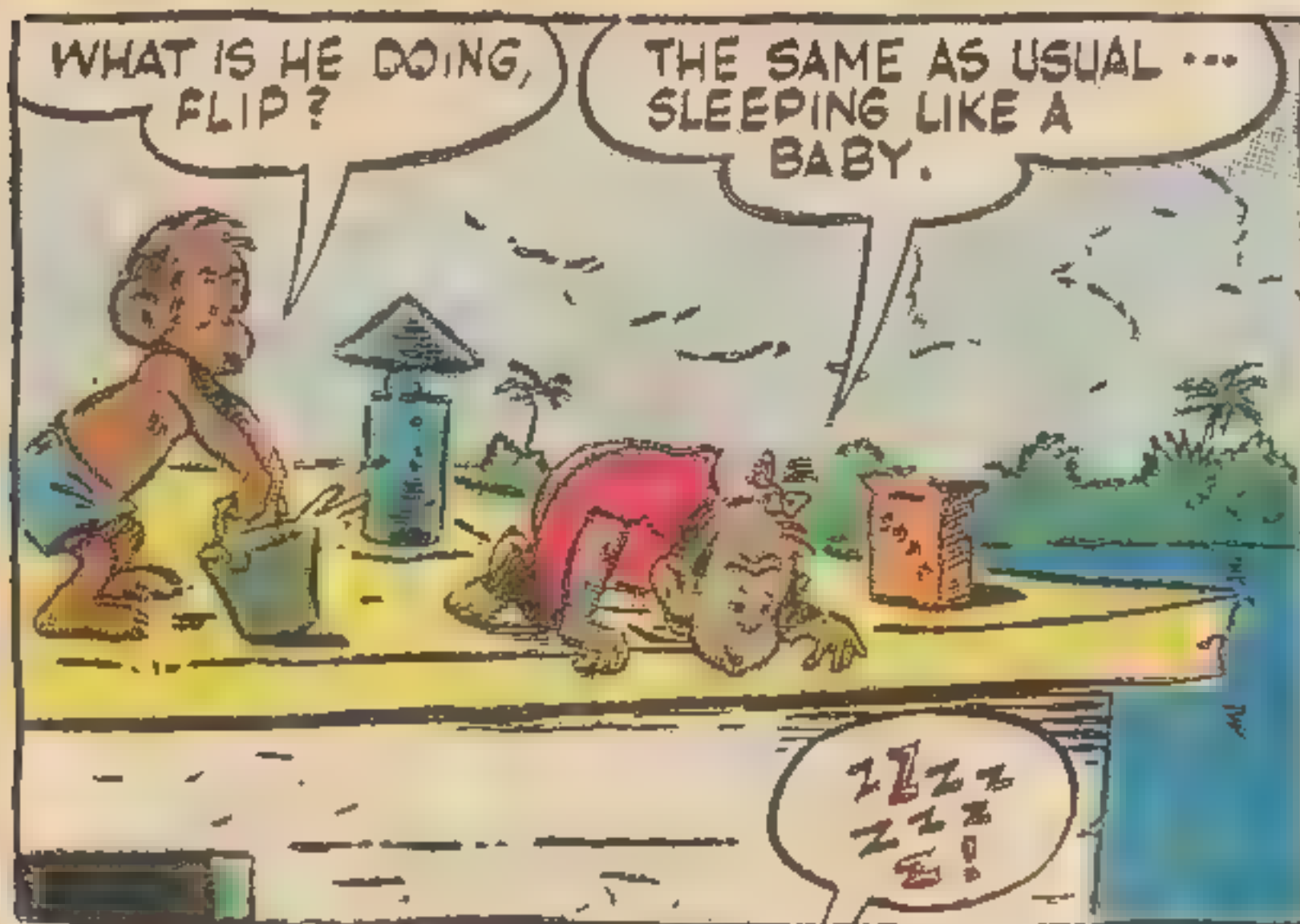
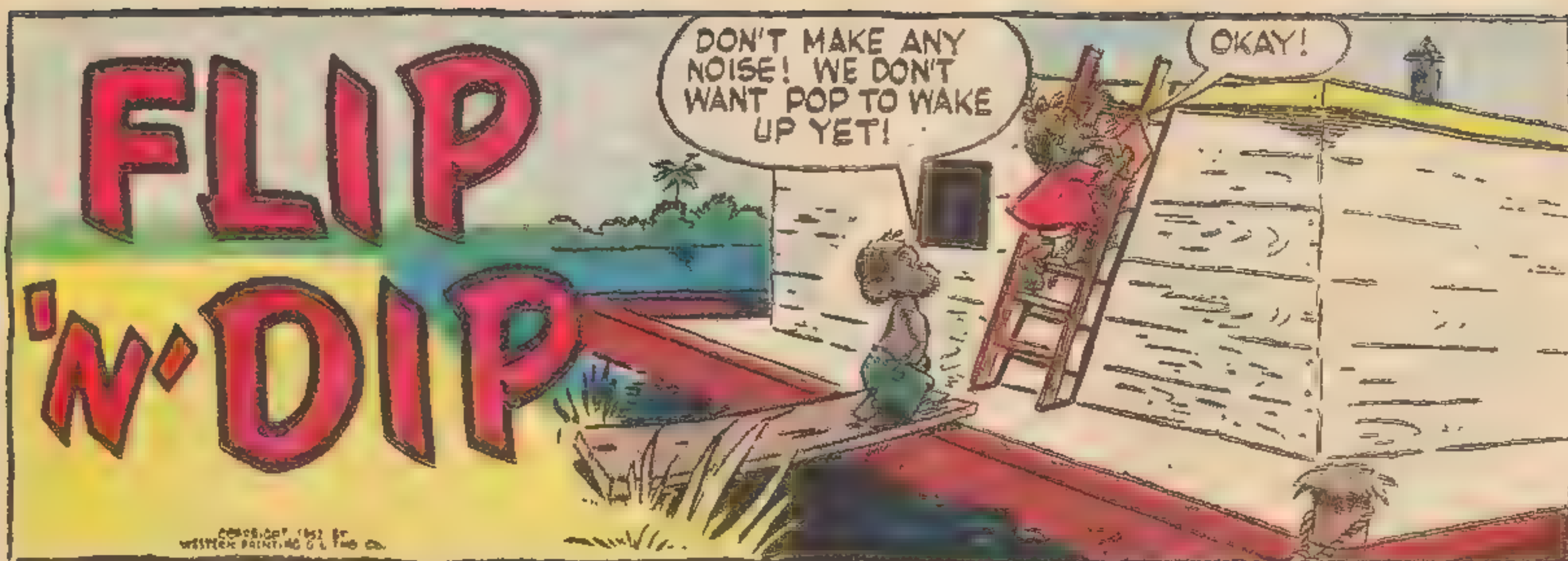




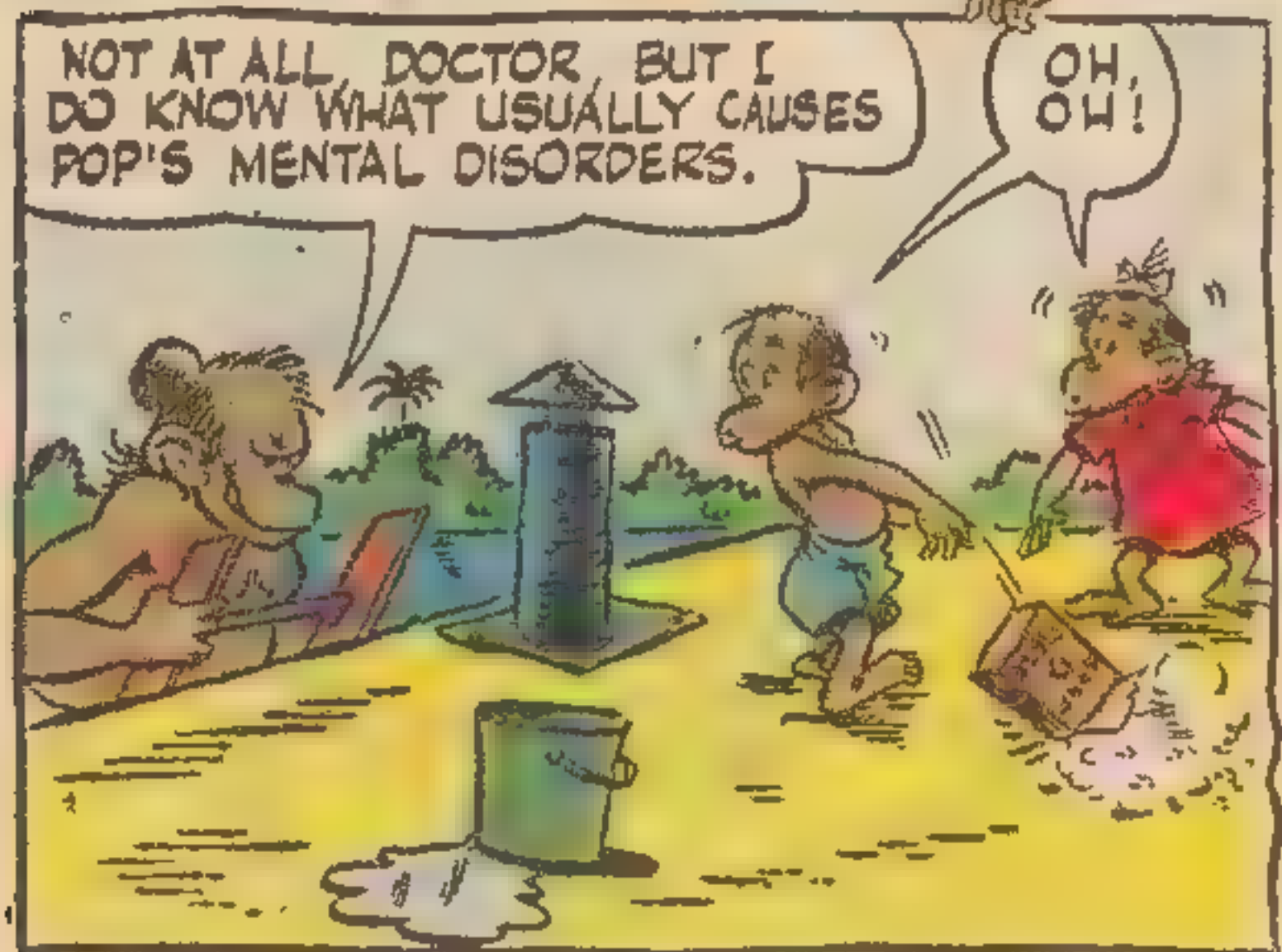
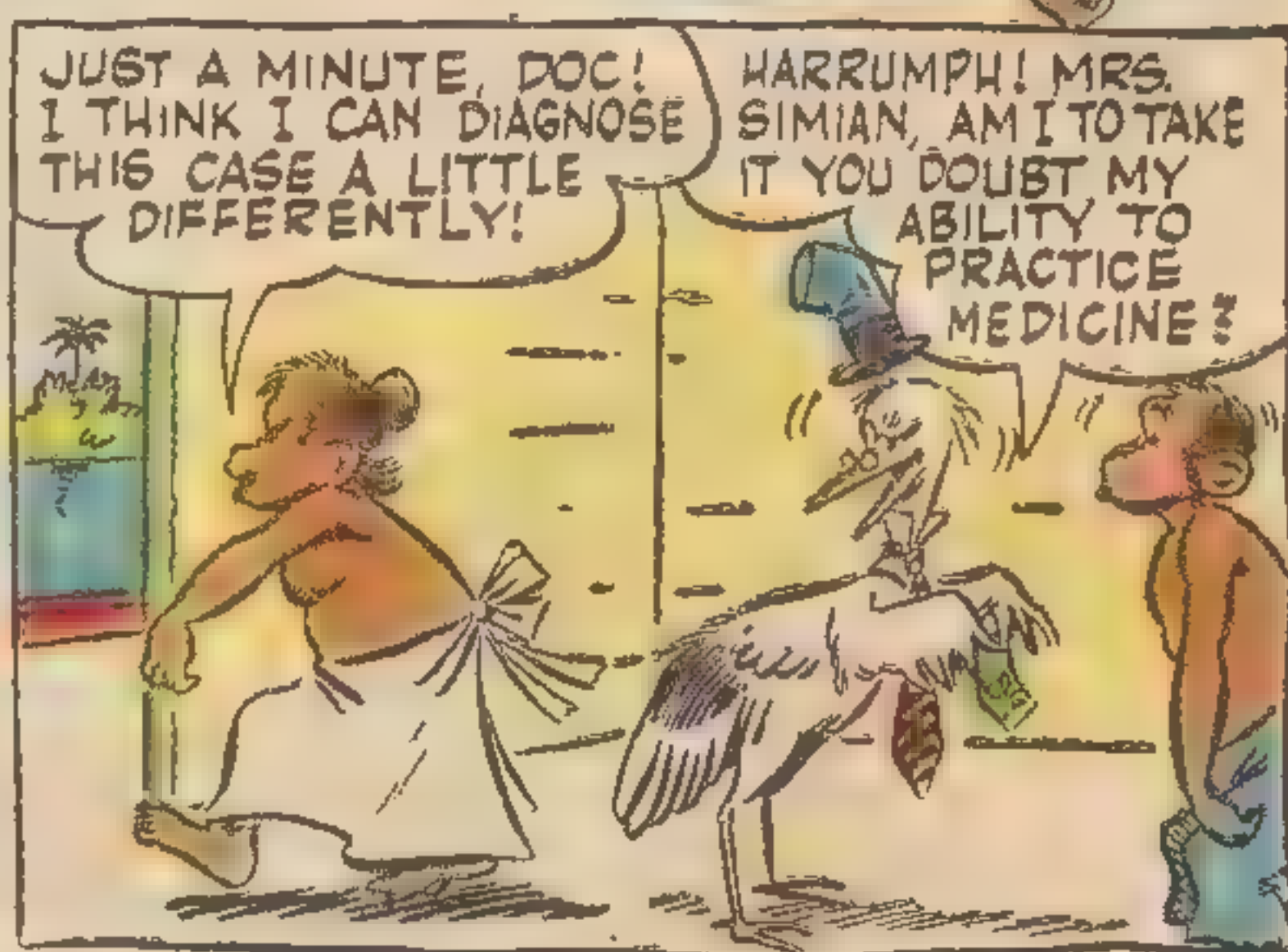
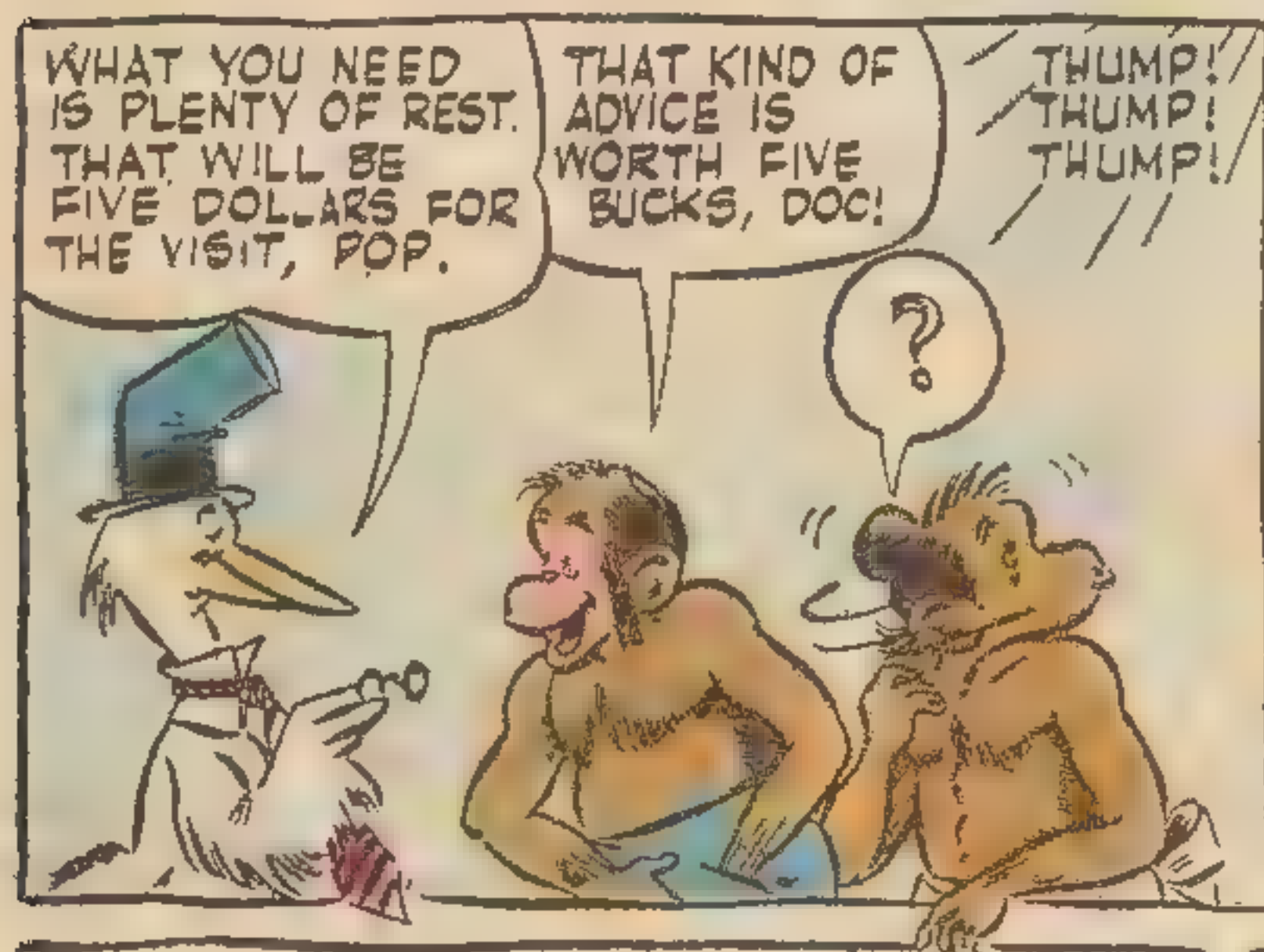
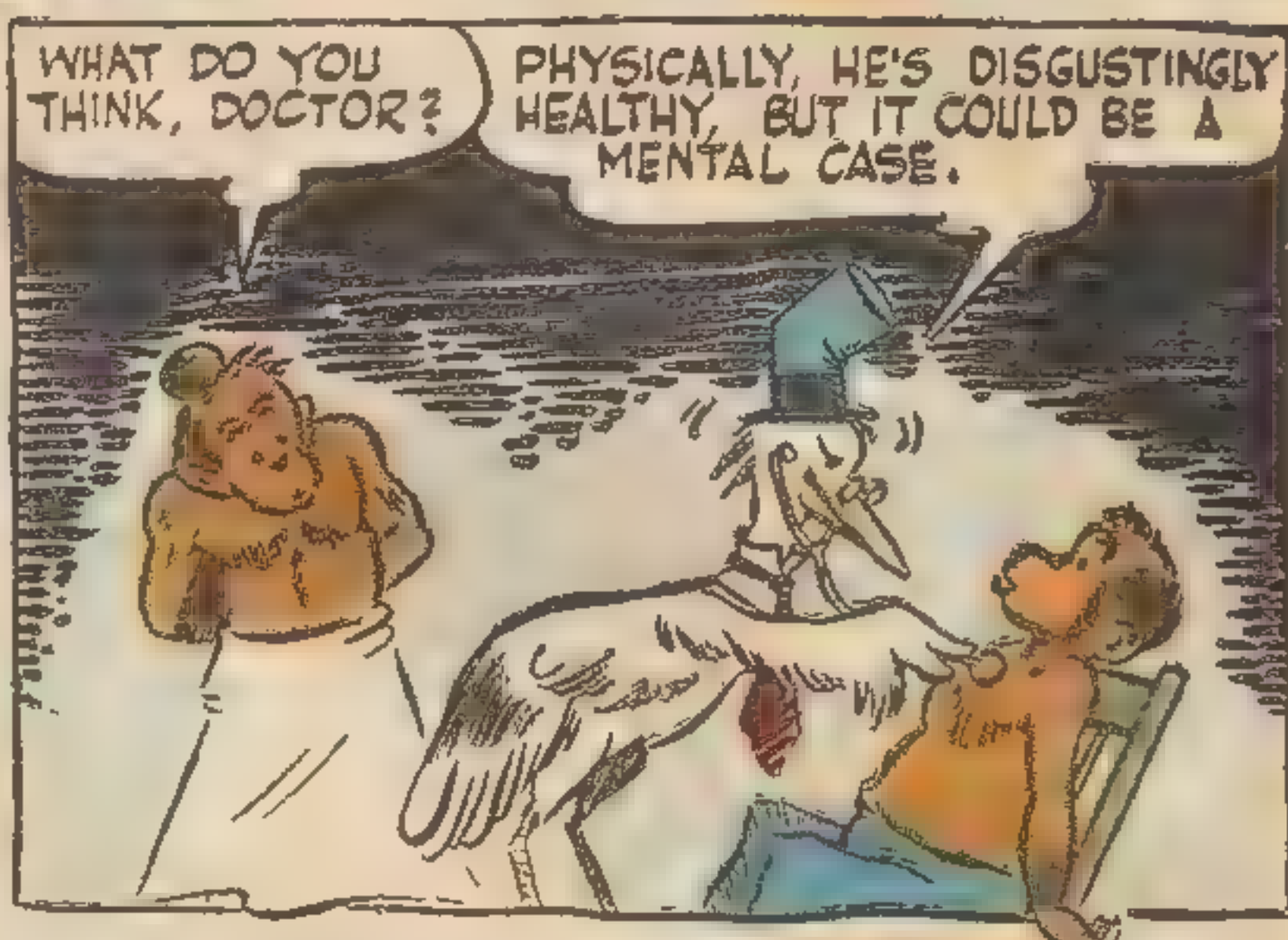
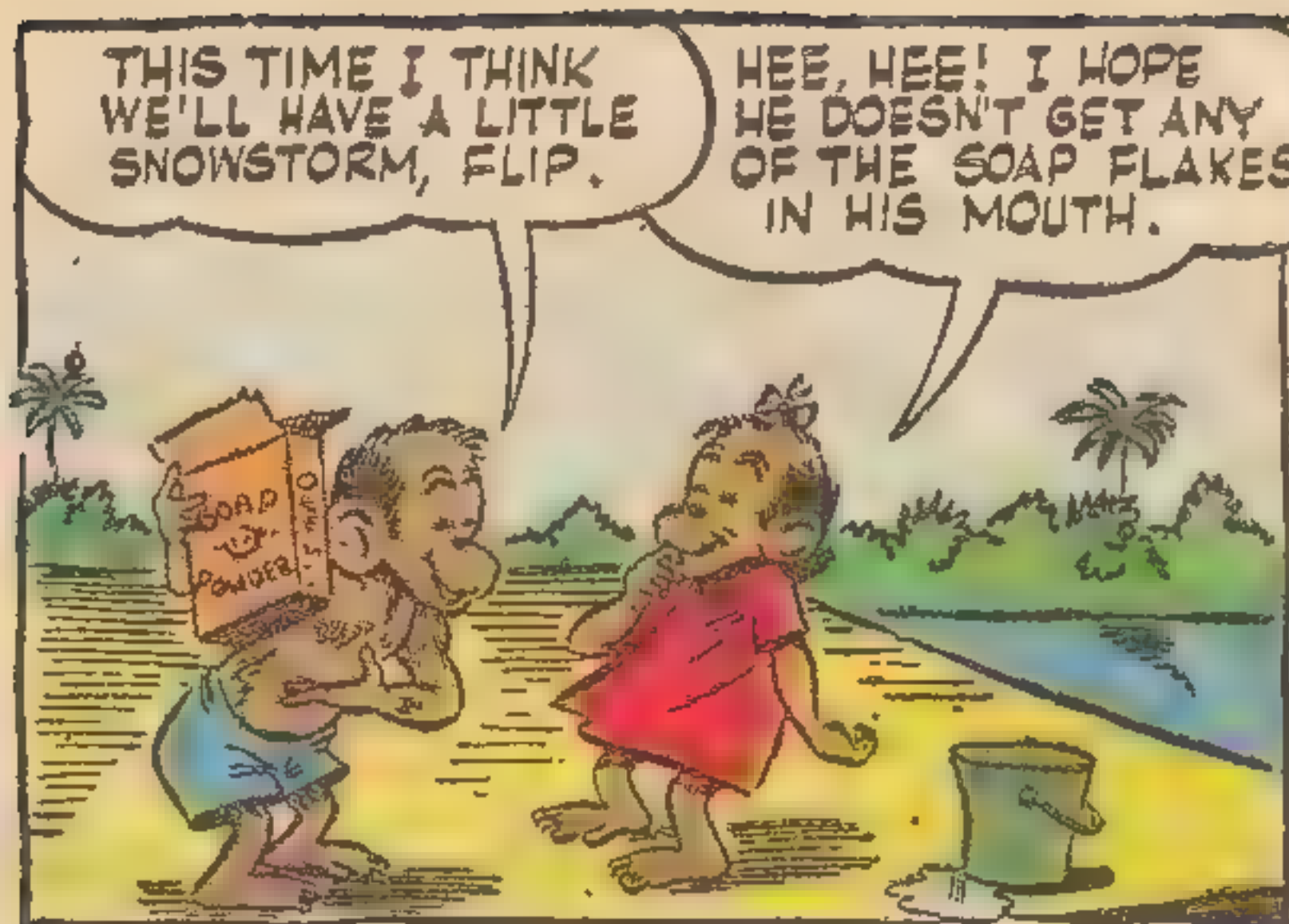














M.G.M. CARTOONS  
Present

# Fuzzy Wuzzy

BOY, DO I HATE  
TO GET UP THESE  
COLD MORNINGS!

BRR... WISH THAT  
FIRE WAS GOIN'!

WHAT! FUZZY AND WUZZY  
FORGOT TO FETCH THE COAL  
AGAIN!

I'VE TOLD THEM A  
MILLION TIMES, BUT  
IT DOES NO GOOD!

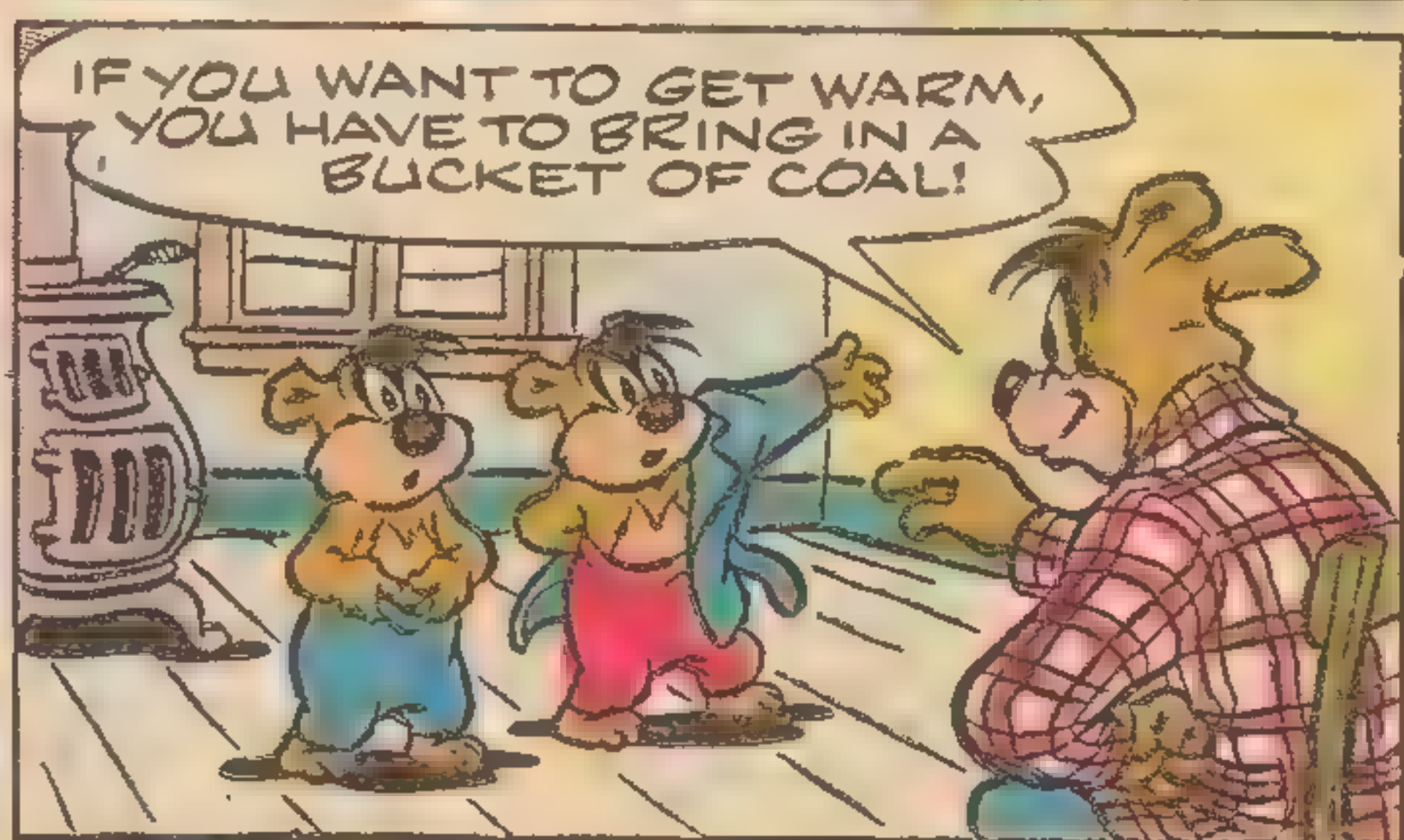
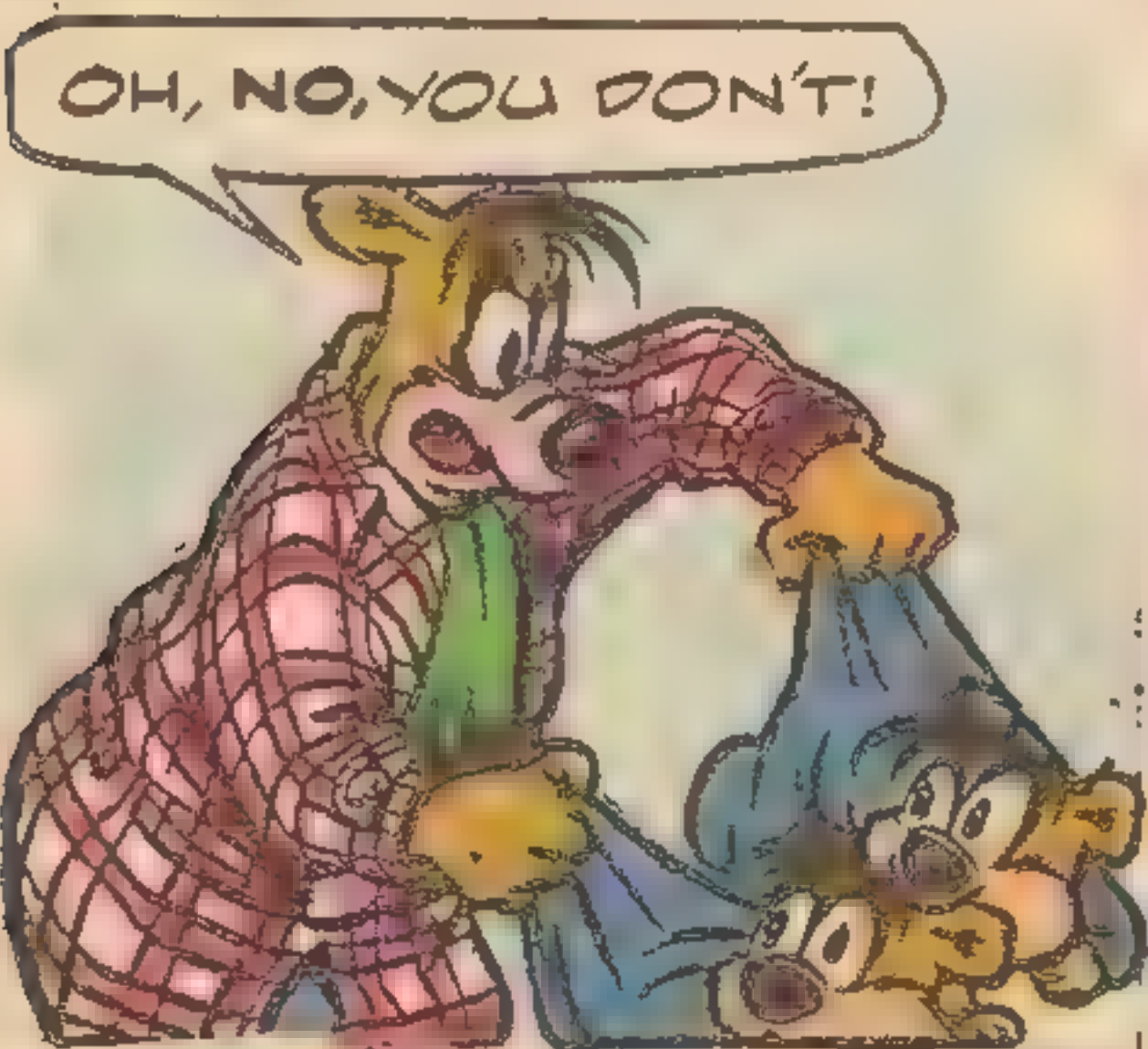
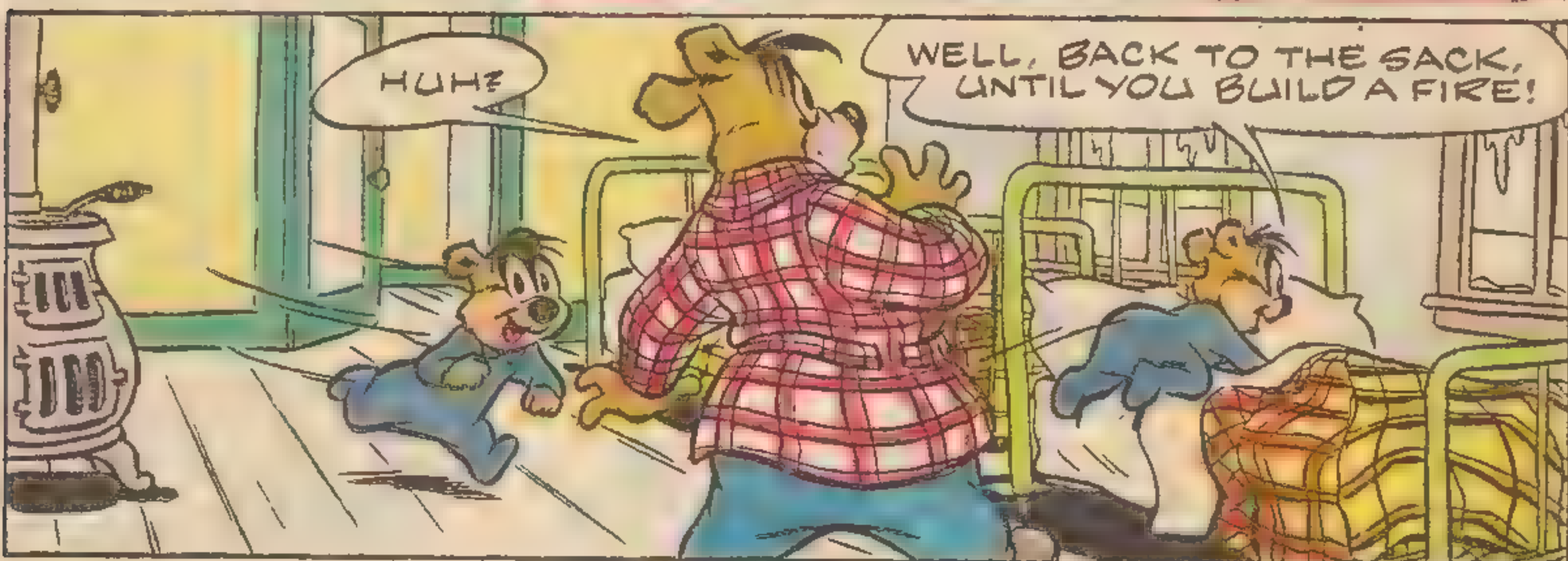
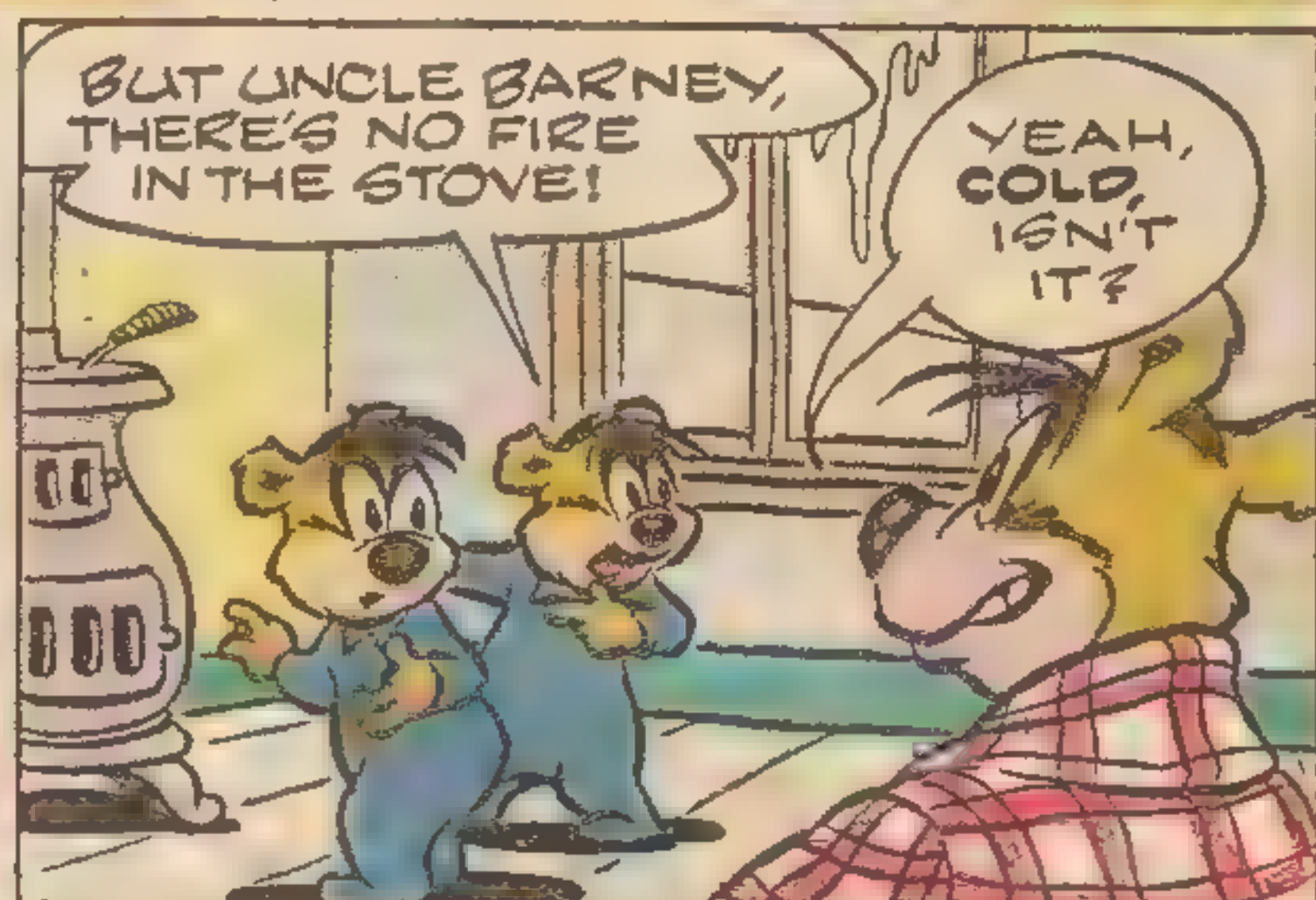
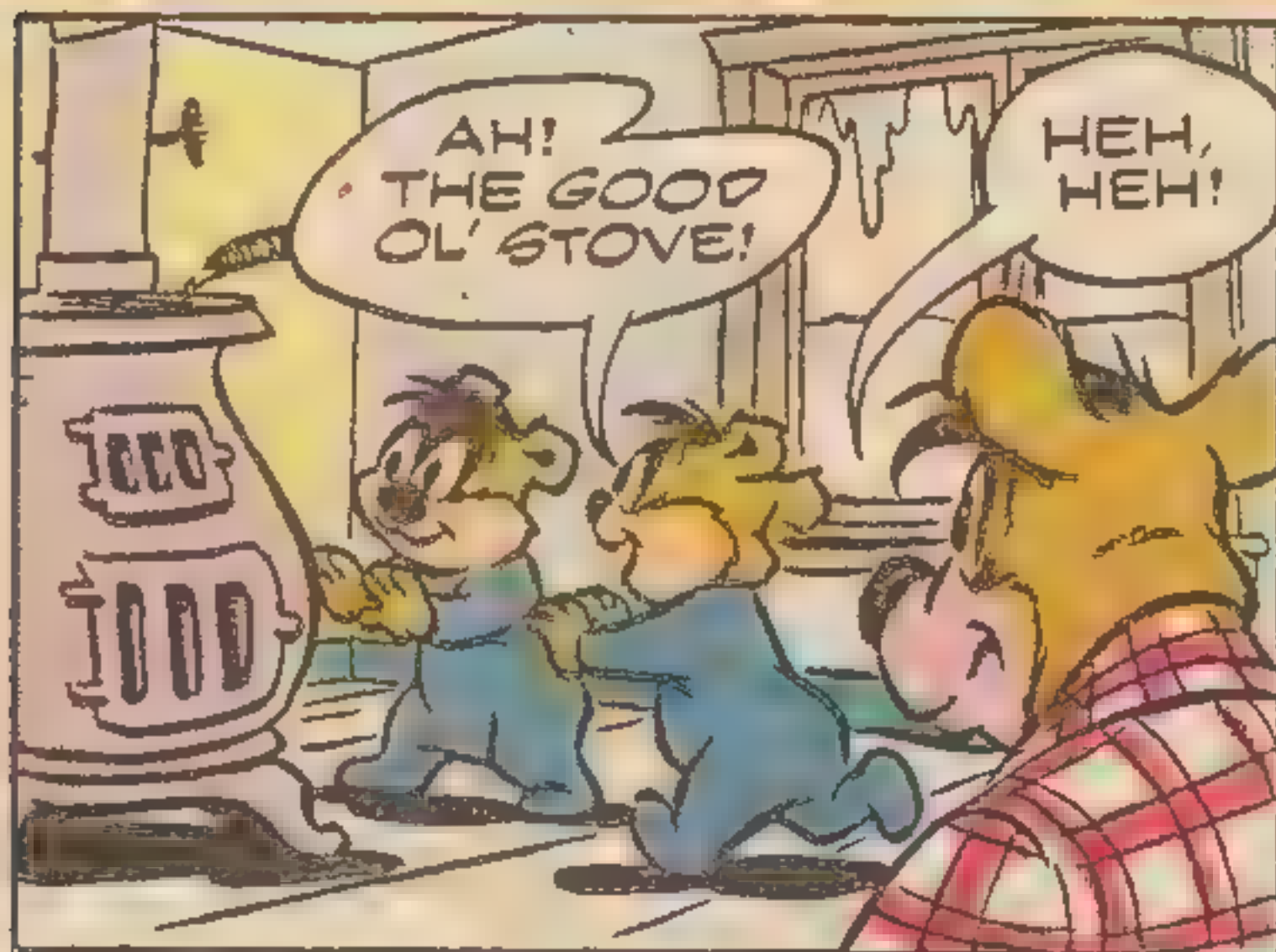
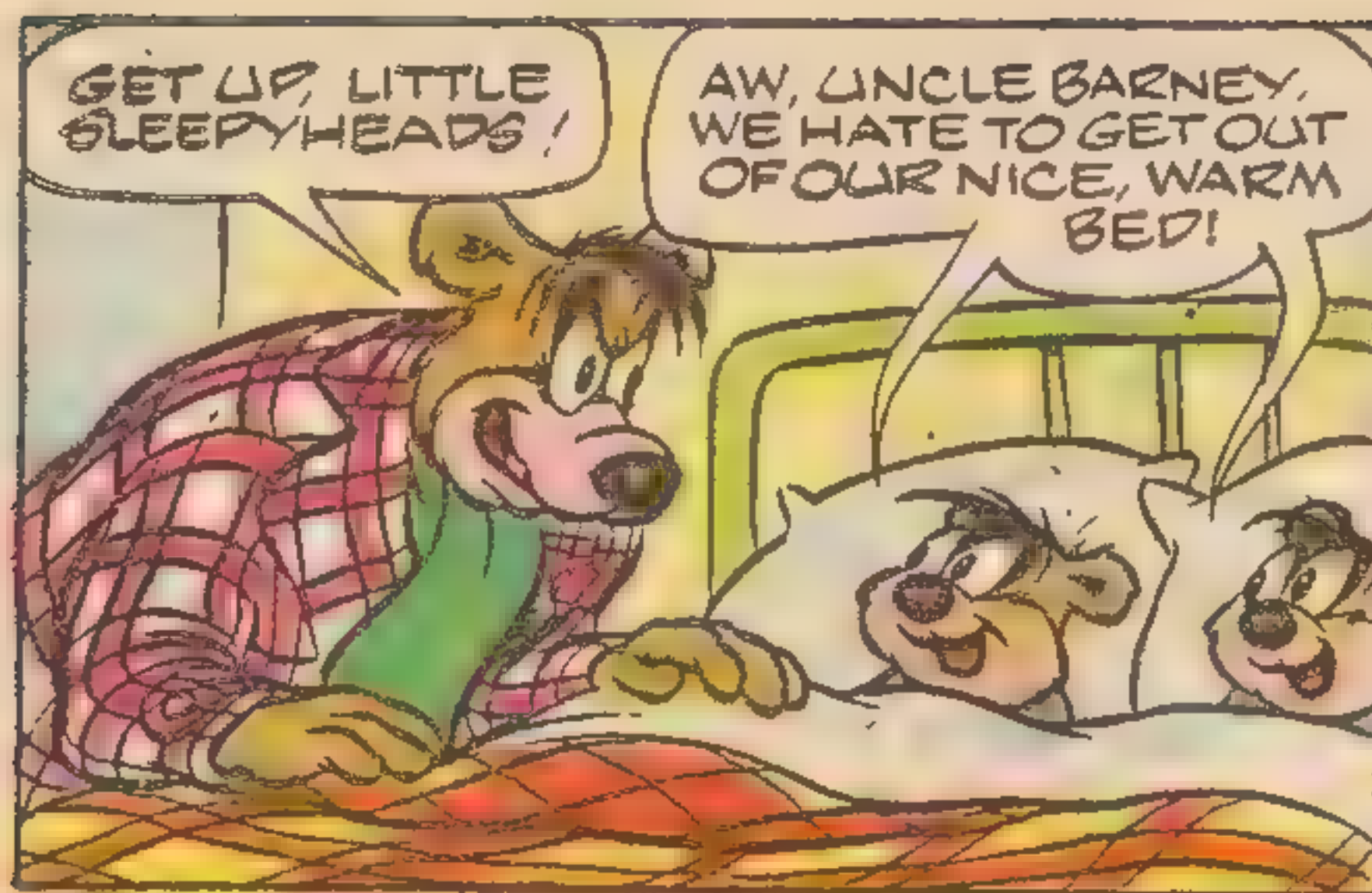
GRRRR.

I'LL TEACH 'EM A LESSON!  
I JUST WON'T MAKE A  
FIRE THIS MORNING!

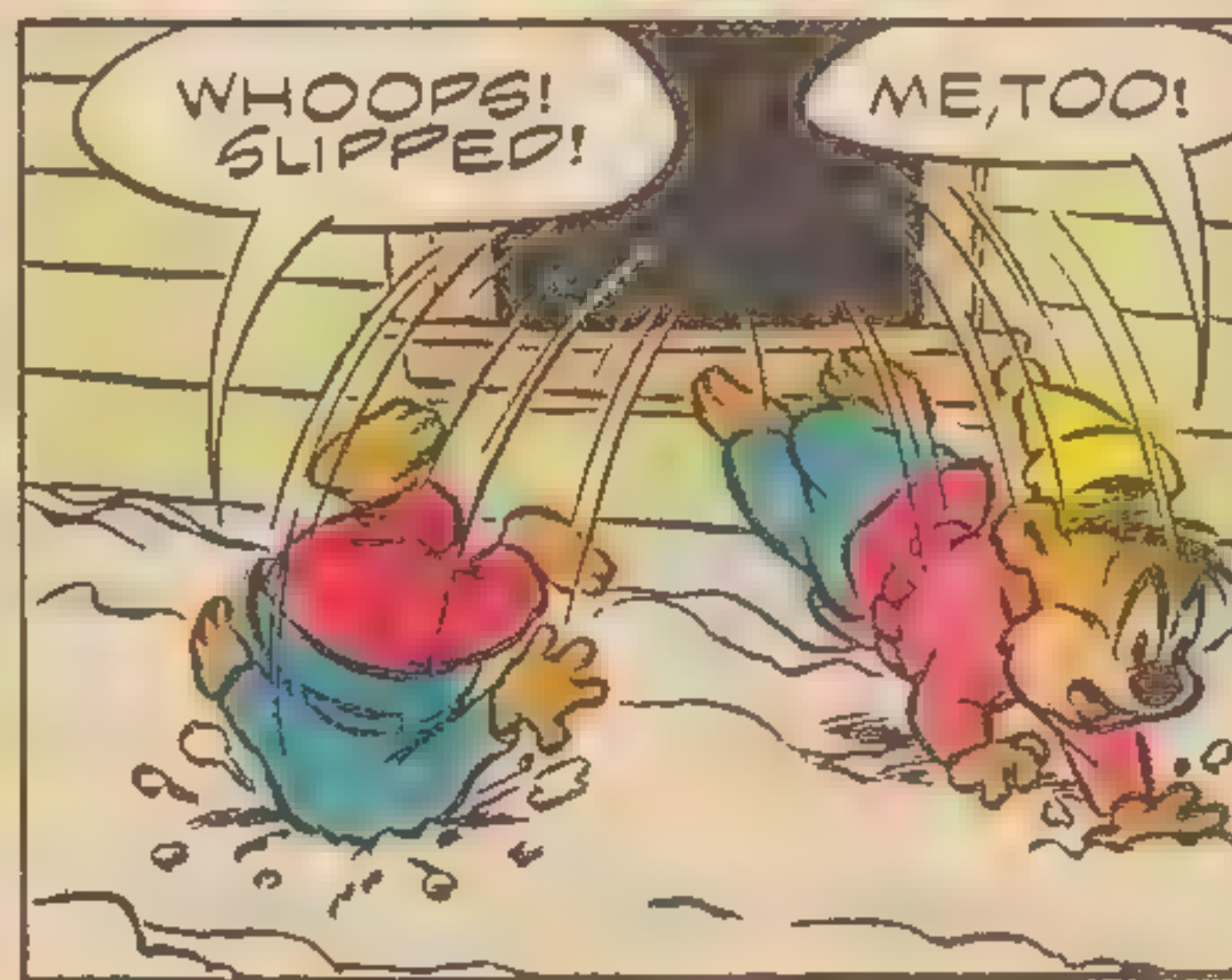
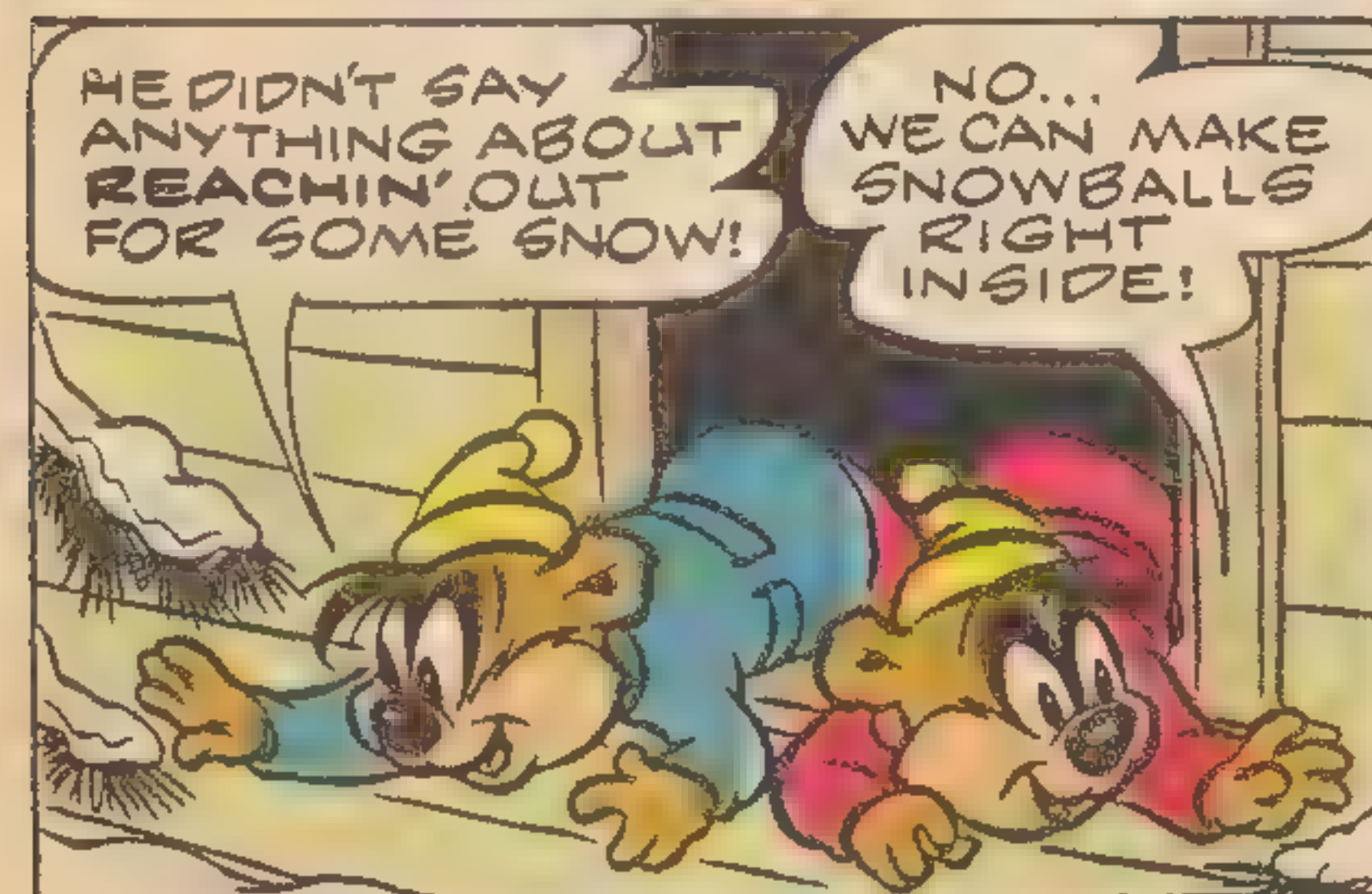
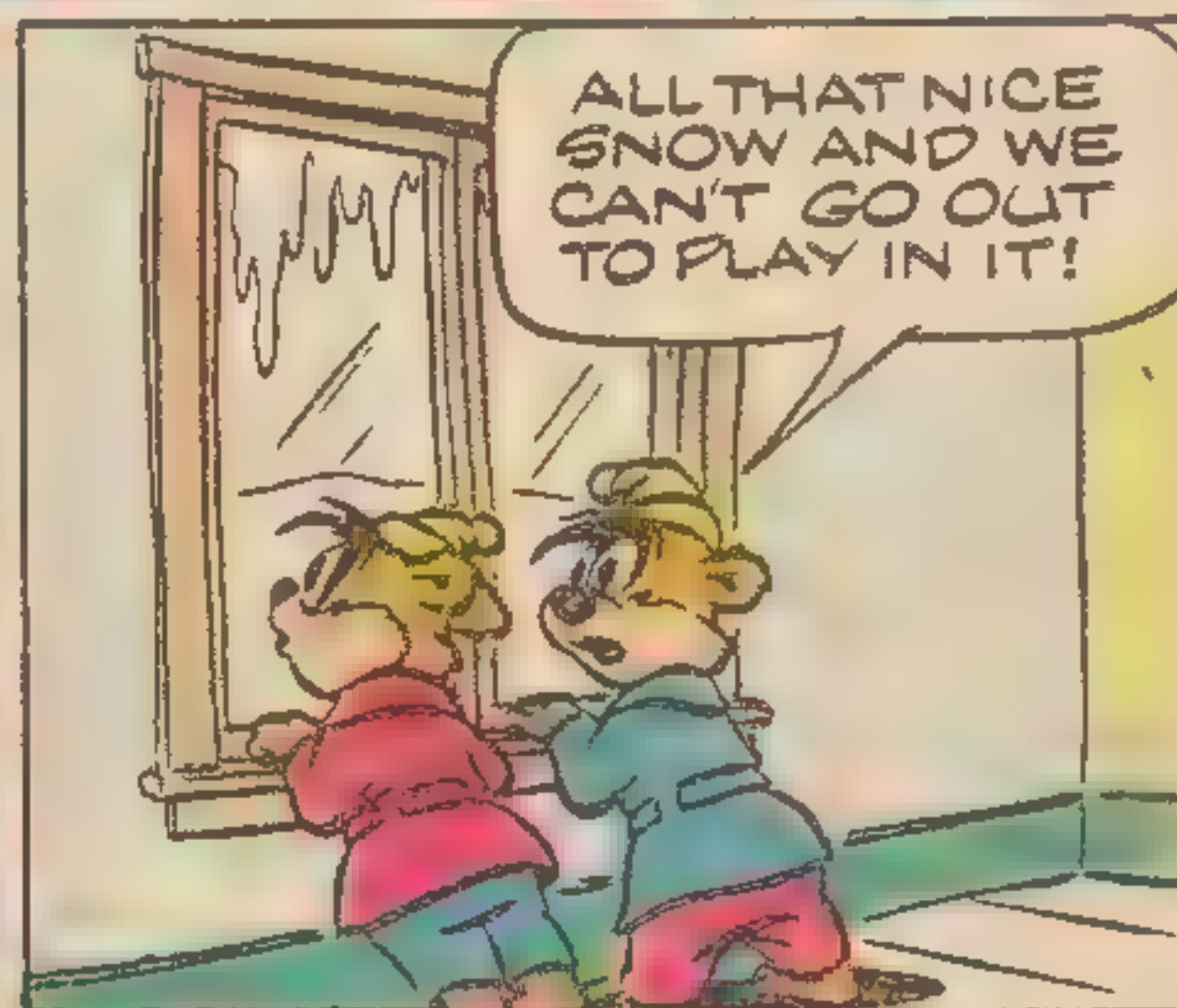
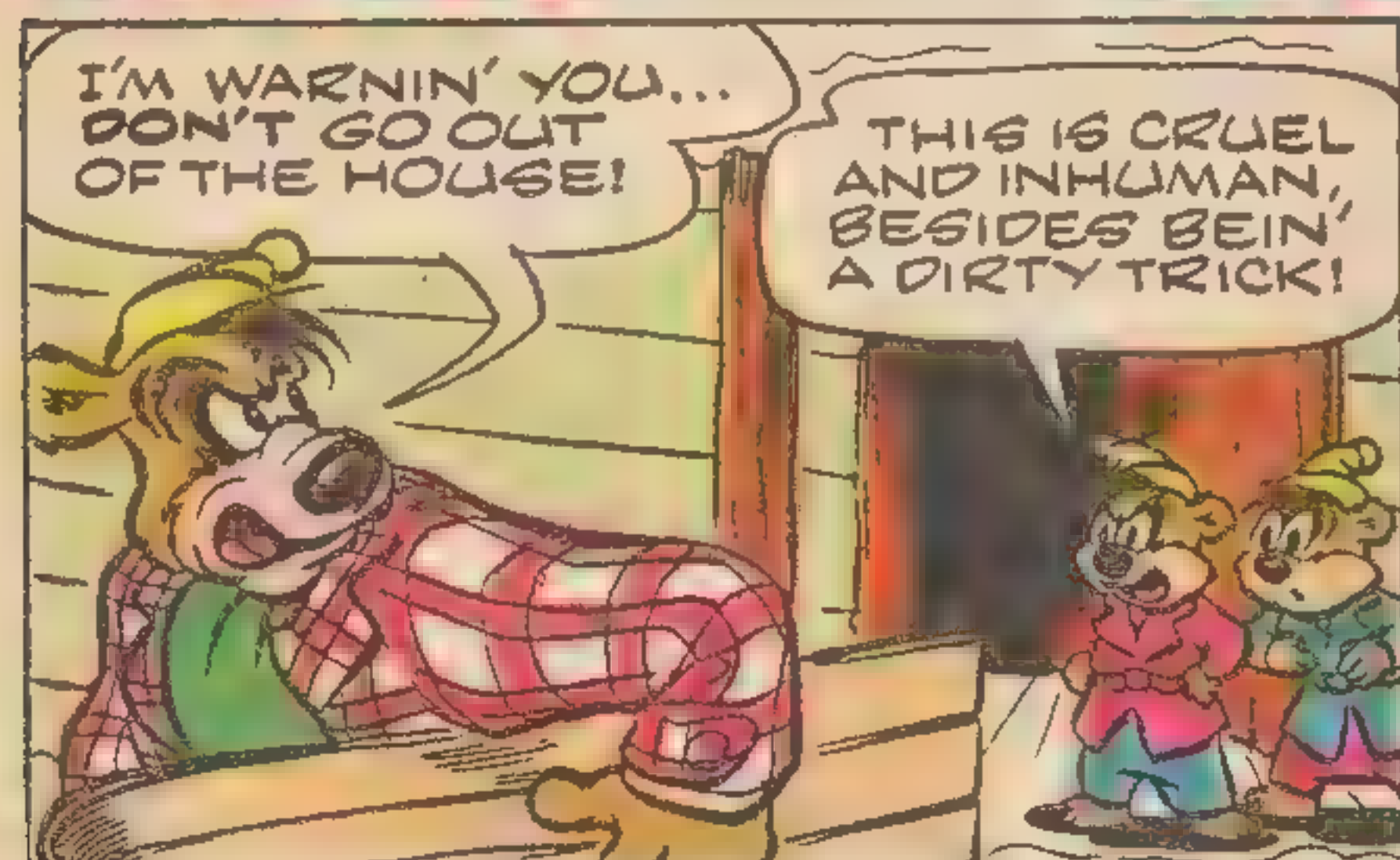
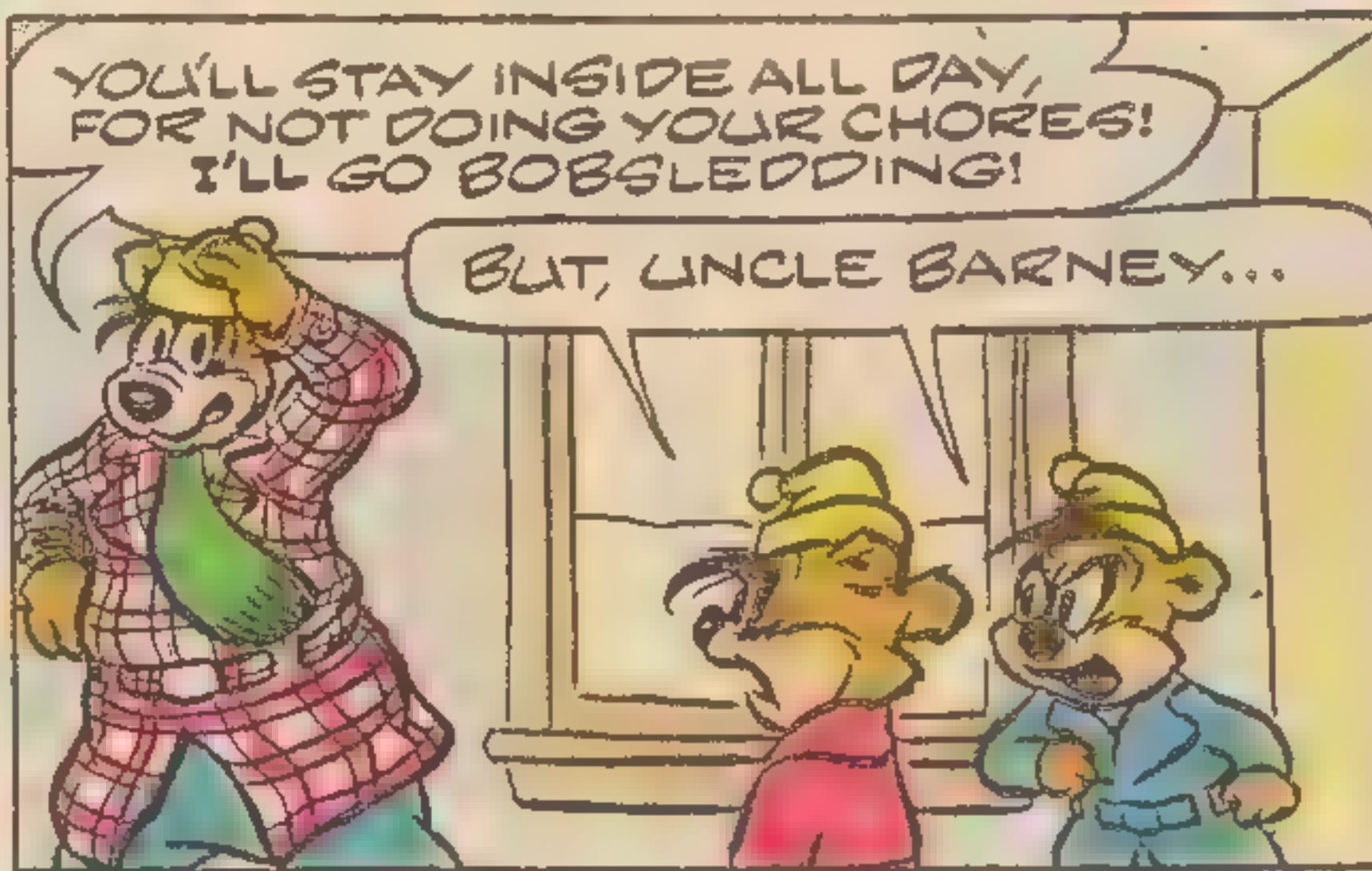
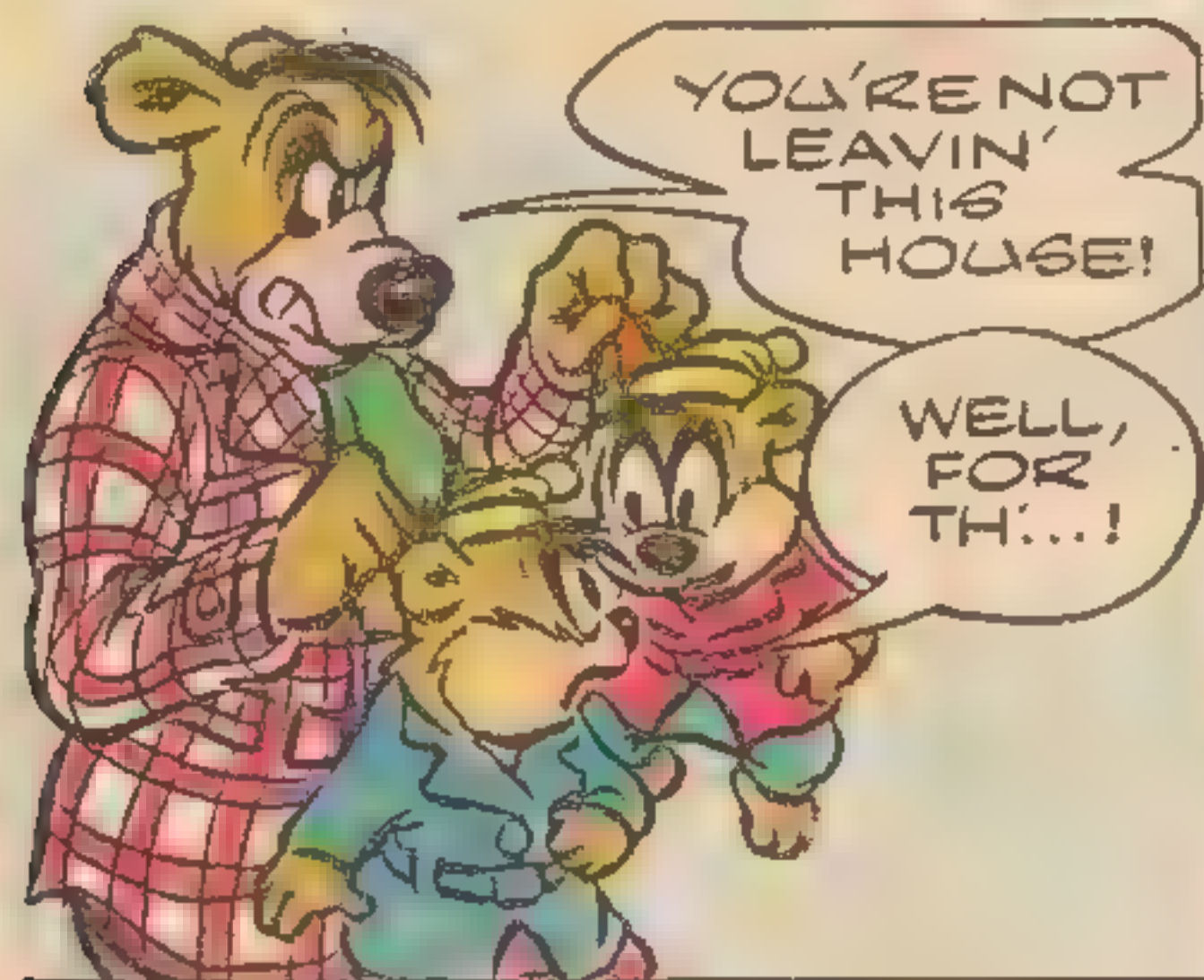
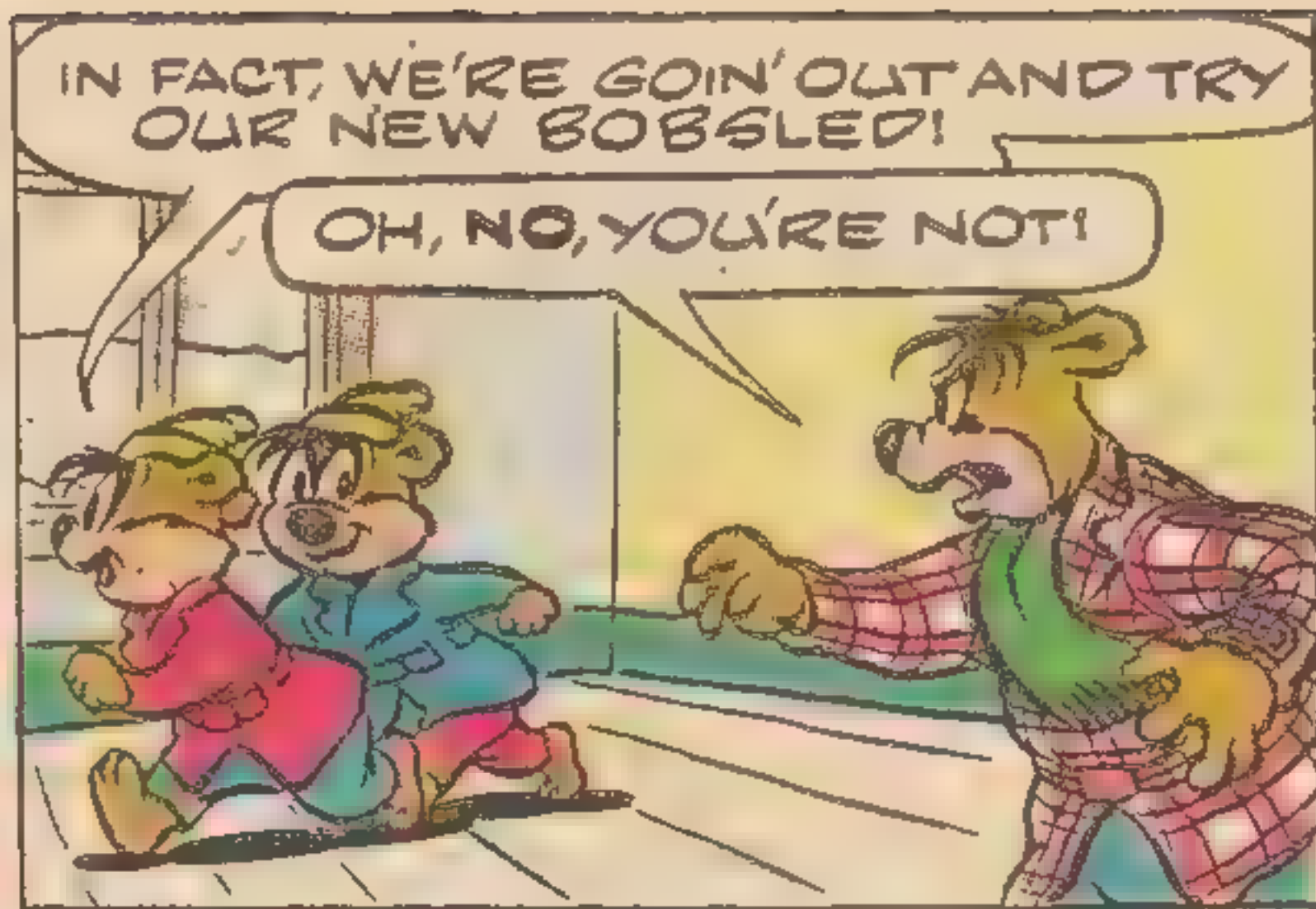
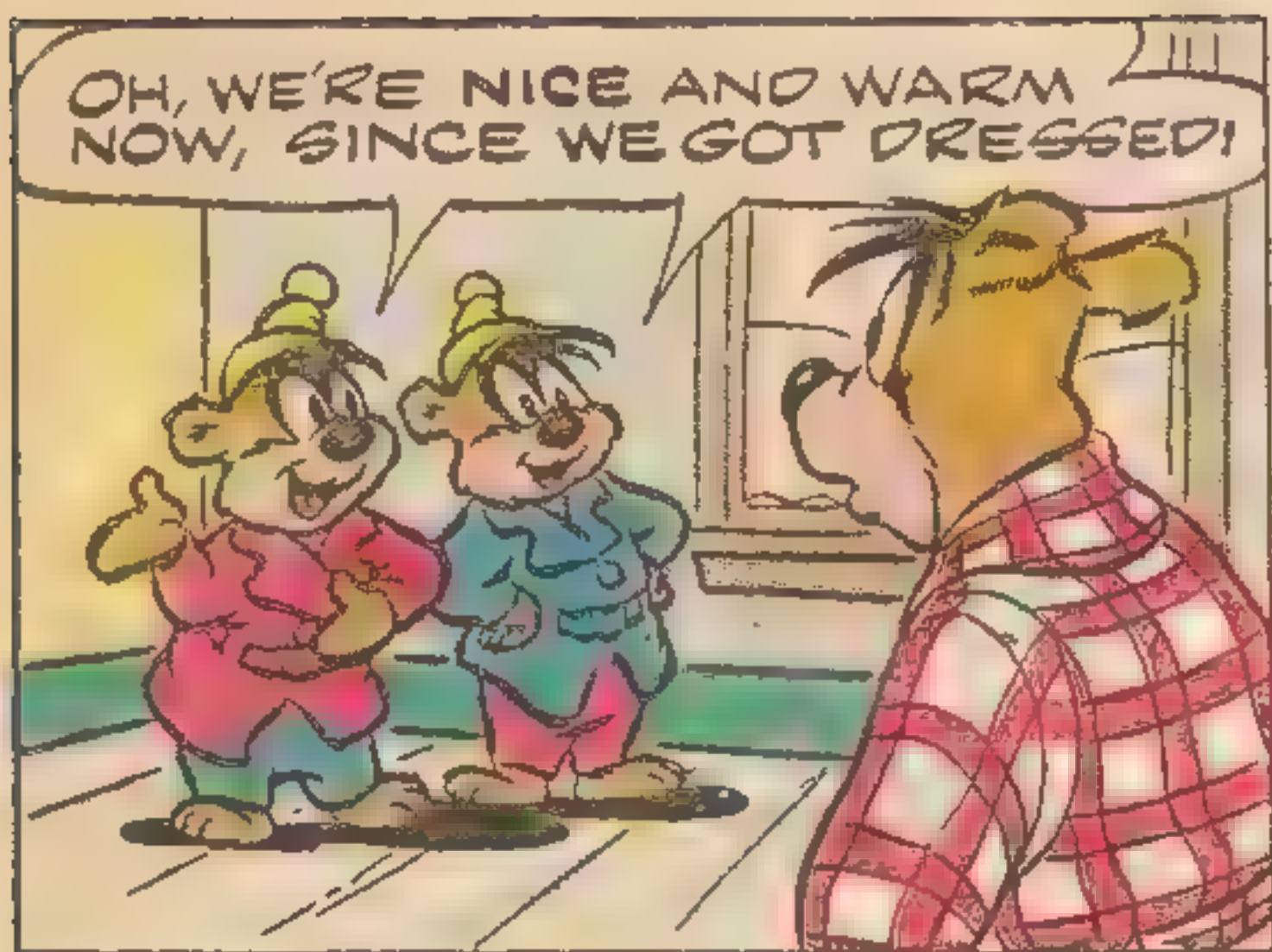
FIRST I'LL GET DRESSED  
GOOD AND WARM AND  
THEN ROUST THEM OUT!

THEY'LL THINK THE  
FIRE'S STARTED!  
HEH, HEH!

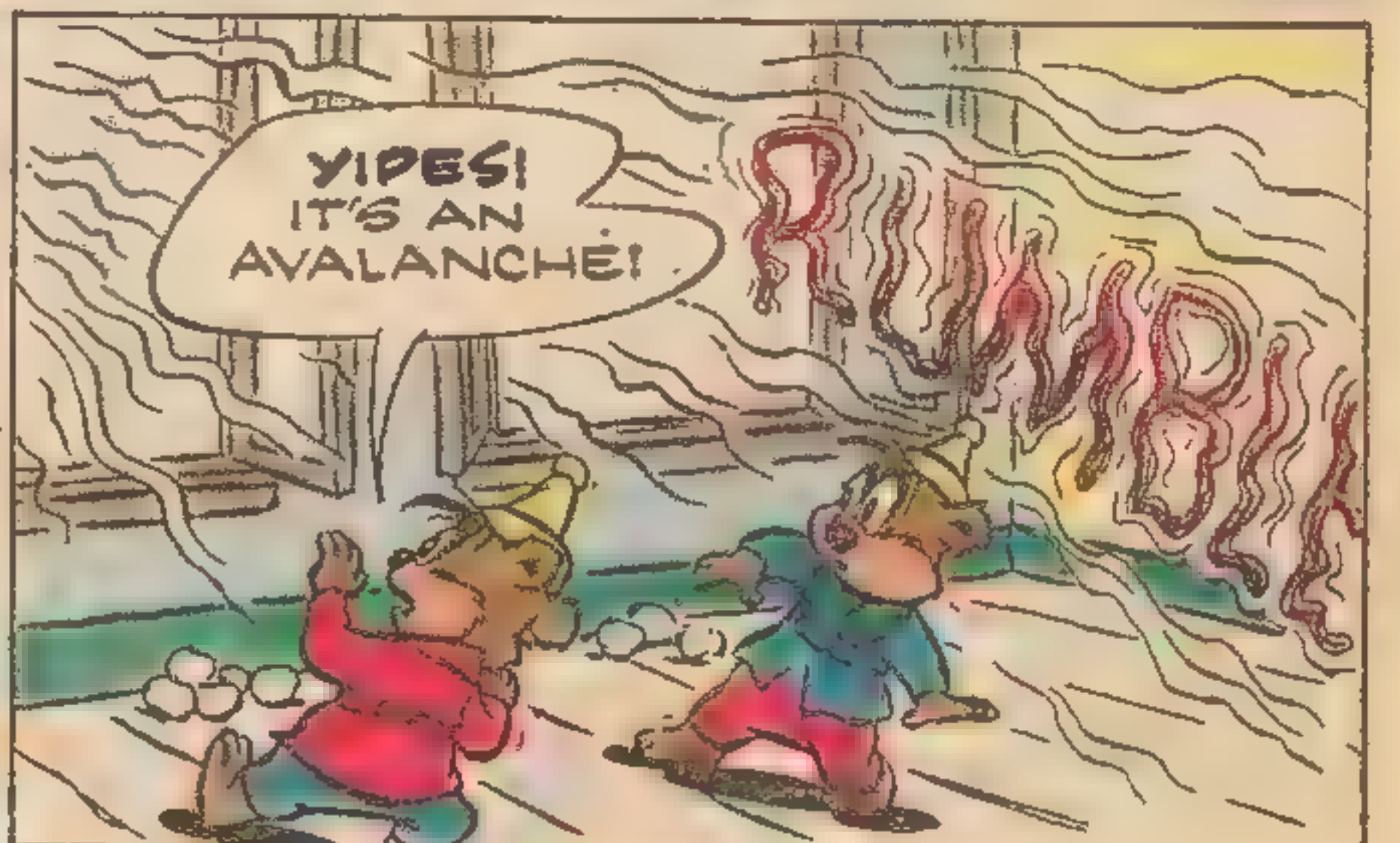
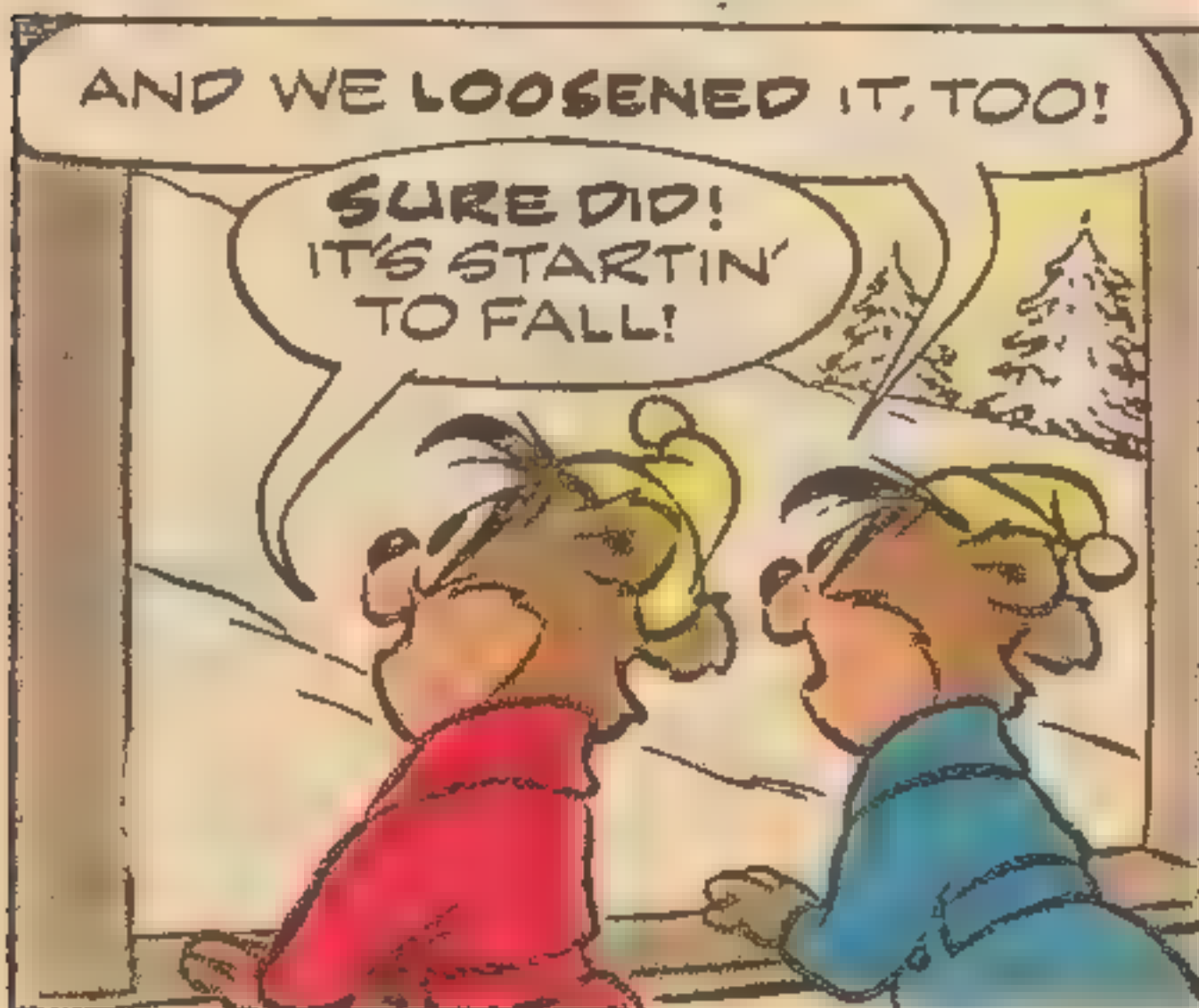
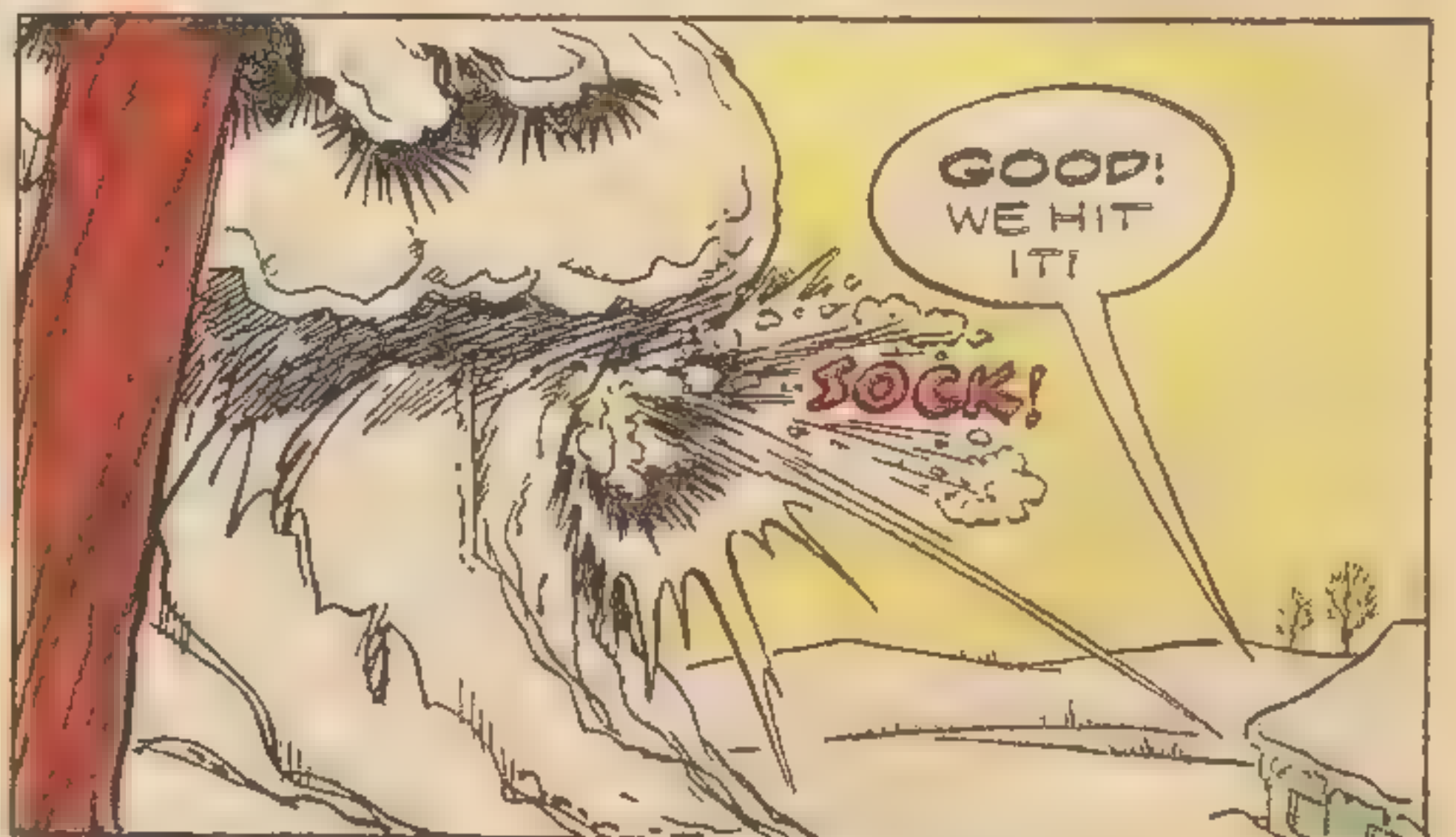
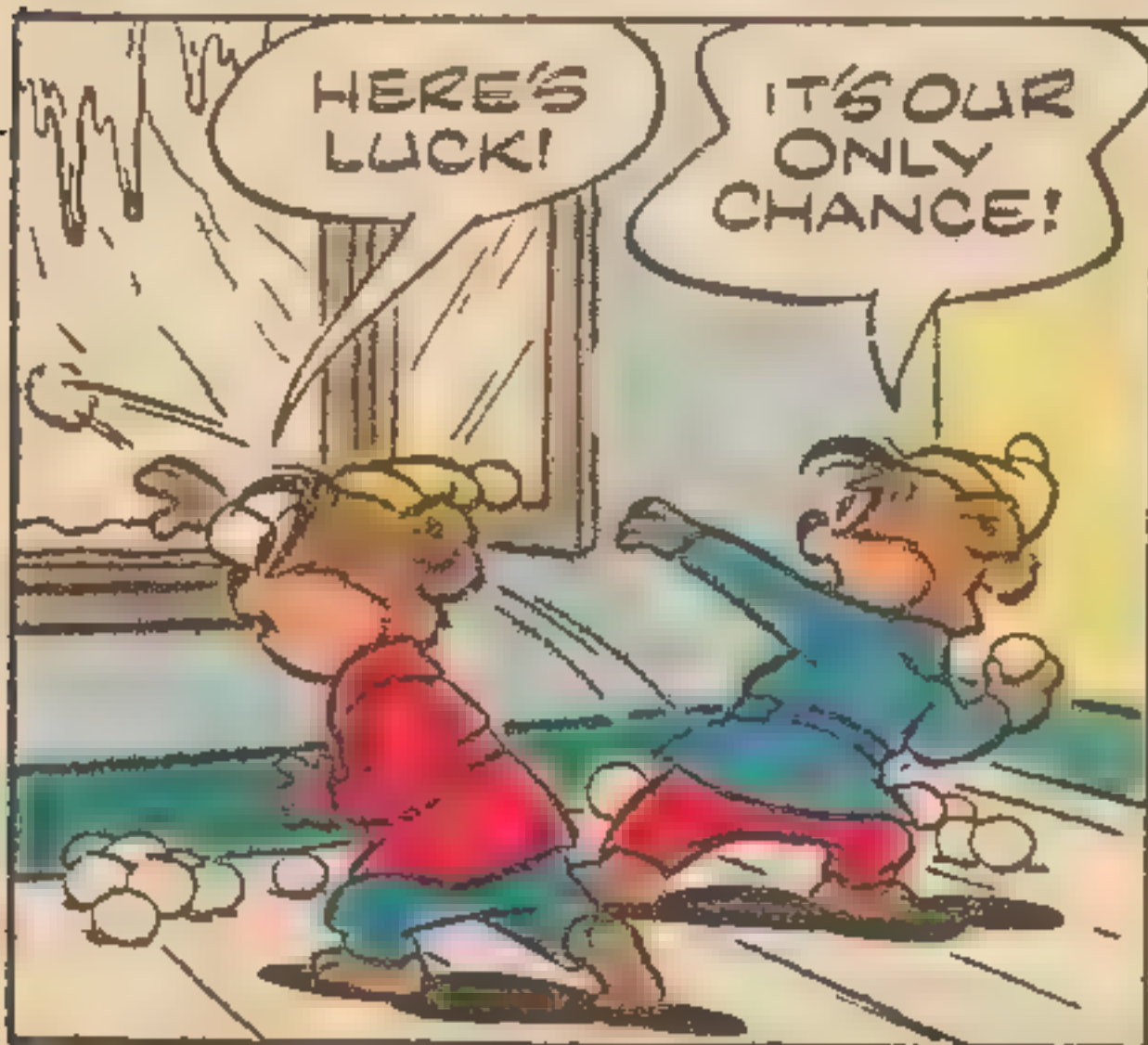
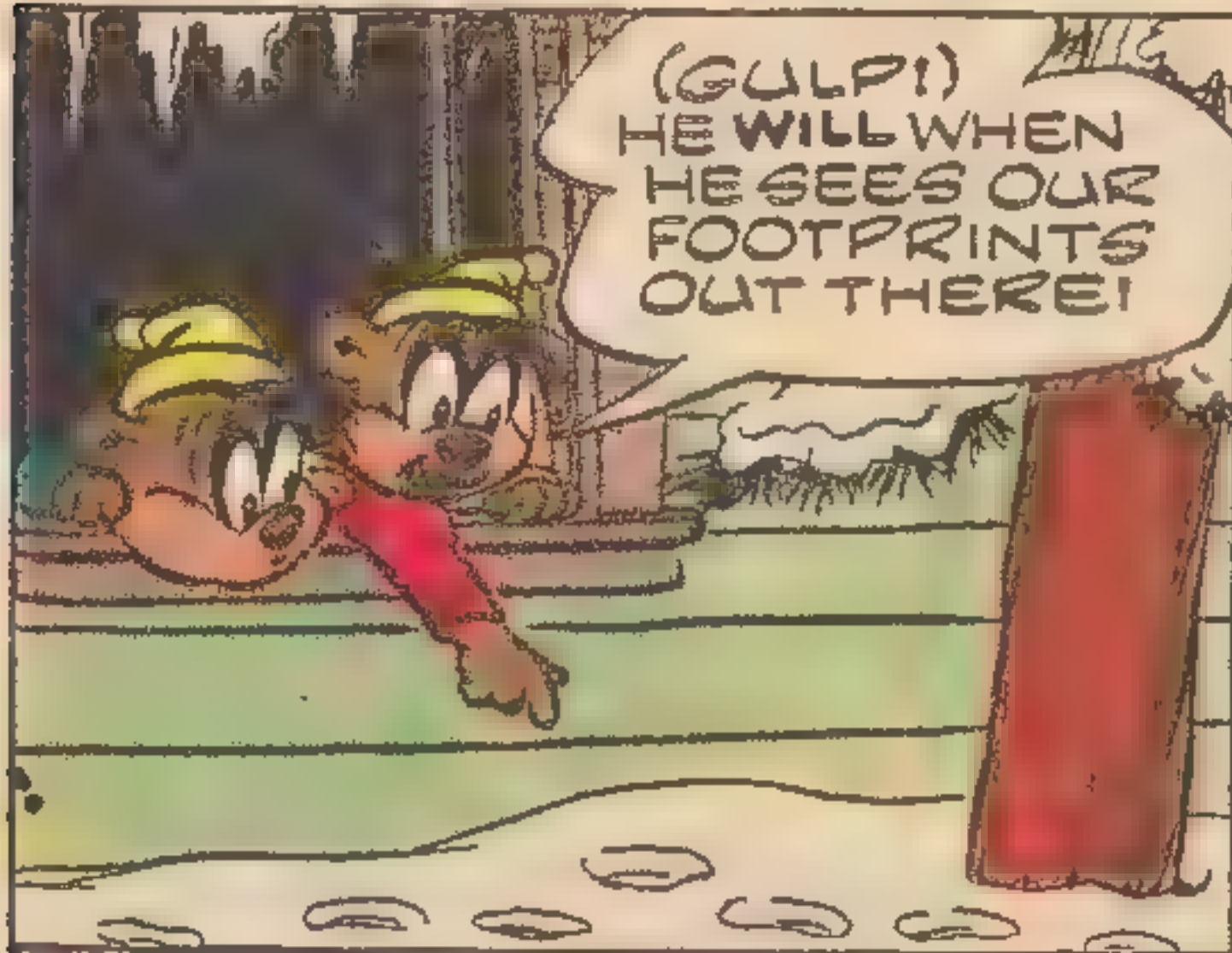
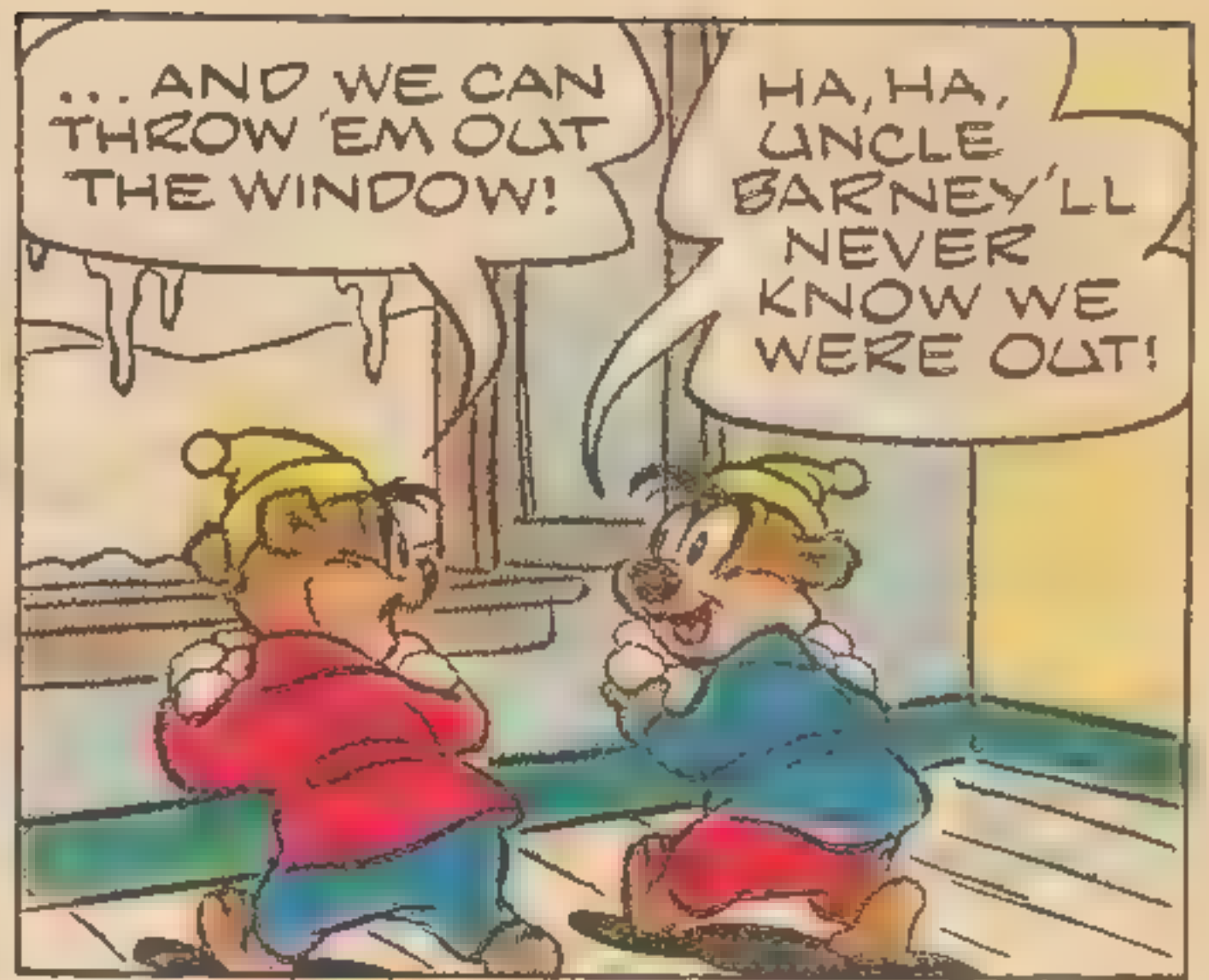




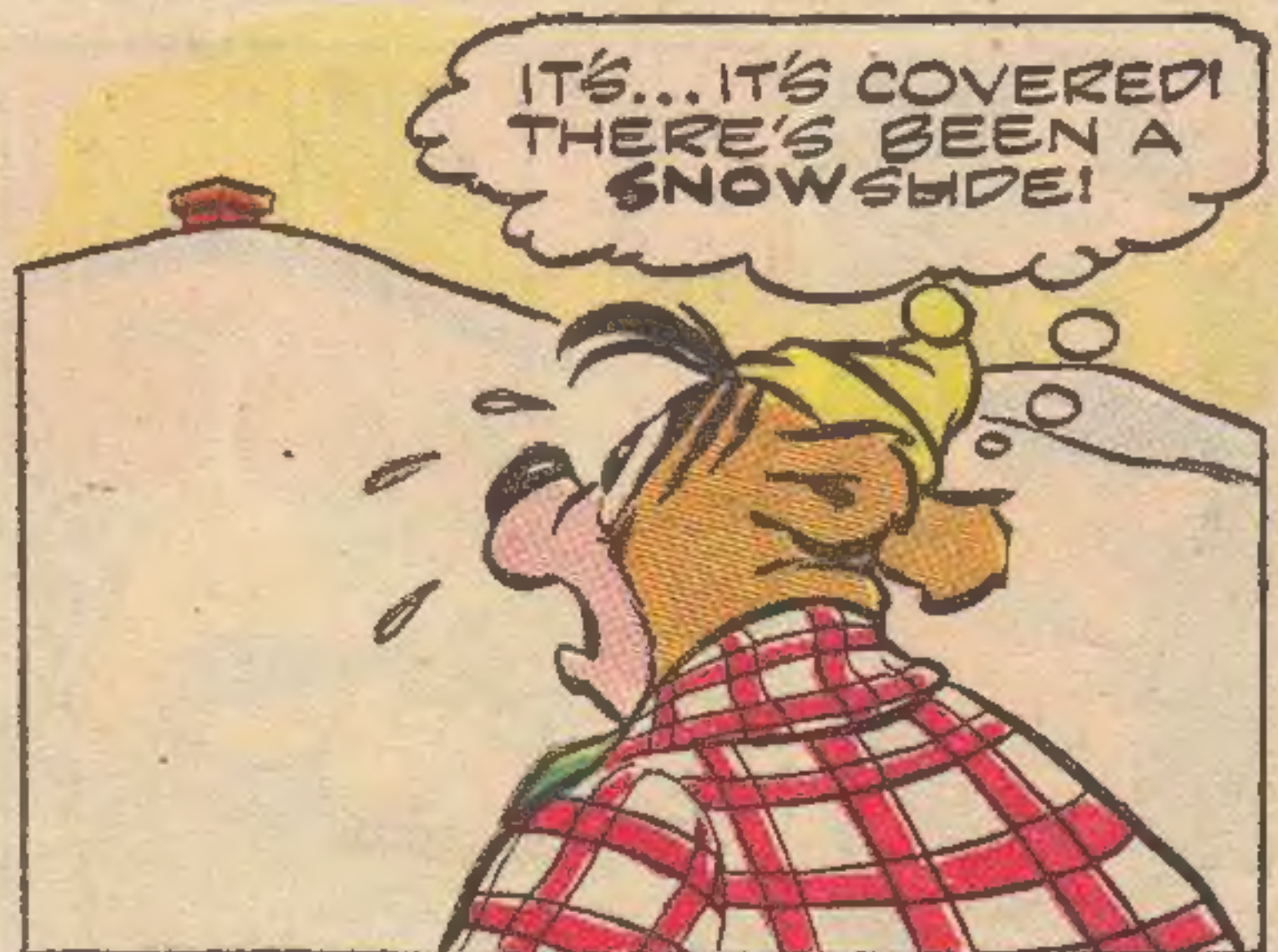
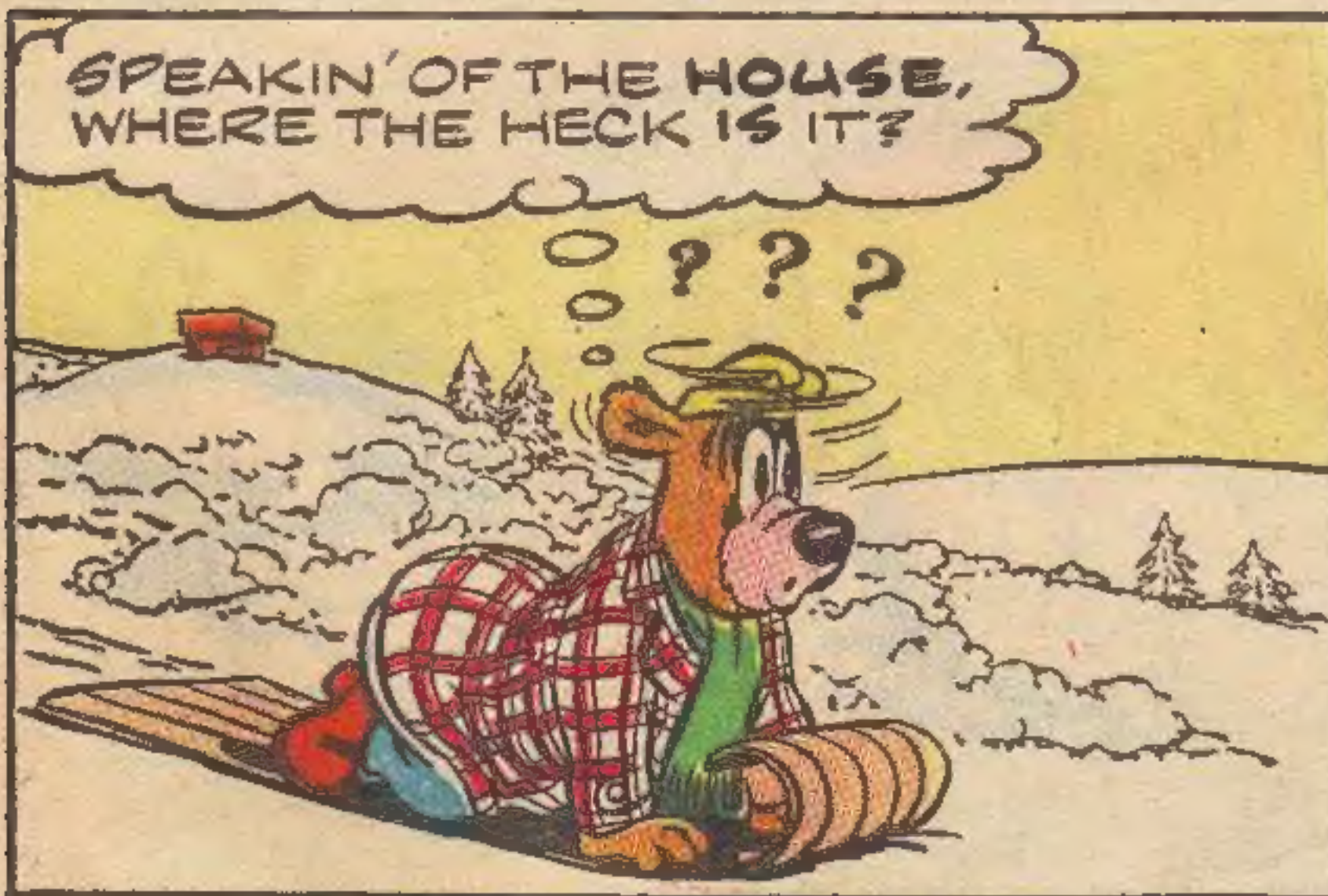
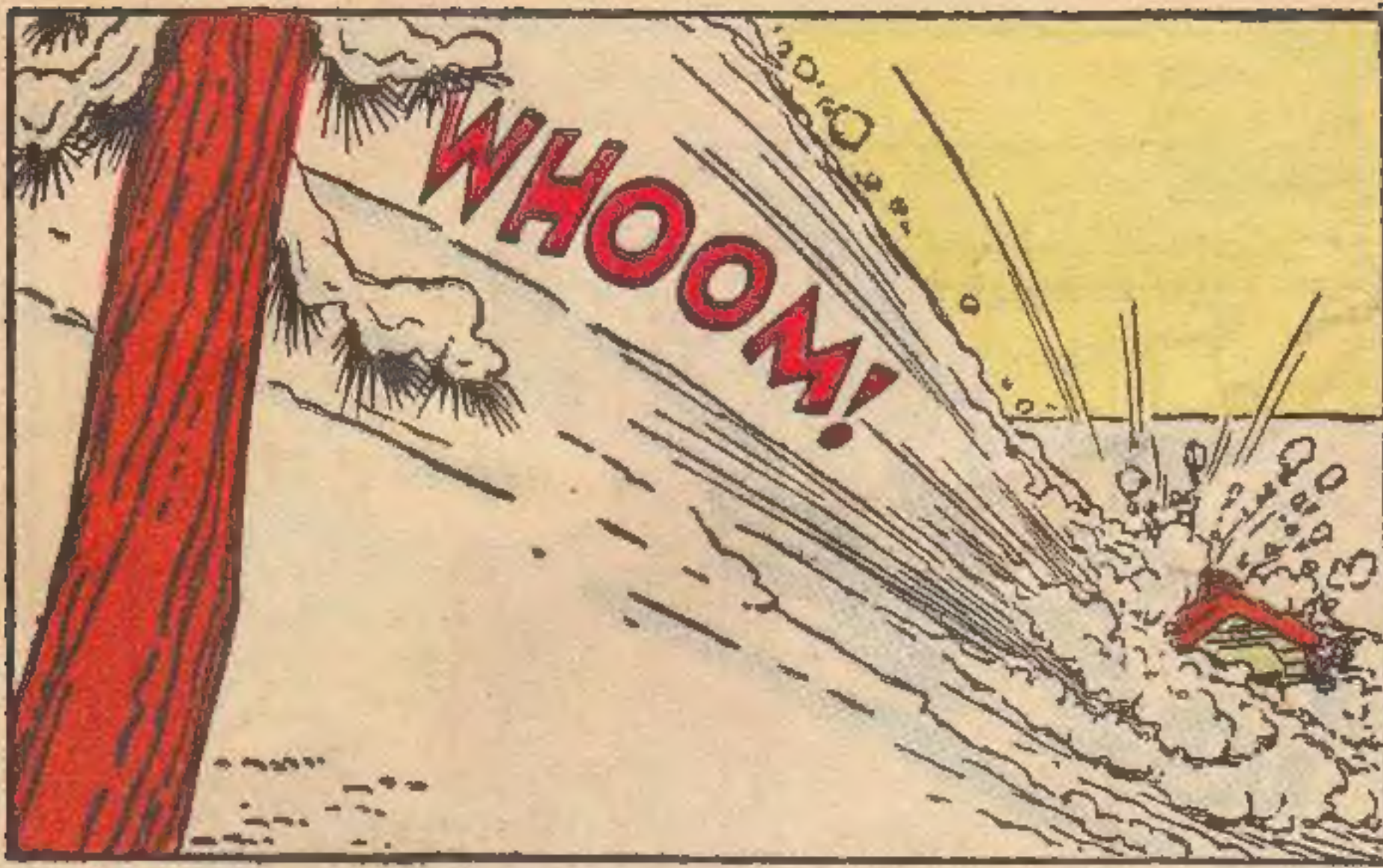




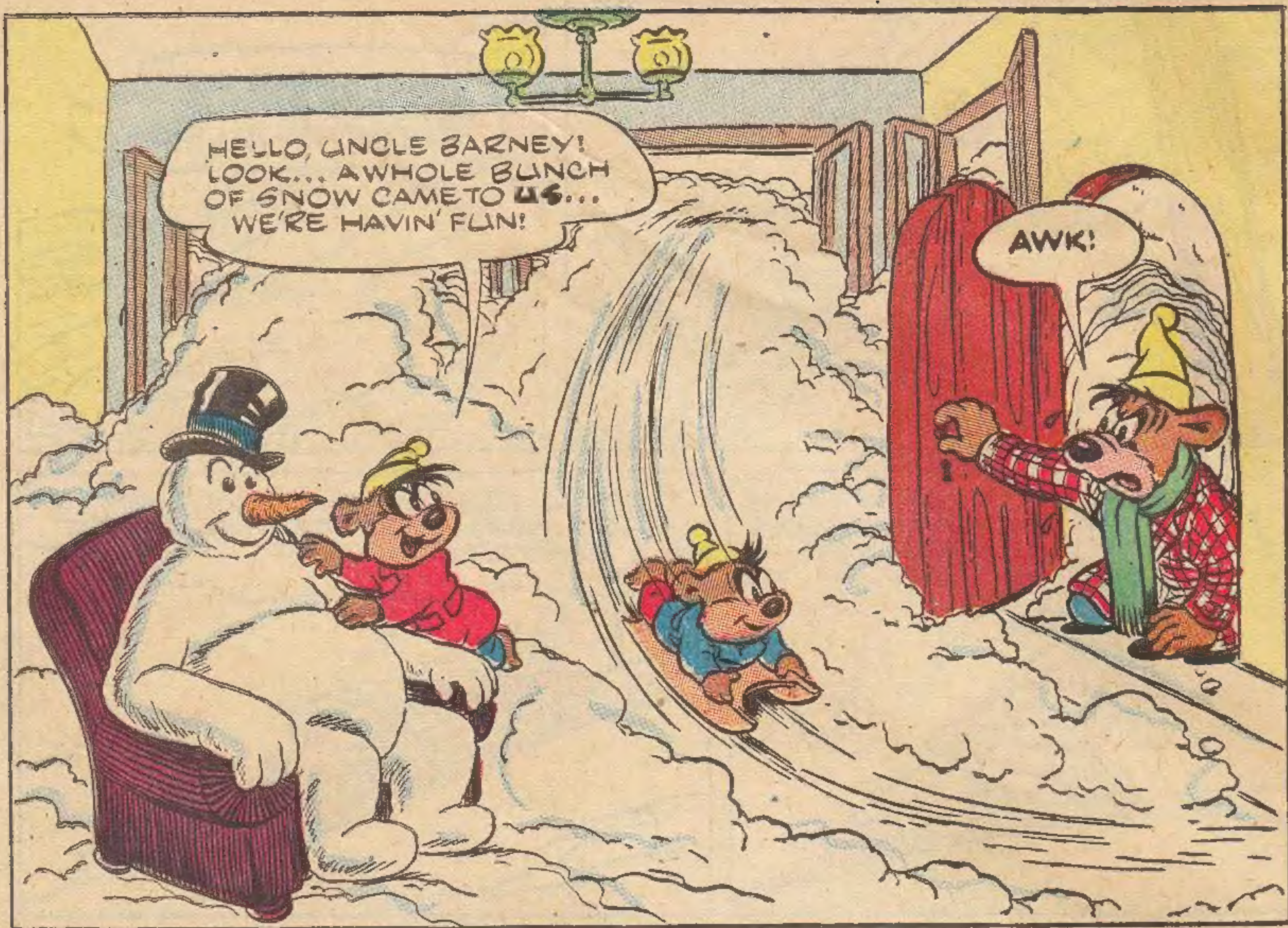




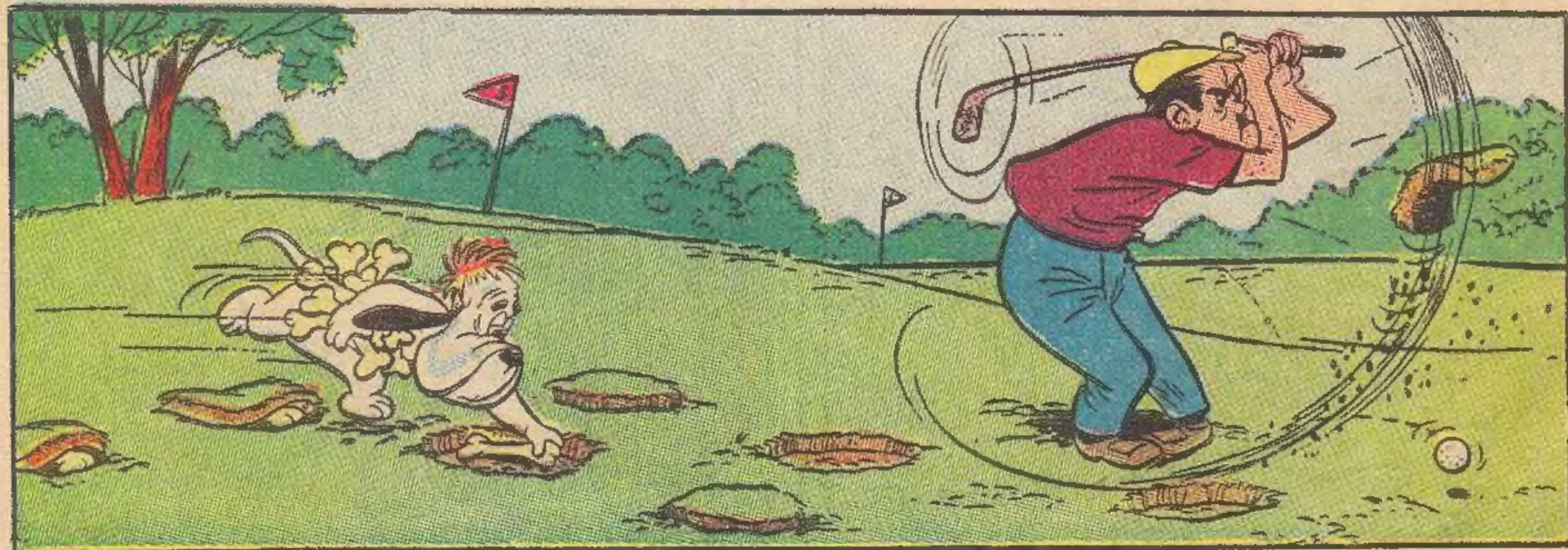








**DOOPY**





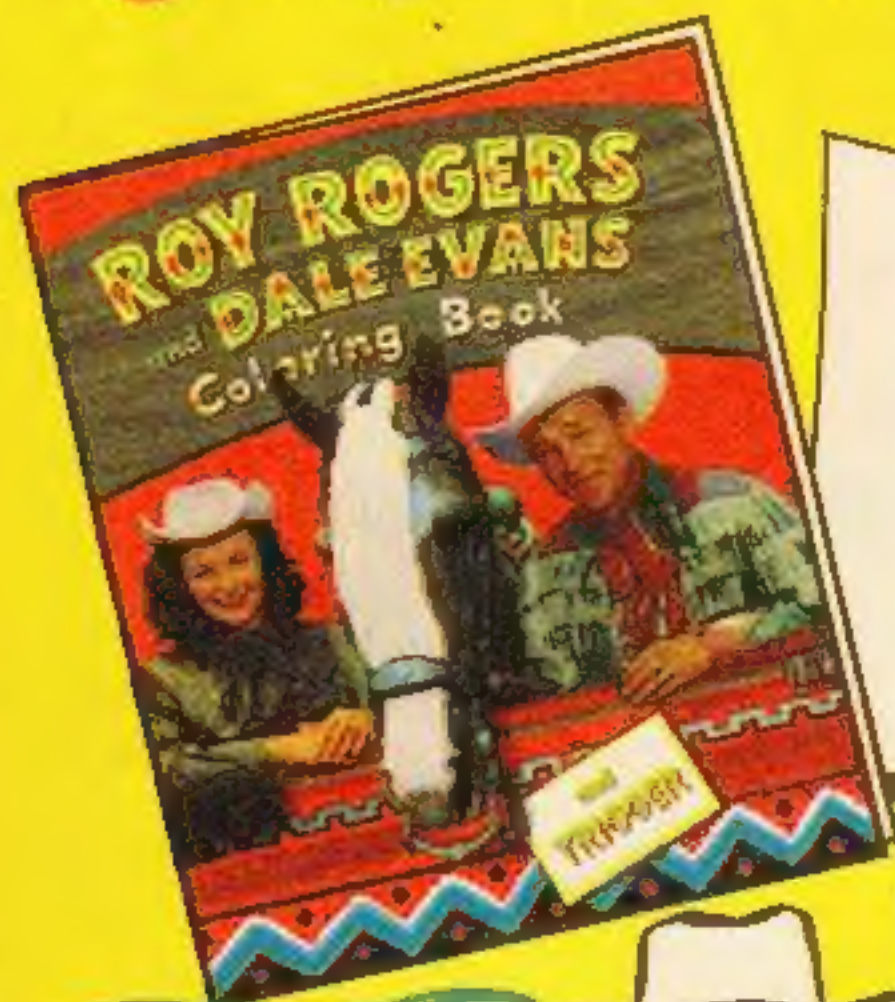
# Enjoy Hours of Fun

WITH THESE FAVORITE-CHARACTER COLORING BOOKS!

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- BIG . . . 128 pages in every book!
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**25¢**  
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COLORING BOOK

Those Western favorites, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans with their horse Trigger, make up a bookful of pictures to color. Brightly colored cardboard cover. Authorized edition. Pictures include scenes from their television, movie and radio adventures.



AT ONLY A QUARTER EACH, YOU GET THESE BOOKS FOR A "SONG"!

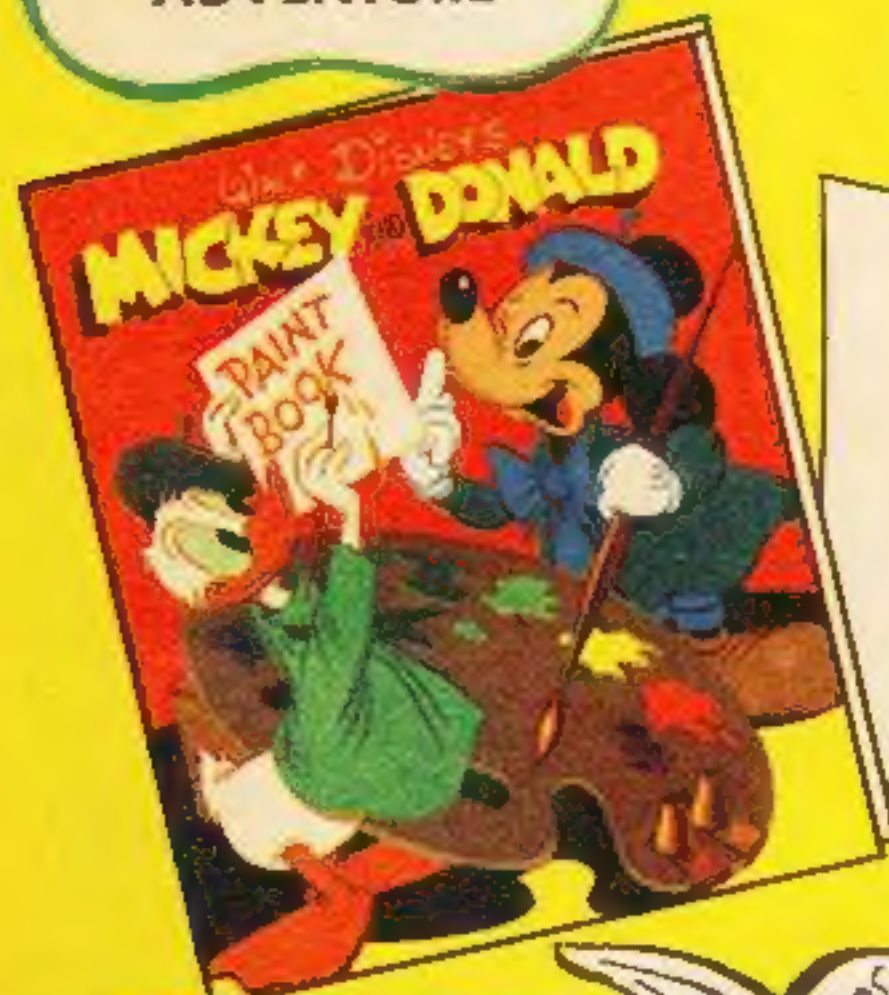
HERE'S A SURE-SHOT BOOK FOR FUN AND ADVENTURE



## LONE RANGER

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The well-known masked cowboy, his horse Silver, and Indian friend Tonto. Scores of pages to color PLUS games, quizzes, puzzles, mazes and follow-the-dot pages. Pictures taken from his comic strip, radio and television shows.



## WALT DISNEY'S MICKEY and DONALD

COLORING BOOK

Pictures by the one-and-only Walt Disney—ready to be colored! All the characters that add up to hours of fun—Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald and his nephews, Daisy, Pluto, Goofy, Bambi, and others. For coloring with crayons or paints.



MR. DISNEY PACKED THIS BOOK FULL OF HIS FUN-FAMILY!

WE'RE AFTER BURIED TREASURE, DOC!



## BUGS BUNNY

COLORING BOOK

Right from "Looney Tunes" and "Merrie Melodies" come pictures of fun—Bugs Bunny and his friends, Porky Pig, Petunia, the Pirate, and many others. Colorful cardboard cover. Action-packed pictures on every page.



## Television's Famous HOWDY-DOODY

COLORING BOOK

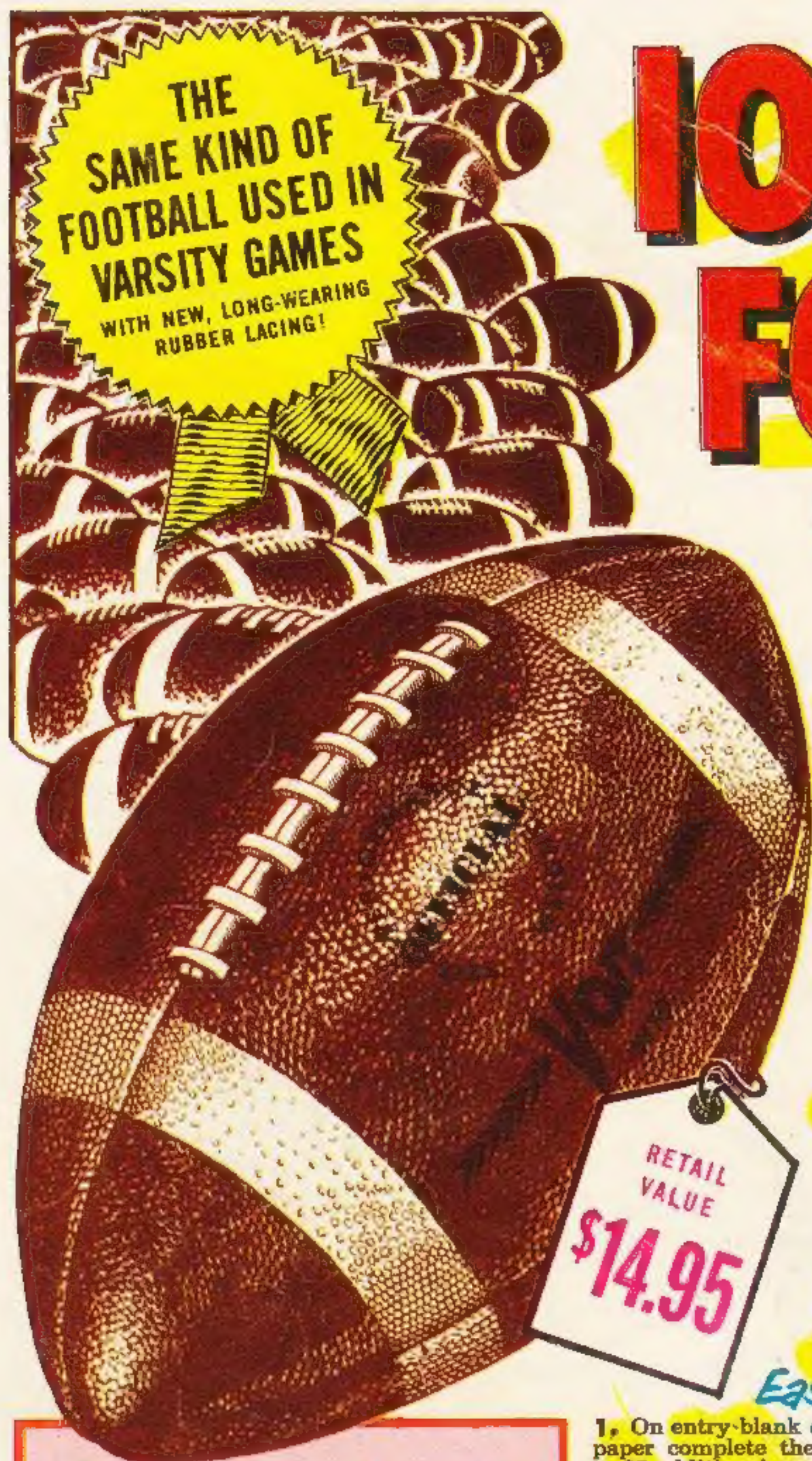
Howdy Doody, the clown Clarabell, Mr. Bluster, Dilly Dally, the Flub-a-Dub are well-known heroes of television, radio and comic strips. Here are 128 pages of pictures of these characters to color.

## FLASH GORDON . . . WITH COVER THAT GLOWS

COLORING BOOK

This explorer of space seen on television and in the comic strips is pictured in one of his exciting adventures.





THE  
SAME KIND OF  
FOOTBALL USED IN  
VARSITY GAMES  
WITH NEW, LONG-WEARING  
RUBBER LACING!

# 10,000 Voit FOOTBALLS TO WIN!

JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE  
IN 25 WORDS OR LESS...

"I like Wheaties because \_\_\_\_\_"

Here's one of the easiest opportunities you've ever had to get a genuine Voit football... the same kind of top quality football used in colleges. (Retail Value—\$14.95!)

Look How Easy! Just tell in your own words why you like Wheaties. For example: "I like Wheaties because they taste swell and give me energy to play sports and do my

school work, too." The first idea that pops into your head may win you one of America's Finest Footballs. Use handy entry blank below.

Hurry! Contest Ends Midnight, Sunday, Oct. 19. Send in as many entries as you want. Be sure each entry is accompanied by a Wheaties box-top. Hurry! Contest closes midnight, Sunday, October 19!

## Easy Contest Rules!

1. On entry blank or sheet of paper complete the following in 25 additional words or less: "I like Wheaties because..." Add your name and address, enclose a Wheaties boxtop and mail to WHEATIES, Box 81, Minneapolis, Minn.
2. Send as many entries as you wish, but each must be accompanied by a Wheaties boxtop.
3. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight October 19 and received by November 1.
4. Entries judged on basis of uniqueness, aptness of thought, originality and clearness. Final judging by a group of University of Minnesota faculty

- members. All judging under their supervision.
5. Judges' decisions final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become property of General Mills, Inc.
6. Contest open to all residents of continental United States and Territory of Hawaii, except employees and families of employees of GENERAL MILLS, INC., the W. J. VOIT RUBBER CORPORATION, and their advertising agencies.

For winners list send self-addressed, stamped envelope (6¢ postage) to WHEATIES, Box 1500, Minneapolis, Minn., after Dec. 1, 1952.



## PLAY BETTER WITH THE Voit WF9 FOOTBALL

Built to 100 percent conformance in size, shape and weight with Official Rule Book specifications.

**PASSING:** New pebble-grained rubber cover gives better grip wet or dry for passing and handling.

**KICKING:** Official 13 pounds playing pressure gives top kicking performance.

**SEEING:** Actual white rubber stripes make ball easier to see day and night. Will not rub off!

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Mail  
Entry  
Blank  
Now!

HERE IS MY ENTRY. I am enclosing one Wheaties boxtop.

"I like Wheaties because \_\_\_\_\_"

Mail To: WHEATIES, BOX 81, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Entry must be postmarked not later than midnight Oct. 19, 1952.

PLEASE PRINT